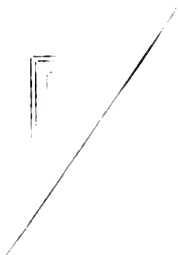


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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WAR AND PEACE

A HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY
COUNT LÉON TOLSTOÏ

1783

TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH

BY A RUSSIAN LADY

AND

FROM THE FRENCH BY CLARA BELL

BEFORE TILSIT

1805—1807

TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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WAR AND PEACE.

BEFORE TILSIT.

1805 — 1807.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE BASIL never laid any plans beforehand; still less did he ever plot evil with a view to his own advantage. He was simply a man of the world who had been successful, and to whom success had become a matter of habit. He acted according to circumstances and to his position towards others, and he reconciled this mode of proceeding with the various schemes which were his chief interest in life but which he never examined with conscientious narrowness. He had always a dozen in hand: some never got beyond the first stage, some worked out successfully, some again went overboard.

He never — for instance — said to himself: “So and so is in power; I must try to win his confidence and liking, and so gain this or that pecuniary advantage,” or: “Pierre Bolkonsky is rich; I should do well to keep

him about the house so that he may marry my daughter and lend me those 40,000 roubles I want." But if the influential magnate came in his way, his instinct prompted him to make the best of his opportunities; he made advances, became intimate in the most easy and natural manner, flattered him and made himself agreeable. In the same way, without any premeditation, he kept an eye on Pierre at Moscow. Thanks to his good offices the young man was appointed a gentleman in waiting — which in those days gave him the position of a privy councillor — and he invited him to return with him to St. Petersburg and reside in his house. Prince Basil was certainly doing everything to bring about his daughter's marriage, but he did it with an air of supreme indifference and of perfect conviction that his conduct was obviously natural. If he had been in the habit of meditating his plots he could not have shown such absolute simplicity and frankness in his relations alike to his superiors and his inferiors.

Something always guided him towards those who were more powerful or luckier than himself, and he had the gift — a special kind of mother-wit — of seizing the most favorable moment to profit by his chances.

No sooner was Pierre rich and titled, forced out of his seclusion and indifference, than he found himself surrounded by society, and so overwhelmed with engagements of every kind that he had no leisure even to think. He had to sign papers, to dance attendance in law-courts of which he had the very vaguest idea, to catechise his head steward, to look at his estates in the

neighborhood of Moscow, to receive crowds of visitors, who hitherto had ignored his existence, and who now would have taken offence if he refused to admit them. Men of law and men of business, distant relatives and mere acquaintances—all were equally kind and civil to the young heir. All, too, seemed agreed as to his noble qualities; first one and then another would say to him: “thanks to your indefatigable kindness,” or “thanks to your generous heart,”—or “you who are so high-minded,”—“if he were as wise as you. . . .” etc., etc. . . . He was beginning to believe in his own inexhaustible kindness and brilliant intelligence, all the more easily, indeed, because, at the bottom of his heart, he had always known himself to be kind and intelligent. Even those who had formerly been grudging and spiteful now became gentle and affectionate. The eldest princess—she of the long waist and the flat hair like a doll’s, the cross-grained old maid—had come to him after the funeral, with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks, to say that she was sorry for their past misunderstandings, that she knew she had no claims, but that she begged him, after the blow that had come upon her, to allow her to remain a few weeks longer in the house she loved so much and where she had so long lived a life of sacrifice; and seeing the poor woman, usually so rigid, melt into tears, Pierre took her hand, and with much agitation begged her forgiveness, not knowing, indeed, what she was talking about. And that very day the princess began to knit for him a striped woollen comforter.

“Do as she asks you, my dear fellow, for after all, she went through a great deal from her uncle’s temper,” said Prince Basil; and he made Pierre sign a check for the princess, after duly reflecting, on his own part, that this bone to gnaw — this check for 30,000 roubles — would do to throw to the poor woman and stop her mouth as to the share he had had in the struggle for the famous note-book. Pierre signed the check and the princess was more affectionate than ever; her sisters followed her example, particularly the youngest — with the mole on her cheek; indeed, Pierre sometimes felt embarrassed by her smiles and her frank agitation when they happened to meet.

This universal good-will seemed to him so very natural that he could never have doubted its sincerity. But, in truth, he had no time to ask himself the question, his new experience was at once so soothing, and so intoxicating. He was the centre towards which important interests gravitated; he must be constantly moving and doing; his inaction would be fraught with mischief to many people; and yet, though he fully appreciated the good he might do, he did no more than exactly what was required of him, leaving the completion of his task to some future time.

Prince Basil took entire possession of Pierre and the control of his affairs; he was quite worn out, to be sure, still, he could not make up his mind to leave the owner of such a colossal fortune, the son of an old friend, to the vagaries of fate and the designs of scoundrels. During the first few days after the old

count's death he advised him on every point, telling him what he ought to do in a weary voice which seemed to imply :

"You know I am overwhelmed with business and that I take all this trouble out of pure charity — but of course you see that what I say is right: you have no choice. . . ."

"Well, my dear boy, we are off to-morrow," he said one day in a tone of decision, closing his eyes and drumming with his fingers on Pierre's arm, as though their departure had long since been discussed and fixed. "We are off to-morrow; I shall have much pleasure in offering you a seat in my carriage. Everything pressing is settled here, and I must positively get back to St. Petersburg. This is what I have got from the chancellor, to whom I applied on your behalf: you are appointed gentleman in waiting and *attaché* to the diplomatic corps."

Notwithstanding his authoritative tone, Pierre, who had thought a great deal about the life he meant to follow, tried to protest; but in vain, he was stopped at once by Prince Basil. In such a crisis the prince had a way of talking on, in a low, hollow voice which made it impossible to interrupt him.

"My dear fellow, I did it for my own sake — to satisfy my own conscience — you have nothing to thank me for. No one ever yet complained of being too much beloved. And you are quite free, you can go out of residence whenever you please. You will see for yourself at St. Petersburg. It is high time to

turn our backs on all these painful memories. . . ." And he sighed. "Your man can follow us in your carriage. By the way, I forgot to tell you, my dear boy, we had some accounts to settle with the late lamented. — I have therefore kept the sum paid in from the Riazan property, you are not in the need of it, and we will make it all square by-and-bye."

Prince Basil had in fact received and kept several thousands of roubles from the estates in question.

The atmosphere of affection and kindness that had enveloped Pierre at Moscow he again found at St. Petersburg. He could not possibly decline the office — or rather the dignity, for he had nothing to do — which Prince Basil had procured for him. His crowd of acquaintances, and the invitations that were showered upon him kept him here, even more than at Moscow, in a waking dream — in a whirl of excitement which deluded him with a sense of happiness long looked for and come at last. The companions of his former follies were for the most part dispersed. The imperial guard were on the march, Dologhow was serving as a private, Anatole had joined his regiment in the interior, and Prince André had gone to the front; hence Pierre could not spend his nights in the amusements to which he had formerly been addicted, and had no opportunities of intimate visits and discussions such as he had before enjoyed. All his time was taken up with dinners and balls in the society of Prince Basil, of his stout and imposing wife, and of the fair Helen.

Anna Paulovna Schérer was far from being the last

to make Pierre aware of the changed estimation in which he was now held. Of old, whenever he had found himself in this lady's presence he had always been conscious of his want of tact and aptness in all that he said ; his most intelligent judgments seemed to lose all their sense as he put them into words, while Prince Hippolyte's most idiotic remarks were received as flashes of wit. Now, on the contrary, everything he said was pronounced "*charmant*," and when Anna Paulovna did not directly express her approbation, he could see that it was out of consideration for his diffidence.

One day early in the winter season of 1805-6 Pierre received the usual little pink note of invitation. There was a postscript :

"You will meet *la belle Hélène*—one can never tire of seeing her."

As he read this it struck him for the first time that between himself and Helen there was a certain tie which was quite evident to a great many persons ; and the idea alarmed him, for it brought in its train various new responsibilities which he had no wish to undertake, while, at the same time, it amused him as a strange and not unpleasing suggestion.

Anna Paulovna's evening party was in every respect like that of the previous July, with the difference only that the lion of the occasion was not Mortemart, but a secretary all hot from Berlin, and brimful of details concerning the Czar's visit to Potsdam, where the

august friends had sworn an eternal alliance for the defence of the good cause against the arch enemy of the human race. Mlle. Schérer received Pierre with the shade of melancholy that she deemed due to his recent loss—for all the world seemed to have agreed that it had been a great grief to him—the same pathetic tone which she affected in speaking of the Empress Maria Féodorovna. Then she drew her company into groups with her usual tact: the seniors—some generals and Prince Basil, enjoyed the *diplomat's* society; the second group gathered round the tea-table. Their hostess was as much agitated as a commander-in-chief on a field of battle, whose head is full of brilliant combinations if only he could have time to carry them out. Seeing Pierre go forward to join the elders, she lightly touched his arm:

“Stop,” she said, “I have something for you to do this evening.” She looked at Helen and smiled. “My dear Helen, you must take pity on my poor aunt who adores you; go and talk to her for ten minutes, and the count will not mind sacrificing himself in your company.”

She detained Pierre an instant and said with a confidential air: “Is not she quite charming?” while Helen majestically went towards “*la tante*.” “What dignity for such a young creature! What tact!—And what a heart! Happy the man who wins her! The man who marries her, however humble his pretensions, is sure to rise to the highest rank . . . Don't you think so?”

Pierre responded warmly to Anna Paulovna's praises, for, whenever he thought of Helen it was always her beauty and her grand, serene manner that first rose before his fancy.

The old lady, ensconced in her chair, received them both kindly but without showing any enthusiastic pleasure at seeing Helen; on the contrary, she threw a scared glance at her niece as if to ask her what she was to do in the matter. Without noticing this, Mlle. Schérer said aloud to Pierre, looking at Helen as she walked away: "I hope you will no longer think it a bore to come to my parties!"

Helen smiled, much surprised that such an idea should suggest itself to anyone who had the distinguished happiness of admiring and talking to her. The aunt, after clearing her throat by two or three little coughs, expressed in French to Helen her pleasure at seeing her there, and then turning to Pierre she went through the same formality with him. While this soporific conversation dragged lamely on Helen shed on Pierre one of those lovely and radiant smiles of which she was so lavish to everyone,—he was so much accustomed to them that he did not even notice it! The old lady proceeded to question him as to a fine collection of snuff-boxes that had belonged to old Count Bésoukhov, and showed him her own, with a portrait of her husband on the lid.

"Painted by V. . . . no doubt," said Pierre, alluding to a famous miniature-painter.

He leaned across the table to take the snuff-box—

he was listening all the time to the conversation of the others. He was about to rise when the old lady lifted up the box and held it out, above Helen's head. Helen bent forward, smiling. Her dress, as was then the fashion, was cut very low, and her shoulders, which to Pierre looked as white as marble, were so close to him that, in spite of his short sight, he could see the outline of her throat and bosom so close to his lips that by stooping half an inch lower he might have touched them. He was aware of the warmth of her body, the fragrance of some perfume and a vague creaking of stuffs at her slightest movement. It was not, however, the perfect union of beauties in the marble form that struck him at this instant: it was the charm of the lovely woman under the gauzy dress that flashed upon his senses. The shock thrilled through every fibre of his being and completely effaced every former impression; thenceforth he could no more have recalled them than we can reinstate a lost illusion.

"Did you never know before how beautiful I must be?" This was what she seemed to say to him. "Did it never occur to you that I am a woman—a woman to be won—and to be won by you?" This was what he read in her eyes.

He knew, all at once, not merely that Helen might be his wife, but that she would be his wife; he was as sure of it as if they had then and there been standing in front of the priest. How—when? He knew not. Would it be happiness? He could not tell. If anything he had a presentiment of misfortune, but he was

sure it would happen. He looked down and then he looked up, trying to see in her the cold beauty by whom, till this moment, he had been quite unmoved; he could not, he had succumbed to her influence; nothing stood between them but his own free will.

"That is well; I can leave you to yourselves; I see you are getting on very well," said Mlle. Schérer as she went past. Pierre wondered with some terror whether he had not committed some monstrous impropriety and betrayed his agitation.

He joined the principal group.

"I hear that you are improving your St. Petersburg house?" said Anna Paulovna. It was true: his architect had told him that certain alterations were indispensable and he had given way. "That is very wise; but do not give up your quarters at Prince Basil's; it is a good thing to have such a friend as the prince—I know something about that," said Anna Paulovna smiling at Prince Basil. "You are so young, you need advice—you must forgive me for exercising my privileges as an old woman. . . ." And she paused, expecting a compliment, as women do who talk of their age. "If you marry, of course it will be another thing." And she cast an all-meaning glance at Pierre and Helen. They could not see each other, but Pierre felt that she was dangerously near him and he murmured some commonplace reply.

When he went home he could not sleep; he could not help thinking of the shock he had gone through. He had suddenly discovered that this woman, whom he

had known as a child, of whom he had been able to say indifferently: "Yes, she is very handsome," might be his.

"But she is brainless, I have always said so," he thought to himself. "And did I not hear that she was in love with some man who was sent away from St. Petersburg. There must be something wrong in the feelings she has stirred in me — Anatole, Hippolyte are her brothers; Prince Basil is her father; there is something wrong about it."

And yet, through all his wandering reflections as to Helen's moral worth, he found himself smiling as he dreamed of her — dreamed of her as his wife, hoping that she might love him, that any ill that could be spoken of her was false — and suddenly she rose before him, not herself, but that fair form veiled in white drapery.

"How is it that I never saw her in this light before? . . ." And then, thinking there was something dishonorable in the notion of such a marriage, he blamed himself for his weakness. He thought over her words, her looks — and the words and looks of others who had seen them together. Mlle. Schérer's transparent hints, and Prince Basil's, too; and he wondered with horror whether he were not already pledged to do a thing that he felt must be wrong and against his conscience . . . but, even as he pronounced judgment, in his innermost soul he was gazing at the brilliant image of Helen in all the glory of her womanly beauty.

CHAPTER II.

SOME weeks after this Prince Basil was sent on a tour of inspection of four governments; he had begged for the appointment with a view to visiting without any expense, his own ruined properties, taking up his son Anatole by the way and going with him to see Prince Bolkonsky, in the hope of marrying him to the old miser's daughter. But, before setting out on their fresh enterprise, it was necessary to bring Pierre's indecision to a point; the young man spent all his days with him, and looked sheepish and awkward—as all lovers are—in Helen's company, but never took the decisive step.

“This is all very well, but it must come to an end,” said Prince Basil to himself one morning with a weary sigh, for he was beginning to think that Pierre, who owed so much to him, was not behaving quite rightly in the matter. “Is it the giddiness of youth? God bless the lad!”—and Prince Basil reflected with satisfaction on his own indulgent kindness—“but it must end somehow. The day after to-morrow is her birthday: I will ask a few friends, and if he does not find out what he ought to do next, I must see to it; it is my duty as a father.”

Six weeks had passed since Mlle. Schérer's party

and the sleepless night during which Pierre had made up his mind that a marriage with Helen would be his ruin, and that he had no choice but to go away and avoid her. Still he had not quitted her father's house; he felt with horror that every day entangled him more deeply, that he would no longer meet Helen with his former indifference; he had not strength of mind enough to break away from her; he seemed to be dragged into marrying her though he knew that nothing but misery could come of it. Perhaps he might have escaped in time even now, if Prince Basil, who had never been known to have any one in his house, had not taken it into his head to have company every evening, and Pierre's absence, as he was assured, would have removed a pleasurable element from these gatherings and have disappointed every one. During the short time which Prince Basil spent in the house he constantly, as he offered him his clean-shaven cheek, took the opportunity of saying: "Till to-morrow," or "till we meet at dinner," or "I am staying at home on your account," — though, if in fact he stayed at home on Pierre's account, as he said, he paid him no special attention.

Pierre lacked the courage to disappoint his hopes. Every day he said to himself: "I must learn to know her better; was I mistaken then, or am I deceiving myself now? — She is not stupid, she is delightful; she does not talk much, to be sure, but then she never talks nonsense, and never gets into difficulties."

He would sometimes try to draw her into some dis-

cussion; she would reply, in a soft voice, but with some remark which showed how little interest she felt in the matter, or else by a smile and a look which, in his eyes, were an infallible sign of her superiority. She was right no doubt, to treat these discussions as worthless in comparison with her smile: she had a particular smile for him, of radiant confidence, quite unlike the stereotyped smile that generally lighted up her lovely face. Pierre knew well enough that something was expected of him — a word, a step beyond the line; and he knew that sooner or later he would cross the line, in spite of the unaccountable horror he felt at the mere idea. How many times during these last weeks had he felt himself carried away, hurried on towards the abyss, and had asked himself: "Where is my firmness? Have I lost it all?"

During these struggles his strength of will did in fact seem to have disappeared entirely. Pierre was one of those men — they are rare — who have no power of will excepting when their conscience is absolutely clear; and from the moment when, over the old lady's snuff-box, a sensual impulse had taken possession of him, a sense of guiltiness had paralyzed his will and tenacity.

A small party of intimates, relations and friends as the princess called them, supped at the Kouraguines' on the evening of Helen's birthday, and they had been given to understand that the fate of the heroine was to be decided on this occasion. Her mother, who had formerly been a majestic beauty, but who had grown very stout, sat at the head of the table; near her were

the most distinguished guests, an old general officer, his wife, and Mlle. Schérer. At the other end were placed the elders of the party and the residents in the house; Helen and Pierre were side by side. Prince Basil would not sit down: he walked round the table from one to another of his guests, in the best possible humor, saying a kind word to one and another, excepting Pierre and Helen whom he totally ignored. Wax-candles lighted up the scene; silver, glass, the ladies' dresses and gold and silver lace sparkled in their rays; round the table blazed the scarlet liveries of the men-servants. On all sides there was a rattle of knives, a clatter of plates and glasses, and the lively confusion of voices in conversation. An aged chamberlain was making ardent professions of love to an equally aged baroness who answered with fits of laughter; another was telling some misadventure that had happened to a certain Maria Victorovna, while Prince Basil, standing half-way down the room, attracted general attention by describing with much zest the latest meeting of the Imperial Council, in the course of which the newly-appointed Governor of St. Petersburg had received and attempted to read a despatch addressed to him from headquarters by the Emperor Alexander. In this epistle the Czar had acknowledged the endless proofs of fidelity shown him every day by his people, and added that those of the citizens of St. Petersburg were especially precious in his eyes, that he was proud to be the monarch of such a nation, and hoped to prove himself worthy of the honor.

"The letter began: 'Sergueï Kousmitch, from all sides I learn . . .'"

"And he got no further?" asked a lady.

"Not another word: 'Sergueï Kousmitch, from all sides . . . from all sides, Sergueï Kousmitch'—and poor Viasmitinow could get no further," said Prince Basil laughing. "He tried again and again, but as soon as he had read his name, 'Sergueï,' his voice broke, at 'Kousmitch' the tears came, and when he had read 'from all sides,' he was so choked with sobs that he could not go on. Then he pulled out his handkerchief and began again: 'Sergueï Kousmitch, from all sides . . .' and tears stopped him again, and some one offered to read the despatch."

"Do not be naughty!" said Anna Paulovna, shaking her finger at him. "Viasmitinow is such a thorough good soul!"

Every one was laughing and gay excepting Pierre and Helen who sat silent, and at the greatest pains to hide the beatific and bashful smile which their own feelings brought involuntarily to their lips.

It was all very well to chatter and laugh and jest, to eat fricassees and ices and sip Rhine-wine, to avoid noticing them and to seem to ignore their existence—every one knew instinctively that this was but a pretence and betrayed it by their furtive glances at the couple, and shouts of laughter over the story of "Sergueï Kousmitch." By degrees, indeed, the attention of the whole party was concentrated on them. Even while he was imitating Kousmitch's sobbing,

Prince Basil cast a searching eye on his daughter: "It is all right," he said to himself, "it will be settled this evening." And Anna Paulovna's warning finger seemed to be wagging congratulations on the approaching marriage.

The elder princess, fixing a wrathful gaze on her daughter while with a melancholy sigh she offered wine to the lady near her, seemed to imply: "Alas! there is nothing left for us but to drink sweet wine; it is their turn in their youth and insolent happiness."

"Yes, that is true happiness," thought the old courtier as he looked at the lovers. "What rubbish all the nonsense I can talk is in comparison with that."

In the midst of all the mean and artificial interests which stirred this circle of souls, a genuine and natural emotion had pierced the crust, the reciprocal feeling of two fine, warm-blooded young creatures; it rose superior to this skeleton structure of affectations and conventionalities and crushed it utterly. Not the company only, but the very servants seemed conscious of it, and lingered to gaze at Helen's dazzling beauty and Pierre's blushing and eager face. Pierre was happy and at the same time embarrassed at feeling himself the centre of attention. He sat in the bewildered state of a man so absorbed that he has only a vague idea of what is going on around him, and only catches flashing glimpses of the realities of life.

"It is all over — how has it come about so quickly? — for I cannot go back now, it is inevitable — for her

sake, for mine, for every one's . . . They are so confident that I cannot disappoint them."

This was what Pierre thought as he looked at the white shoulders that gleamed so close to him. Now and again a feeling of shame came over him; it annoyed him to be an object of general attention, to know that he looked so frankly happy, to be playing the part of Paris to his brilliant Helen — he, with his plain face. But it was all as it should be, no doubt, so he comforted himself. He had done nothing to bring matters to this pass: he had come from Moscow with Prince Basil and had stayed in his house . . . well, and why not? Then he had played cards with her, had picked up her work-bag, had walked out with her . . . When did it all begin? . . . And now they were as good as betrothed . . . She is by his side, close to him; he can see her, feel her breathe the same air — he admires her beauty . . . And, a well-known voice asking him the same question a second time roused him from his day-dream:

"Tell me, when was it that you received Bol-konsky's letter? You are so absent this evening! . . ." said Prince Basil. Then Pierre saw that everyone was smiling at him and at Helen.

"After all, if they all know it," he thought, "it is well that it should be true" And a bright smile lighted up his face again.

"When did the letter come? From Olmütz, was it not?"

"How can he think of such trifles!" thought Pierre. "Yes, from Olmütz," and he sighed.

When supper was ended he offered her his arm and led her back into the drawing-room, behind the other guests. The party broke up and some went away without saying good-night to Helen, as if to mark that they did not wish to occupy her attention; those who went to bid her good-bye only detained her an instant and begged her not to think it necessary to see them to the door. The old chamberlain went away depressed and saddened. What was his futile career as compared with the happiness of these young things? The old general, when his wife enquired after his rheumatism, growled out a reply and added in a mutter to himself: "Look at Helen Vassilievna, that is quite another pair of shoes. She will be handsome when she is fifty."

"I might almost venture to congratulate you," murmured Anna Paulovna, tenderly embracing the elder princess. "If it were not for a bad headache, I would stay a little longer."

Princess Kouraguine made no reply; she was envious of her daughter's happiness. While all the world was saying good-night, Pierre had been left alone with Helen in a little drawing-room; he had often been alone with her before and had never made love to her. He knew now that the hour had come, but he could not make up his mind to take the final plunge. He was ashamed: he felt as if he had usurped a place that had never been meant for him: "You have no right to this happiness," said a voice within him. "It is for one who has not what you have already."

But this silence must be broken: he asked her if she had enjoyed the evening. She answered with her usual directness that she had never had a pleasanter birthday.

Her more immediate relations were still chatting in the big drawing-room. Prince Basil dropped in upon them, coming towards Pierre who could think of nothing better than to rise hastily and observe that it was growing late. A gaze of stern enquiry met his eye, as much as to ask what he meant by this strange remark; but Prince Basil at once recovered his insinuating expression and made him sit down again.

"Well, Helen?" he said in the tender tone of affection that comes natural to parents who are fond of their children and which the prince could put on without feeling it . . . "Sergueï Kousmitch, from all sides . . ." he began and, he fidgeted with his waistcoat button.

Pierre quite understood that this anecdote was not what interested Prince Basil at this juncture, and Prince Basil saw that he understood. He hastily left the room, and the agitation which the young man fancied he could detect in the old one touched him deeply; he turned to Helen: she was confused and awkward; he fancied she implied: "It is all your fault."

"It is inevitable—I must do it—I cannot!" and he began talking on all sorts of subjects, asking her where the point lay of this story about Sergueï Kousmitch. Helen said she had not even heard it.

In the next room her mother was discussing Pierre with an old lady: "Of course it is a very splendid match, but for happiness, my dear friend . . ."

"Marriages are made in Heaven!" said the old lady.

Prince Basil returned at this moment: he went into a remote corner, sat down, shut his eyes and fell asleep. His head dropped forward and he woke with a start.

"Aline," he said to his wife, "go and see what they are about."

The princess walked past the door of the inner room, just glancing in as she went by.

"They have not stirred," she said to her husband.

Prince Basil frowned and screwed his mouth on one side with a vulgar expression of disgust and ill-humor, the muscles of his cheeks twitched; then he gave himself a shake and tossing back his head he walked resolutely into the little drawing-room. He looked so solemnly triumphant that Pierre started to his feet, quite scared.

"Thank God!" he said. "My wife has told me all." And he clasped Pierre and his daughter in his arms. "Helen, my darling, what happiness! I am so glad!..." His voice quavered.

"And I was so much attached to your father She will be a devoted wife!— God bless you!"

Real tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Princess," he called out to his wife, "come here, come quickly!" The princess came in, bathed in tears, the old cousin, too, was wiping her eyes; they embraced Pierre; Pierre kissed Helen's hand. A few minutes later they were alone again.

"It had to be," said Pierre to himself, "so it is of

no use to ask whether it is for good or for evil; for good so far, at any rate, as that I am out of suspense." He was holding Helen's hand while her fair bosom rose and fell.

"Helen," he said simply and distinctly; then he paused.

"It is customary of course," he thought, "to say something under these extraordinary circumstances—but what?"

He could not remember; he looked at her, and she came closer to him, coloring deeply.

"Take them off—oh take them off!" she exclaimed pointing to his spectacles. Pierre took them off and his startled, enquiring eyes had the odd look which eyes accustomed to see through glasses always assume. He bent over her hand but she, with a hasty and violent movement intercepted the action and passionately pressed her lips to his. The sudden break-down of her usual reserve and her utter self-abandonment struck Pierre painfully.

"Too late—too late," thought he. "It is done now—and, after all I love her!"

"I love you!" he said aloud, being obliged to say something. But the confession sounded so thin that he was ashamed of it.

Six weeks later he was married and settled as the saying is; the happy owner of a beautiful wife and of several millions, in the splendid mansion of the Bésoukhows' which was entirely refitted for the occasion.

CHAPTER III.

IN the month of December following, old Prince Bolkonsky had a letter from Prince Basil announcing his intention of paying him a visit, with his son, at an early date.

"I have been sent on a tour of inspection," he wrote, "and a hundred versts of cross-country shall not prevent my paying you my respects, my worthy benefactor. Anatole is with me, on his way to join the army, and I hope you will grant him the opportunity of expressing in person the regard for you that he has inherited from his father."

"So much the better; we shall not have to take Marie into society since suitors seek us out here." This was the indiscreet comment that escaped the little princess when she was informed of the news. The prince frowned and said nothing.

A fortnight after the receipt of this letter Prince Basil's retainers one day made their appearance; they had preceded their master who was to arrive next day.

Prince Bolkonsky had always had a very low opinion of Kouraguine, and his splendid success during the last few years with the high position he had contrived to win under the last two Emperors, had

strengthened his distrust. He guessed what the under-purpose of his visit was, from the transparent hints in his letter and the little princess's insinuations, and his dislike took the form of deep contempt. He swore like a trooper whenever he mentioned him, and on the day of his arrival was more morose than ever. Was it Prince Basil's advent that had put him out, or did it merely aggravate his usual ill-temper? Be that as it may he was as surly as a bear.

Tikhone even advised the architect not to go into the prince's room: "Listen to his tramp," he said directing Ivanovitch's attention to the sound of their master's steps. "He is walking on his heels, and we all know what that means."

Nevertheless at nine o'clock, Prince Bolkonsky, wrapped in a velvet pelisse with a sable collar and a cap of the same fur, went out for his daily walk. It had snowed the day before; the alley which led to the orangery had been swept; traces of the gardener's presence were still visible and a spade was stuck upright in the ridge of soft snow that was piled up at the side of the path. The prince went the round of the greenhouses and outbuildings with a gloomy look and in total silence.

"Can sleighs come up?" he asked the steward who followed him, and who looked like the exact double of his master.

"The snow is very deep, Highness; I have ordered them to clear the high-road."

The prince nodded approval and went up the steps.

"Thank Heaven!" thought the man, "the storm has not burst," and he added aloud: "It would have been difficult to drive up, Highness, and hearing that a minister was coming to see Your Excellency. . . ."

The prince turned upon him at once and fixed him with a furious glare:

"A minister! what minister? Who gave you any orders," he said in his loud, harsh voice. "The road is not cleared for the princess, my daughter, and for a minister. — There is no minister coming!"

"Your Excellency, I thought. . . ."

"You thought! — Villain, rascal, beggar — I will teach you to think!"

He raised his cane which would certainly have fallen on Alpatitch if he had not instinctively drawn back. Frightened at his own daring, though the impulse was a natural one, Alpatitch bowed his bald head before his master who, in spite of the submissive gesture — or by reason of it perhaps — did not lift his stick again though he continued to scold:

"Rascal! — Have the snow thrown back on the road-way." He went into the room and slammed the door.

Princess Marie and Mlle. Bourrienne stood waiting for the prince to come to dinner; they knew that he was in a very bad temper, but Mlle. Bourrienne's lively face seemed to imply: "Much I care! I am always the same."

As to Princess Marie, she was very conscious that she would have done well to imitate this placid indiffer-

ence, but she simply could not. She was pale and frightened, and stood with downcast eyes.

"If I pretend not to notice his ill-humor he will think I have no sympathy with him," she said to herself, "and then he will accuse me of being tiresome and sulky."

The prince glanced at his daughter's scared face.

"A double-distilled simpleton!" he muttered between his teeth, "and the other one—not here? Have they told her?—Where is the princess? In hiding?" he asked.

"She is not very well," said Mlle. Bourrienne, "she will not come down—it is only natural—under the circumstances."

The prince cleared his throat, half-swallowing an oath and sat down. His plate not being wiped to his satisfaction he flung it behind him; Tikhone caught it and handed it to the butler.

The little princess was not ill, but hearing of her father-in-law's angry mood she had made up her mind to stay in her own rooms.

"I am afraid—for my baby; God knows what might happen if I were frightened," she said to Mlle. Bourrienne, to whom she had taken a great fancy and who spent her days with her, and indeed slept with her sometimes. The princess had no reticence with her but freely judged and criticised her father-in-law of whom she felt the utmost terror and dislike. As to the antipathy it was reciprocal, but on the prince's part it took the form of contempt.

"We have company coming I hear, Prince," said the Frenchwoman, as she unfolded her napkin with her dainty pink fingers. "His Excellency Prince Kouraguine and his son, I am informed."

"Hm! His Excellency is a blackguard—and I helped him into the ministry," growled the prince much offended. "As to his son, I am sure I do not know why he is coming; Princess Elizabeth Carlovna and Princess Marie know perhaps: for my part I don't know, and I don't want to know." He looked at his daughter who colored.

"You—are you ill?" he asked. "Are you afraid of the minister—as that idiot Alpatitch called him this morning."

"No, Father."

Mlle. Bourienne was unlucky in her choice of a subject; but this did not stop her chatter—she talked about the orangeries, and about the beauty of some plant that had just blossomed, till, after the soup, Prince Bolkonsky had somewhat softened.

When dinner was over he went to see his daughter-in-law who was seated at a little table and gossiping with her maid, Macha. She turned pale at the sight of the old prince, and she did not look pretty—on the contrary, rather ugly. Her cheeks had sunk, her eyes were set in dark circles, and her short upper-lip showed her teeth.

"Nothing, it is nothing," she said in reply to her father-in-law's enquiries. "I was not very comfortable."

"Want nothing?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"All right, all right!" And he went away.

Alpatitch met him in the anteroom.

"The road is closed?"

"Yes, Highness—forgive me! It was my stupidity. . . ."

His master interrupted him with a forced smile: "All right—very good,"—he held out his hand which the man kissed, and then he retired to his study.

Prince Basil arrived in the evening; in the road he found the drivers and stablemen of the estate who, with much shouting and swearing, dragged his *vasok** over the snow that had been thrown back on the road.

Separate rooms had been prepared for the visitors. Anatole, in his shirt sleeves, his hands on his hips, sat staring with his large, fine eyes, smiling absently at the little table before him. To him life was one uninterrupted series of amusements, even when it included a visit to a morose old man and an ugly heiress; take it for all in all it might have its comic side—why not marry her since she was rich? Money is no marplot. He shaved and scented himself with the elegant care which he always devoted to every detail of his toilet, and holding up his head with the all-conquering air that was natural to him, he went to find his father, on whom two valets were busily attending. Prince Basil nodded to him gaily, as much as to say: "You look very well."

* A carriage mounted on runners.

"Come, Father, without any nonsense, is she positively monstrous?" said Anatole, returning to a question he had discussed several times in the course of their journey.

"No nonsense, I entreat you; do all you can to make yourself acceptable and respectful to the old man. That is the chief point."

"But if he fires any very unpleasant shots at me I shall go away, I warn you. I hate your old men."

"Do not forget that it depends entirely on yourself."

Meanwhile the ladies had been informed, not merely of the arrival of the minister and his son, but of every detail concerning them. Princess Marie had gone to her own room and was vainly endeavoring to control her agitation.

"Why did they write? Why did Lisa say anything about it?— It is impossible— I know it is" and she added, as she looked at herself in the glass: "How can I go into the drawing-room? I can never be quite myself, even if I like him!"

The mere thought of her father filled her with terror. Macha had told the little princess and Mlle. Bourrienne how this handsome young gentleman, with his bright color and black eyebrows, had flown up-stairs "like an eagle," three steps at a time, while his old father had hobbled slowly behind, dragging one leg after the other.

"They are come, Marie, did you know?" said her sister-in-law, as she and Mlle. Bourrienne entered Marie's room. Lisa dropped into an arm-chair; she

had changed her morning dressing-gown and put on one of her prettiest dresses; her hair, too, was carefully dressed, but even her brightened expression could not disguise the alteration in her features; on the contrary, her elegant toilet showed it more plainly. Mlle. Bourrienne, too, had taken much pains to make the best of her engaging person.

"And you are not going to dress, dear Princess?" she said. "They have just brought word that the gentlemen are now in the drawing-room . . . Will you make an alteration in your dress?"

Princess Lisa rang for a maid and merrily reviewed all her sister-in-law's wardrobe. Princess Marie hated herself for her own excitement, which she felt to be undignified, and almost hated her two companions who took it as a matter of course. It would have been self-betrayal to reproach them, and a refusal to dress would have entailed an endless fire of raillery and advice. She blushed, her fine eyes grew dim, her color faded in patches, and she resigned herself like a victim to the tyranny of Lisa and Mlle. Bourrienne who set to work to vie with each other in trying to beautify her. She, poor girl, was so plain, that any rivalry with them was quite out of the question, and they did their best to dress her becomingly, with all the simple faith in adornment that is inherent in woman.

"Really, my dear, that gown is not pretty," said Lisa, drawing back to judge of the effect. "Try the other one; your whole life may be in the balance No! It is too light, it does not suit you."

It was not the gown that was in fault but the wearer. The little princess and the Frenchwoman could not see this; they were convinced that a blue bow here, a curl pinned up there, a scarf across the brown dress would set everything right. They failed to see that nothing could alter the expression of that care-worn face; they might change the setting as much as they liked it would still be insignificant and unattractive. After three or four experiments Princess Marie, still submissive, saw herself dressed in the light gown with a blue sash, her hair turned up from her face which made her look worse than ever; the little princess having walked round her twice to examine her from every side and arrange the folds, exclaimed in despair: "It will never do! No, Marie, it certainly does not suit you. I like you better in your every-day grey frock. To please me!—Katia," she added to the maid, "bring the princess her common grey gown. You will see," she went on to Mlle. Bourrienne, smiling at her artistic schemes, "you will see what I will do!"

Katia fetched the dress; Marie stood motionless in front of the glass. Mlle. Bourrienne saw that her eyes were tearful, that her lip quivered and she was ready to cry.

"Come, dear Princess, try once more." And Lisa, taking the grey gown from the maid, came towards her.

"Now, Marie, we will try something quite plain, quite simple." And all three chirped and fluttered like so many birds.

"No—that will do; let me be." There was something so serious and melancholy in her voice that the three birds ceased chirping at once. They saw in the beseeching expression of her dark eyes that it was of no use to persist.

"At any rate do your hair differently!— I told you so," said Lisa to Mlle. Bourrienne, "Marie has one of those faces which that style of hair-dressing never suits—never in the least.— Alter that at any rate."

"No, no; let it be, I do not care a single pin."

Her companions in fact could not help seeing that she did not care. Dressed out like this she was plainer than ever, but they knew the meaning that lay behind that melancholy gaze, the expression in her of a firm determination.

"You will alter it, won't you?" repeated Lisa; but Marie said no more.

The little princess quitted the room, and Marie, left to herself, did not look in the glass again. She stood motionless. She was dreaming of the husband—of the strong, commanding man, gifted with a mysterious charm, who would carry her off into his own world, so unlike this in which she lived, and bright with happiness. Then she thought of a child—her child—a little baby like her nurse's grandchild which she had seen only the day before. She felt it in her arms, clasped it to her bosom—her husband looking on, gazing fondly at her and their child . . . "But it is impossible, I am too ugly!" she thought.

"Tea is served and the prince is coming out of his

room," the maid called to her through the door, and she started and trembled, frightened at her own imaginings.

Before going down she went into the oratory, and fixing her gaze on the blackened image of the Redeemer in the softened light of the lamp, she clasped her hands and spent a few minutes in silent prayer. Her soul was tossed by doubts: would the joys of love—of earthly love—ever be vouchsafed to her? In her visions of marriage she always pictured domestic happiness as completed by a family of children; but her secret dream, unconfessed even to herself, was to know that earthly passion, and the craving was all the stronger because she buried it out of sight of others and of herself: "O God! how can I purge my heart of these promptings of the devil? How can I escape these horrible ideas and teach myself to bow calmly to Thy will?" And she hardly had put the prayer into words when she found the answer in her own heart: "Ask nothing for yourself, seek nothing, do not worry yourself, and envy no one; the future must remain hidden, but when it comes it must find you ready for whatever it may bring. If it should be God's will to try you by the duties of married life, His will be done!"

These reflections composed her spirit; still, at the bottom of her heart she cherished the wish to see her dream realized; she sighed and crossed herself. Then she went downstairs without another thought for her dress, or her hair, or her appearance in the room, or what she should say. What did these miserable trifles

signify in the plans of the Almighty without whose will not a hair can fall from a man's head.

She found Prince Basil and his son in the drawing-room, talking to the little princess and Mlle. Bourrienne. She went forward awkwardly, treading heavily on her heels. The two men and Mlle. Bourrienne rose and the little princess exclaimed: "Here is Marie!"

Her eye took in the whole party at a glance. She saw the grave face that Prince Basil had put on at seeing her, give way to an affable smile; she saw her sister-in-law's eyes inquisitively watching their visitors' expression to see the effect she was producing; she saw Mlle. Bourrienne, with her ribbons and her pretty face, more eager than she had ever seen it, turned towards *him*—but *him* she did not see—she was only aware that something tall, radiant and beautiful, came towards her as she entered. Prince Basil was the first to kiss her hand, her lips lightly rested on the bald forehead that bowed over her,* and in reply to his compliments she assured him that she had not forgotten him. Anatole followed his father's example, but she could not see him: she felt her hand firmly held in a soft grasp and her lips scarcely touched a white brow shaded by thick, chestnut hair. Then, looking up, she was struck at seeing him so handsome. He stood before her with one finger hooked into a button-hole of his uniform, slight and well made, his weight thrown on one leg, looking at her without speaking—and without thinking

* It was always customary in Russia for a lady to kiss the man who kissed her hand.

of her. Anatole had not a swift apprehension nor was he eloquent, but on the other hand he was possessed of that presence of mind which is invaluable in society, and which nothing could disturb. A shy man who had betrayed any embarrassment at the rudeness of being speechless on a first introduction, and who had floundered in his attempts to get out of it, would have made matters worse; while Anatole, who did not allow it to disturb him, calmly gazed at Princess Marie's coiffure, and was in no hurry to break the silence.

"You can talk if you like," he seemed to convey, "I do not care to talk."

His sense of superiority infused a shade of contempt into his manner towards women and excited their curiosity and fear, nay, even their love. He always seemed to be saying: "I know you thoroughly, take my word for it. What is the use of attempting any concealment? — And you are quite satisfied!"

He may not have thought this; indeed, he probably did not, for he rarely took the trouble to think; but he conveyed this impression, and Princess Marie felt it so strongly that she at once addressed herself to Prince Basil in order to show his son that she considered herself unworthy to engage his attention. The conversation was lively and brisk, thanks chiefly to the gay chatter of the little princess, who was very ready to open her lips and show her pretty white teeth. She and Prince Basil had rushed into a flow of gossip which might have led the hearer to believe that between her and her interlocutor there was an exchange of reminis-

cences and anecdotes known only to themselves, while in fact it was no more than a give and take of sharp speeches based on no real previous intimacy. Prince Basil paid her in her own coin, so did Anatole who scarcely knew her. Mlle. Bourrienne thought it her duty to take a part in this gossip though the allusions were quite strange to her, and Princess Marie found herself drawn into the gay discussion.

"We can enjoy your society all to ourselves, my dear Prince: it is not as it used to be at Annette's parties: you always fled . . . poor dear Annette."

"But, at any rate, you will not talk politics as Annette does?"

"And our tea-table!"

"To be sure!"

"Why did you never come to Annette's parties?" she said to Anatole. "Oh! I know, I remember—your brother Hippolyte told me of all your exploits. I know, I know," she went on, shaking her pretty finger at him, "I have heard of your doings in Paris."

"And did Hippolyte tell you," said Prince Basil to his son, while he took Lisa's hand as if to secure her, "how he pined in vain for this sweet little lady who would have nothing to say to him.—A pearl among women!" he added, turning to Princess Marie.

Mlle. Bourrienne at the word "Paris" took advantage of the cue to throw in a few personal reminiscences. She questioned Anatole as to his stay there: "Did he like Paris?"

Anatole was delighted to answer, smiling in her face; he had quite made up his secret mind that he was not likely to be too much bored at Lissy-Gory.

"She is not bad, not at all bad, this lady-companion," he said to himself. "I only hope that when the other marries me she will bring her with her.— She is a very nice little person upon my soul."

The old prince meanwhile was not hurrying over his toilet; he was gloomy and cross, and meditating what was to be done. This visit put him out excessively.

"What can Prince Basil and his son want of me? The father is an empty-pated chatterbox—the son must be a nice specimen."

Their coming annoyed him chiefly because it brought up a subject which he constantly endeavored to set aside, trying to cheat his own judgment. He had often asked himself whether he must not one day make up his mind to part from his daughter; but he never put the question point blank, for he knew that if he were to answer it fairly and plainly it would be in direct antagonism not only to his feelings but to his most cherished habits. To live without her, little as he appeared to care for her, seemed to him a total impossibility.

"What can she want to marry for, and be miserable? Look at Lisa, who certainly could not have had a better husband.— Is she satisfied with her lot?—And plain and awkward as Marie is, who would marry her for her own sake? It would be for her money and her

connections! Would she not be much happier unmarried?"

So thought Prince Bolkonsky as he dressed himself, and he owned to himself that the terrible dilemma was on the eve of a solution, for it was Prince Basil's evident intention to make the offer, if not this evening, quite certainly to-morrow. His name to be sure, his position in society — all was very suitable; but was he worthy of her? "That remains to be seen," he said aloud to himself.

He went to the drawing-room with a decided step and manner. As he went in, his eye seized every detail: his daughter-in-law's evening dress, Mlle. Bourrienne's bows, his daughter's preposterous head-dress, her evident isolation, and the graces of the Frenchwoman and Anatole.

"She is bedizened like a simpleton," thought he, "and does not seem to care a straw!"

"How do you do?" he said to Kouraguine, "I am happy to see you here."

"Friendship ignores distance," said Prince Basil in his usual tone of confident familiarity. "This is my younger son — give him your regard, I commend him to your good graces."

"A handsome lad! Very fine boy!" said the host, examining Anatole. "Kiss me — come here." He offered him his cheek which Anatole duly kissed, looking closely at the prince but with perfect composure, and expecting one of the rough quaint speeches of which his father had warned him. The old man seated

himself in his usual corner of the sofa, and after offering an easy-chair to Prince Basil began talking of the news and politics of the day; while he listened attentively to his guest, he kept his eye on his daughter.

"Yes, that is the latest from Potsdam!" And as he repeated his guest's last words he rose and went up to Marie:

"Is it to do honor to your company that you have made such a figure of yourself? Beautiful! Upon my soul, quite beautiful! — Well, understand clearly, in their presence I forbid you ever again to fig yourself out without my leave."

"It is I who am to blame, Father," interposed the little princess.

"You, Madame, have every right to dress yourself out as you please," he replied bowing low, "but she need do nothing to disfigure herself; she is ugly enough without that." And he went back to his seat, and took no further notice of his daughter who was ready to cry.

"It seems to me that the way the princess has dressed her hair is very becoming," said Prince Basil.

"Well, young man,— what is your name? — come here and talk to me; we must make acquaintance."

"Now the fun is going to begin," said Anatole to himself as he sat down by his host.

"So you have been brought up abroad, as I understand.— Very different from your father and me who were taught to read and write by the parish sexton! — And now, my young friend, you are one of the Impe-

rial Guard?" and he looked very closely into the young man's face.

"No — I have joined a marching regiment," said Anatole, who had much difficulty in restraining his inclination to laugh.

"Very good, very good. You are anxious to serve your Czar and country. We are at war, and a fine fellow like you ought to see service — active service!"

"No, Prince, the regiment is gone to the front, and I am attached What am I attached to, Papa?" he said with a laugh.

"Service! — he is on service! ha, ha! and he asks his father what he is attached to?"

Bolkonsky went into a fit of laughing in which Anatole joined, till the prince stopped short and said with a scowl:

"Go — get along with you."

Anatole obeyed and rejoined the ladies.

"You had him educated abroad, I think, Prince Basil?"

"I did the best I could for him," replied Prince Basil, "for the education there is far better than here."

"Yes, everything is changed now-a-days — everything is new. — A very handsome boy — very. — Will you come into my study?"

No sooner were they alone than Prince Basil hastened to pour out his hopes and wishes.

"Do you suppose I keep her chained up, or cannot part with her? What have they got into their heads?"

exclaimed Bolkonsky indignantly. "To-morrow, if she likes, for aught I care! . . . But I must know more of my son-in-law. You know what my principles are: act frankly. I will ask her to-morrow, in your presence, if she wishes it; if so he may stay. He can stay here; I must study his character." He finished his speech with his usual snort, speaking in the same sharp pitch as when he had taken leave of his son André.

"I will be quite frank with you," said Prince Basil in the tone of a man who is convinced that it is of no use to try cunning with a too acute opponent. "You see through people. Anatole is not a genius, but he is a very good fellow and an excellent son."

"Well, well; we shall see."

When Anatole appeared on the scene the three ladies who had lived so long in solitude and bereft of masculine society each and all felt that, till this moment, life had lacked an important element. The faculties of thought, feeling, and observation were suddenly multiplied tenfold, and the darkness that enfolded them was lighted up by an unexpected and vivifying flash. Princess Marie did not give another thought to her luckless coiffure; she gave herself up to contemplation of this handsome, radiant being who might be her destined husband. He seemed to her good, brave, spirited, generous; she was convinced he must be; her fancy was full of pictures of domestic happiness which she tried to get rid of and bury in the depths of her heart.

"Am I very cold I wonder?" she said to herself.

“But if I am too reserved it is only because I am too strongly attracted by him.—Still, he cannot guess what I feel, and might think I do not like him.” So she did her utmost to make herself attractive, but without success.

“Poor girl! She is diabolically ugly!” thought Anatole.

Mlle. Bourrienne's imagination, too, was excited by the young man's presence. She was a pretty girl, with no sort of position, an orphan, friendless, homeless, and had never had any serious prospect in life beyond that of being the princess' companion and reader for the rest of her days. She had long been waiting for the young Russian prince who, at the first glance, would discern her great superiority to all his plain and ill-dressed countrywomen, who would fall in love with her and carry her off. Mlle. Bourrienne knew a little story which an aunt had told her, and to which her fancy supplied a sequel—a pitiful romance of a young girl led astray, abused and cast out by her mother; she had often melted into tears over a dream of telling this tale to some imaginary seducer... The Russian prince who was to conquer her was here—he would declare his passion—she would tell the little tale: “My poor mother,” she would say, and he would marry her at once. This was the romance Mlle. Bourrienne composed piece by piece while she talked of the delights of Paris. She had no preconceived scheme, but everything had its logical sequence in her mind, and the fragmentary episodes grouped themselves round Prince

Anatole whom she was determined to fascinate at any cost.

As to Princess Lisa, she was like an old war-horse who pricks his ears at the sound of the trumpet; she made ready to charge full tilt, to set up a desperate flirtation without meaning the slightest harm, out of pure and giddy light-heartedness. It was Anatole's way in the company of women to pose as a man weary and sick of their allurements; still, seeing the impression he had produced here, he could not repress a genuine impulse of gratified vanity, all the more because he felt surging up within him for the bewitching little Frenchwoman one of those reckless passions which carried him away to commit the most brutal and daring outrages.

After tea they adjourned to the music-room, and Princess Marie was requested to play. Anatole stood with his elbows on the instrument, his sparkling, laughing eyes set on Marie who felt his fixed gaze with a strange mingling of pain and pleasure. Her favorite sonata bore her spirit into a realm of delicious and secret harmony, and its poetry grew fuller and more thrilling under the inspiration of those eyes. Yes, they were fixed on her—but their look was for Mlle. Bourrienne whose little foot his tenderly pressed. She, too, looked at Marie, and her pretty eyes shone with uneasy happiness and hope.

“How fond she is of me,” thought Princess Marie. “How happy I am to have such a friend, and such a husband!—Ah! will he ever be my husband?”

After supper, when they parted for the night, Anatole kissed Marie's hand and she summoned up courage to look him in the face; he also kissed the Frenchwoman's hand, a great breach of etiquette; but he did it with his usual cool confidence. She colored and looked at the princess in some alarm: "What nice feeling!" thought Marie. "Amélie is afraid I shall be jealous perhaps. Does she suppose that I can fail to appreciate her pure affection and devotion?"

She went up to Mlle. Bourrienne and kissed her affectionately. Anatole turned to Lisa and was gallantly about to kiss her hand, too. "No, no. When your father writes me word that you are quite a good boy you shall have my hand to kiss—not before." And she left the room smiling and shaking her finger at him.

They all went to their rooms, but, with the exception of Anatole who went to sleep at once, it was long before anyone could close an eye.

"Will he really be my husband? That man! so good and so handsome—so good!" thought Princess Marie. She shuddered with tremors which were not natural to her; she was afraid to turn round, to move; she felt as if there was some one lurking in that dark corner behind the screen, and that that some one was the Devil—that some one was the tall man with a white forehead, black eyelashes, and scarlet lips!—She called her maid and desired her to sleep in the room with her.

Mlle. Bourrienne spent a long time in walking up

and down the conservatory; she was vainly expecting some one, smiling at some one, shedding a few tears now and again as she thought of "her poor mother" reproaching her for her sin.

The little princess was scolding her maid: her bed was badly made; she could not lie comfortably; the clothes were heavy and dragged her—she herself was uneasy and uncomfortable. This evening she was doubly aware of her discomfort, for Anatole's company had carried her thoughts back to a time when she had been light and gay, without a care; now, she was sitting in her dressing-gown and night-cap, deep in a large arm-chair, while the maid turned the mattress and smoothed the sheets for the third time.

"I told you it was all lumps and hollows; I did not wish to lie awake you may suppose.—It is not my fault," she said in the peevish tone of a child on the point of crying.

The old prince could not sleep either. Tikhone, through his slumbers, heard him walking about and snorting; his dignity was insulted and he felt the insult all the more keenly because it was addressed not to himself, but to his daughter—the daughter he loved better than himself. In vain he said to himself that he should be in no hurry to make up his mind what line he should take in this matter—a line of action strictly just and equitable; his cogitations only fomented his indignation:

"She, she could forget everything for the first comer; everything, even her father... She flies up-

stairs, and dresses herself out, and gives herself airs and graces till she is not in the least like herself! She is delighted to get away from her father — and yet she knew I should notice it! Brr... brr... And cannot I see that that jackanapes stares at Bourrienne all the time! I must get rid of her! — And not a pinch of pride to make her see clearly; if she has none for herself she might have some for me! I must make her see that the coxcomb thinks only of Bourrienne. She has no pride! — I must tell her."

If he were to tell his daughter that she was under a delusion, and that Anatole's whole attention was for the Frenchwoman, that, he knew, would be the surest way to wound her self-respect; his case would be won, or, in other words, his wish to keep his daughter would be fulfilled. This idea soothed him, and he called Tikhone to help him to undress.

"The Devil himself sent them here," he growled as Tikhone slipped his night-dress over his parchment-colored shoulders and covered his chest that was furred with grey hairs. "I did not ask them here; and they come and turn all my life topsy-turvy — and I have not so long to live. Devil take them!"

Tikhone was accustomed to hear his master think aloud and his face never changed before the furious glare in the prince's eye as his head came up through the night-gown.

"Are they in bed?" Tikhone was too well trained not to know his master's wishes: "In bed, and their lights out, Excellency."

“High time, too, high time, too!” growled the old man. He shuffled his feet into his slippers, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and lay down on a couch which served as his bed.

Though Anatole and Mlle. Bourrienne had not exchanged many words they had perfectly understood each other. As regarded that part of the romance which must precede the introduction of “my poor mother” they both felt that they had much to say to each other; they met—by the merest accident—in the conservatory next morning, just as Marie, more dead than alive, was making her way as usual to her father’s room. She felt that not only did every one know that her fate was to be settled to-day, but that she herself was prepared to meet it. She read it in Tikhon’s face, and in that of Prince Basil’s valet whom she met in the passage carrying up his master’s hot water, and who made her a low bow.

Her father was unusually kind and gentle to her that morning; she knew this mood of old: it would not prevent his hands clenching with rage over a problem in arithmetic that she could not work out fast enough, and that would make him start up and walk away from her and say the same thing over and over again in a hollow, sternly-controlled voice.

He began at once on the matter in hand.

“A proposal has been laid before me which concerns you,” he said with a forced smile. “You have guessed, no doubt, that Prince Basil did not bring his pupil”—so he chose to call Anatole without exactly

knowing why — “to Lissy-Gory for the sake of showing him to me. You know what my principles are — for that reason I appeal to you.”

“What am I to understand by that, Father?” said the princess, turning red and white by turns.

“Understand!” exclaimed the old man hotly. “Prince Basil thinks you will suit him for a daughter-in-law and he has proposed for you in his pupil’s name. It is plain enough. What are you to understand? — I might ask you that.”

“I do not know . . . whatever you . . . Father . . .” stammered the young girl.

“I! — I have nothing to do with it; he does not want to marry me; put that quite aside. What do you wish? That is what I should be glad to learn.”

Princess Marie could gather that her father viewed the marriage with no particular favor, but she warned herself that now or never was the decisive moment. She looked down to avoid meeting that gaze which deprived her of all power of thought, and to which she was accustomed always to yield.

“I desire only one thing: to act as you think rightly — but if I may be allowed to express a wish . . .”

“Exactly so!” cried the prince interrupting her. “He will take you with your fortune, and hook on Mlle. Bourrienne; she will be his wife and you . . .” But he stopped, seeing what a painful impression his words produced on his daughter. She hung her head and was on the point of melting into tears.

“Come, come; I was only in jest. Remember one

thing, my principles have always led me to consider that a young girl has a right to choose for herself. You are free; but do not forget that the happiness of your whole life depends on your decision . . . I am not speaking of my own."

"But, Father, I do not know."

"I cannot talk about it. He will marry as he is bid; but you, I tell you, are free. Go to your own room and think it over and let me have your answer an hour hence. You will have to give your reply in his presence.—I know, you will pray over it—well, well, I do not want to prevent you; pray, if you will, but you would do better to exercise your judgment. Go—yes or no, yes or no, yes or no," he repeated as his daughter quitted the room with an unsteady step, for her fate was already decided—decided for happiness.

Still, her father's hint about Mlle. Bourrienne had shocked her; believing it to be false even, she could not think of it calmly. As she went through the conservatory on her way back to her own rooms a well-known voice startled her from her painful reflections. She looked up and saw, at two yards in front of her, Anatole kissing the Frenchwoman and whispering in her ear. Anatole's face plainly revealed his violent excitement as he turned towards the princess, quite forgetting that his arm was still round the girl's waist.

"Who is there— who wants me?" he seemed ready to ask.

Marie stopped, petrified, looking at them in blank bewilderment. Mlle. Bourrienne gave a cry and fled.

Anatole bowed to Marie with a smile of audacious triumph, and shrugging his shoulders, vanished through the door leading to his rooms.

An hour later Tikhone, who had been desired to call the Princess Marie, informed her that her father was waiting for her and that Prince Basil was with him. He found her seated on the sofa in her room softly stroking Amélie's hair, while the Frenchwoman was crying bitterly. Marie's soft eyes, with their loving and gentle expression, were calm and bright and beautiful once more.

"Oh, Princess, I must have fallen forever in your opinion."

"Why? I love you more than ever, and will do my best..." said Princess Marie with a melancholy smile. "Now, compose yourself, my dear. I must go to my father."

Prince Basil, sitting with his legs crossed and his snuff-box in his hand, affected deep emotion which he pretended to conceal under an anxious smile. As the princess entered the room he hastily disposed of a small pinch of snuff, and took both her hands.

"Ah, my dear, my dear, my son's fate is in your hands. Decide, my dear, sweet Marie, whom I have always loved as a daughter." And he turned away, for he had really brought tears into his eyes.

"Brrr...! The prince, in his own name and that of his son, asks whether you will become the wife of Prince Anatole Kouraguine — yes or no. — Yes or no, I say — and I reserve my right to express an opinion

afterwards. — Yes, my opinion, merely my opinion," he went on in answer to a beseeching glance from Prince Basil. — "Well, yes or no?"

"It is my wish, Father, never to leave you, never to part while we both shall live. I do not intend to marry," said Princess Marie looking frankly and steadily at Prince Basil and at her father.

"Folly, stuff, and nonsense!" cried the old prince, drawing his daughter towards him and wringing her hand so hard that she cried out with pain. Prince Basil rose.

"My dear Marie, this is a moment I can never forget. But tell me, can you not give us some little hope? Can he never touch your kind and generous heart? I only ask you to say: perhaps?"

"I have said what my heart prompts. I thank you for the honor you have done me, but I can never be your son's wife."

"That is an end of it, my dear fellow. Very glad to have seen you, very glad. You may leave us, Princess... Very glad, very glad indeed" repeated Bolonsky.

"My happiness lies in a different vocation," said Princess Marie to herself. "I shall find it in devoting myself to making others happy; and, cost what it may, I will always stand by poor Amélie. She loves him so passionately and is so bitterly penitent. I will do all I can to promote their marriage. If he is not rich enough I will give her something, and I will entreat my father and André to allow it — I should be so happy in

seeing her his wife, she is so lonely, so sad, so forsaken . . . How she must love him to have forgotten herself so far! Who knows? I might have done the same."

CHAPTER IV.

THE Rostows had received no news of Nicolas for a long time when, one day in the winter, the count got a letter and recognized his son's writing. He stole off at once to his own room, walking on tip-toe that no one might hear him, and shut himself in to read it at his leisure. Anna Mikhaïlovna, who had known somehow of the arrival of the letter—nothing that occurred in the house ever escaped her—softly followed the count to his study where she found him crying and laughing both at the same time.

"My dear friend?" said the lady in a tone of melancholy interrogation, fully prepared to be sympathetic whatever might happen.—In spite of the improvement in her affairs she still staid on with the Rostows.

"It is from Nicolouchka . . . a letter . . . he has been wounded my dear, wounded, poor, dear child . . . and the little countess . . . made an officer, my dear—thank God!—How can I tell her?" He sobbed out.

Anna Mikhaïlovna sat down by him, wiped away his tears which were dropping on to the letter, read it

herself, and then, after wiping her own eyes, soothed the count's agitation by promising him to prepare the countess during dinner, so that in the evening, after tea, the news might be broken to her.

She kept her word. During dinner she returned again and again to the subject of the war, asked when Nicolas had last written, though she knew very well, and observed that now they might expect to hear from him any day — this very day perhaps, who could tell. Every time she returned to her hints the countess glanced anxiously at her and at her husband, and then Anna Mikhailovna adroitly changed the subject. Natacha, who was the one of all the family most keenly alive to the slightest inflection of voice, the faintest shade of expression in a face or manner, at once pricked up her ears, guessing that under all this there must be some mystery between her father and Anna Mikhailovna, and that the lady was manœuvring to prepare her mother. But in spite of her native audacity, she knew her mother's sensitiveness about her absent son too well to dare to ask questions; her uneasiness prevented her eating; she could do nothing but twist and wriggle on her chair, to the governess's great vexation. As soon as dinner was over she flew after Anna Mikhailovna whom she found in the drawing-room. She sprang up and flung her arms round her neck.

"Aunt, dear little Auntie, what has happened?"

"Nothing, my child."

"Dear soul of an aunt, I am sure you know something, and I will not leave go till you tell me."

Anna Mikhaïlovna shook her head.

"You are too clever by half, child."

"A letter from Nicolas, is it not?" cried Natacha, reading the answer in her aunt's face.

"But hush, be discreet. You know how excitable your mother is."

"I will be, I promise, only tell me what he says. — You will not? Then I shall go straight to her and tell her."

Anna Mikhaïlovna told her the facts in a few words, and repeated her charge of secrecy.

"On my word of honor," said Natacha, crossing herself. "I will tell no one. . . ." But she flew off to Sonia and told her with exuberant delight: "Nicolas is wounded — he has written!"

"Nicolas!" cried Sonia turning pale.

At the sight of the impression produced by her news, Natacha suddenly understood all the sad feeling that was mixed up with this happy news. She threw her arms round Sonia and burst into tears: "He is only slightly wounded and he has been promoted and he must be quite well since he writes himself."

"What cry-babies you women are," said Pétia, striding up and down the room with a truculent air. "I am glad, very glad that my brother should have distinguished himself! You are only cry-babies and you don't understand at all."

Natacha laughed through her tears.

"Have you seen the letter?" asked Sonia.

"No, I have not read it; but Anna Mikhaïlovna

told me that the worst was over, and that he is an officer. Come to Mamma."

Pétia was still marching up and down the room.

"If I had been in Nicolouchka's place I would have killed a great many more Frenchmen; they are miserable scoundrels; I would have killed a lot and made a mountain of them! There!"

"Hold your tongue, Pétia; you are a little goose!"

"It is not I that am a goose, it is you who are simpletons. Fancy crying for such a trifle!"

"Do you remember him?" asked Natacha after a pause.

"Do I remember Nicolas?" asked Sonia smiling.

"No, no — what I mean is — do you remember him clearly — quite distinctly? Do you remember all about him?" And she gesticulated emphatically to add to the force of her words. "Now I — I remember Nicolas — very well. But as for Boris, I cannot remember him at all — really not in the least."

"What! you do not remember Boris?" said Sonia puzzled.

"I do not mean that I have forgotten him; I know what he is like. — If I shut my eyes I can see Nicolas, but Boris. . . ." She shut her eyes: "Nothing — no one — nothing at all!"

"Oh, Natacha!" said Sonia, in rapturous earnest; she thought her unworthy no doubt to hear her confession, but that did not prevent her emphasizing her words with emotional conviction: "I love your brother,

and whatever may happen to him or to me I can never cease to love him."

Natacha gazed at her with wondering eyes; she felt that Sonia had spoken the truth; that this was love, and that she had never felt anything like it; she saw what it might be but she did not understand it.

"Will you write to him?"

Sonia did not reply immediately, for this was a question which she had long been debating. How should she write to him? Nay, in the first place, ought she to write? Now that he was promoted and a wounded hero the time had come, she thought, when she might remind him of her existence and of the promises he had made her.

"I do not know," she said, blushing. "If he writes to me, I will write to him."

"And you would not feel shy about it?"

"No."

"Well, I should be ashamed to write to Boris, and I shall not write."

"Ashamed! why?"

"I don't know — but I should be."

"I know why," said Pétia, indignant at his sister's declaration. "It is because she fell in love with that big fellow in spectacles" — this was Pétia's description of his namesake, Pierre Bésoukhov — "and now it is the singer's turn" — the singer was Natacha's Italian singing-master — "that is why she would be ashamed!"

"Pétia you are too silly!"

“Not sillier than you, my lady!” retorted the brat of nine with all the coolness of a brigadier.

The countess had meanwhile grown suspicious over Anna Mikhaïlovna’s mysterious reticence and was sitting in her own room with her eyes riveted on her son’s miniature, ready to cry at any moment. Anna Mikhaïlovna, with the letter in her hand, stopped at the door of the room.

“Do not come in,” she said to the count who was behind her. “Presently. . . .” And she closed the door upon him.

The count put his ear to the key-hole, but at first could hear nothing but a series of commonplace remarks; then Anna Mikhaïlovna made a long speech; then there was a cry and a silence — and presently the two voices in an eager and joyful duet. Anna Mikhaïlovna showed in the count; her face beamed with the proud satisfaction of an operator who has performed a tedious and dangerous amputation with complete success, and who wishes the public to appreciate his skill.

“It is all over!” she said to the count; while the countess, holding the miniature in one hand and the letter in the other, kissed them in turn. She held out her hands to her husband, kissed his bald head, gazing over it at the letter and the portrait; then she pushed him gently away and again pressed them to her lips. At this moment Vera, Natacha, Sonia, and Pétia came in; Nicolas’ letter was read to them. In it he described in a few lines the course of the campaign, the two fights in which he had taken part, and his promotion, ending

with these words: "I kiss your hands—Papa's and Mamma's, and ask your blessing. Much love to Vera, Natacha, and Pétia."

He also sent his respects to M. Schelling and to Mlle. Shoss, his old nurse, and begged his mother kiss his dear Sonia for him, and tell her that he constantly thought of her and loved her truly. Sonia turned crimson at this message and her eyes filled with tears. Then, unable to bear the gaze of so many bystanders she ran away, into the drawing-room, danced round it, made a pirouette on her heel, spinning round like a top, till her dress flew out, and ended by making a balloon on the floor.

The countess shed floods of tears.

"But there is nothing to cry for, Mamma," said Vera. "You ought to be glad." It was quite true, and yet her father and mother and Natacha all looked at her reproachfully.

"I do not know whom she takes after," said the countess.

The beloved son's letter was read and re-read a hundred times, and those who wanted to learn the contents had to go to the countess's room, for she would not let it go out of her hands. As she read it to the tutor, to the governess, to Mitenka, to her acquaintances, it was each time a fresh delight to her, and each time she discovered some new merit in her darling Nicolas. It was so strange for her to think that the child she had brought into the world twenty years ago—how often she had scolded her husband for spoiling

him! — the child she could still fancy she heard trying to say Mamma — was so far away, in a foreign country, fighting as a brave man should, and doing his duty as an honest gentleman without any one to guide him! The daily experience which shows us the road trodden by a boy from the cradle to manhood had never been real to her. Every step her son took in that direction was as wonderful in her eyes as though he had been the first example of such a process of development.

“What a nice style! what pretty descriptions! And what a noble heart! Not a word about himself, not a detail! He speaks of a man named Denisow, and he himself, I am sure, showed more courage than all the rest. What a good heart! But I always said it of him, even when he was quite little; always.”

For the next week every one was busy with rough copies, written and re-written, of letters to be sent to Nicolouchka; the count and countess superintended the preparation of a parcel of necessaries to be forwarded with a supply of money for the equipment of the newly-appointed warrior. Anna Mikhaïlovna, with her practical wit, had secured for her son a personal protector in the army and greater facilities for correspondence by forwarding her letters through the Grand Duke Constantine, in command of Guards. The Rostows, on the contrary, took it for granted that the address on their letters to “The Russian Guards, on service, abroad,” was perfectly clear and explicit, and that if the letters reached the commanding officer there was no reason to suppose that they would fail to reach the

Pavlograd regiment which was, no doubt, in his immediate vicinity. However, it was settled that this packet should be sent to Boris by the grand duke's courier and forwarded by him to Nicolas. Father, mother, Sonia and all the children wrote letters, and the count added 6,000 roubles for his son's outfit.

CHAPTER V.

ON the 12th of November Koutouzow's army, encamped in the neighborhood of Olmütz, made ready for inspection by the Czar and the Emperor of Austria. The guards had just come up and had encamped about fifteen versts away; they were to march forward to the parade-ground next morning by ten o'clock. That very morning Nicolas Rostow had received a note from Boris informing him that the Ismaïlovsky regiment would halt at a few versts distance and that he wanted to see him to give him some letters and money. Nicolas was fully alive to the desirability of this last item, for after the autumn campaign and during his stay at Olmütz he had been exposed to various temptations from the well-furnished canteens of the vivandières, not to mention the Austrian Jews, who swarmed in the camps. In the Pavlograd hussars there was no end to the entertainments in honor of promotions; or of

excursions into the town, where a restaurant had been opened by a certain "Caroline la Hongroise," in which all the waiters were girls. Rostow had given a supper to celebrate his promotion, had bought Denissow's horse "Bedouin," and was up to his ears in debt to his comrades and to the mess-steward. So, after dining with some friends, he set out in search of his old companion in the guards' camp.

He had not yet had time to procure his new uniform and wore his shabby *junker's* jacket with a private's cross, his leather-backed cavalry trousers and belt with an officer's sword; his mount was a Cossack pony that he had bought cheap and his bruised shako was stuck rakishly on one side. As he rode towards the Ismailovsky camp he could think of nothing but his glee at astonishing Boris and his comrades by his war-stained appearance, with no trace of the inexperienced soldier who has never smelt powder.

The guards had made a pleasure trip rather than a march, with a great display of smartness and elegance. The knapsacks were brought on in baggage-wagons, and after each short stage the officers had found a capital dinner provided by the resident authorities. The regiments had marched in and out of the towns with bands playing, and throughout the march the men, in obedience to the grand duke's orders, had gone first at an easy pace and the officers had followed according to their rank; of this the guards were exceedingly proud. From the first Boris had always kept close to Berg who was now captain of a

company and who, by his punctuality, had gained the good-will of his superiors and arranged matters very much to his own advantage. Boris had also taken care to make several acquaintances, among them Prince André Bolkonsky, to whom he had a letter of introduction from Pierre, and by whose intervention he hoped to get an appointment on the staff of the commander-in-chief. Berg and Boris, both as smart as a new pin, and quite recovered from the fatigues of their last stage, were playing chess at a round table in the clean, snug quarters that had been assigned to them. The stem of Berg's long pipe rested between his knees, while Boris was placing the pieces with his white fingers and never taking his eyes off his antagonist who, as usual, was wholly absorbed in the idea of the moment.

"Well, how will you get out of that scrape?"

"We shall see."

At this instant the door opened.

"At last!" cried Rostow. "Ah, and Berg too!"—"Bye-bye, babies," he went on, humming a tune his old nurse used to sing and which never failed to send Boris and himself into fits of laughter.

"Merciful Heaven! How you have altered."

Boris rose to receive him, taking care however not to upset the chess-men, and he was going to embrace him when Rostow dodged on one side. The youthful impulse to escape from beaten paths was strong in Nicolas, and he constantly longed to express his feelings in some new and original way, to avoid conformity to ordinary formalities. His one idea was to do some-

thing odd—to pinch his friend—at any rate to escape the customary greeting. Boris, on the contrary, pressed the three regulation kisses on his cheek quite calmly and affectionately.

They had been separated scarcely six months, and meeting again at the very time when they were just making their first real start in life, each was struck by the great change in the other, the inevitable result of the surroundings among which they had been developing.

“You—you rascally carpet-knights, who just go out for a ride and come in spruce and shining—look at us miserable sinners in the working regiments. . . .” exclaimed Rostow, who endeavored, with his fresh, young bass and affected roughness, to give himself something of the rollicking air of a fighting man in contrast to the dandyism of the Guards, exhibiting his mud-splashed trousers. At this moment their German hostess put her head in at the door: “By Jupiter! a pretty woman!” cried Rostow with a wink.

“Don’t shout so loud—you will frighten them all!” said Boris. “Do you know I did not expect you so soon, for I gave my note to Bolkonsky only last evening—he is an aide-de-camp I know here. I had no hope of its reaching you so quickly.—Well, and how are you? You have smelt fire I see.”

Rostow did not answer, but he fidgeted with his private’s cross of St. George that hung at his button-hole, and pointed to his hand in a sling:

“You see. . . .”

"Well, well," said Boris smiling, "we have had a delightful campaign. His imperial highness marched after the regiment and we have taken it easy. In Poland entertainments, dinners, balls without end . . . The Czarevitch is most kind to all his officers."

Then they related the various phases of their military experience: Nicolas his camp-life, Boris the advantages of his position in the guards under distinguished favor.

"Oh yes! The guards! . . ." said Rostow. "Give me a glass of wine."

Boris made a face, but he took out his purse from under his white pillows and sent for some wine.

"By the way, here are your letters and your money."

Rostow tossed the bag of money on to the sofa and tore open the letter, setting his elbows on the table to read it more comfortably. Berg's presence disturbed him; feeling his eyes fixed on him he held up the letter so as to screen his face.

"They have been free with the money!" observed Berg, as he looked at the full bag sunk in the sofa cushion. "We are almost at the end of our tether here, with nothing but our pay."

"Look here, old fellow, if ever I find you with a letter from home and a friend you want to talk to about a hundred things at once, I promise you I will take myself off and leave you in peace; so now vanish, bolt, go to the devil. . . ." And he gave Berg a spin and a friendly glance to mitigate the ultra-frank vehemence of

his words. "You will not be angry with me — I venture to treat you as an old friend!"

"Not at all, Count — I understand perfectly," said Berg in his husky voice.

"Go and pay the people of the house a visit; they asked you," added Boris.

Berg put on a spotless overcoat, pushed his hair off his forehead, after the fashion of the Emperor Alexander, and, satisfied that his appearance must be irresistible, he left the room with a blissful smile.

"Oh, what a brute I am!" cried Rostow, as he went on with his letter.

"What for?"

"A perfect brute not to have written to them again; they were frightened out of their wits.—Well, have you sent Gavril for the wine? — That is well; we will treat ourselves handsomely."

Among the letters in the packet there was one to Prince Bagration. The countess, following Anna Mikhaïlovna's advice, had begged it of an acquaintance, and she desired her son to present it as soon as possible and take every advantage of it.

"What nonsense! What do I want with that?" said Rostow, tossing the letter on the table.

"Why have you thrown it aside?"

"It is a letter of recommendation — why, I laugh at it!"

"Laugh at it? But it is very necessary."

"No, I do not want anything; I am not going begging to be made aide-de-camp."

"Why not?"

"It is a footman's place!"

"Ah! you are just the same as ever I can see," said Boris.

"And you, too—as diplomatic as ever. However, that is of no moment . . . What are you going to do?"

"Till now, as you see, I have been getting on very well; but I must confess that my ambition is to be made aide-de-camp and not have always to stick to my regiment."

"But why?"

"Because if once you go in for a military career the more brilliant it is the better."

"Ha! you think so!" Rostow gazed in his friend's face, trying, but in vain, to read the bottom of his thought. Old Gavril brought in the wine that had been ordered.

"You had better send for Alphonse Carlovitch; he will drink with you instead of me."

"Just as you please. — What is the Teuton like?"

"He is really a very good fellow, very straightforward and pleasant." Again Rostow looked narrowly at Boris and he sighed. Berg being sent for returned, and the conversation became livelier over the bottle of wine. The two guardsmen gave Rostow a full account of all the entertainments they had been asked to on their march through Russia, Poland, and Austria. They told stories and quoted jokes to illustrate the kindness and the violent temper of the grand duke their colonel. Berg, who, as usual, said nothing when

the subject was not of personal interest to himself, related with much complacency how, in Galicia, he had had the honor of a few words with his imperial highness, how the grand duke had complained to him of the bad order in which the men marched, and how, going up to the captain of a company one day in a great rage, he had called him "Arnaute." This was the Czarevitch's favorite term of abuse when he was in a passion.

"You will hardly believe it, Count, but I was so sure of my own blamelessness that I stood before him without a qualm; without boasting I may say that I know all the order of the day and regimental regulations as well as I know the Lord's prayer. My company never have to be pulled up for breach of discipline, and I could stand in his presence with an easy conscience." As he spoke he rose to show how he had gone forward to meet his chief with a military salute. It would have been hard to imagine a face more expressive at once of respect and of self-satisfaction. "He foamed over," Berg went on, "sent me to the devil and heaped me with 'Arnaute!' and hints of Siberia. I took care not to say a word. 'Are you dumb?' he roared. Still I did not speak. — And would you believe, next morning in the general orders not a word about it all! That is what comes of not losing one's head. Yes, Count, that is the great secret," he said, lighting his pipe and puffing rings of smoke into the air.

"I congratulate you," said Rostow. Boris, seeing

that his friend was inclined to laugh at Berg, adroitly turned the conversation by asking Nicolas how and where he had been hurt. Nothing could have pleased him better, and he began a full account of the fight at Schöngraben — growing more eager as he went on, and relating it, not so much as it had actually happened, but as he would have liked it to happen — embellished, that is to say, by his vivid imagination. Rostow respected truth, and by preference adhered to it; however, imperceptibly and quite unconsciously, he deviated from it considerably. An exact and prosaic narrative would not have met with any acceptance; for his companions, like himself, had often heard a battle described and had formed a clear idea of the scene; if he had stuck to the facts they would not have believed him and might very likely have accused him of not actually seeing the whole of what had taken place under his very eyes.

How could he tell them in so many words that he had simply set off at a gallop, that he had fallen off his horse, sprained his wrist, and then run away from a Frenchman as fast as his legs would carry him? It would have been a great effort on his part to confine himself to these simple facts. He gave the reins to his imagination and described how, in the hottest of the fire, he had been overmastered by mad frenzy, had forgotten everything, had rushed down on the enemy's square like a tornado, slashing right and left, had dropped at length from sheer exhaustion, and so on, and so on . .

"You cannot imagine," he added, "what wild fury possesses you in the thick of the fray!"

As he uttered this grandiloquent peroration Prince Bolkonsky came into the room. Prince André was flattered by the respect of his juniors, and liked to help and encourage them. He had taken a fancy to Boris, and would have been sincerely glad to serve him. Koutouzow had despatched him to carry some papers to the Czarevitch, and on his way he had looked in. Seeing the young hussar on service evidently all hot from narrating his own exploits—he hated that stamp of man—he scowled, though he nodded kindly to Boris as he took his seat on the sofa. There was nothing he disliked so much as dropping in on company that was distasteful to him. Rostow, sympathetically conscious, colored scarlet; in spite of his general dislike and contempt for the fine gentlemen of the staff there was something in Prince André's dry, satirical tone that dashed him considerably, and perceiving that Boris seemed to be ashamed of him he lapsed into silence. Boris asked whether there was any news, and if he might, without indiscretion, ask what was being planned at headquarters.

"We shall probably move forward," said Prince André, anxious not to compromise himself in the society of strangers. Berg took the opportunity of enquiring with his unfailing politeness if the captains of companies were not to be allowed double rations of forage. Prince André smiled, and said that he was unable to reply on so serious a state secret.

"I have a few words to say to you about your own business," he added to Boris, "but we will talk of that another time. Come to me after the review: we will do all in our power . . ."

Then, turning to Nicolas and feigning not to observe his gloomy and irritable manner, he said: "You were talking of the fight at Schöngraben? You were there?"

"I was there," said Rostow rather offensively. The opportunity of amusing himself over the lad's angry mood being obviously eligible, Bolkonsky went on:

"There have been a good many stories invented about that affair."

"Oh! yes, many stories are invented!" replied Rostow, casting furious glances at Boris and Bolkonsky alternately. "Oh! yes, plenty of stories; but our reports — the reports of those who faced the enemy's fire — are not without weight. They are of a very different order of merit from those of the staff-puppies, who have medals given them which they have never won. . ."

"And in your opinion I am one of them?" said the prince coolly with a sweet smile. Rostow was torn between his irritation and the respect he could not help feeling for Bolkonsky's calm dignity.

"I do not allude to you, for I do not know you — and what is more I do not want to know you any better. But I speak of staff-officers in general."

"I see," said Prince André, interrupting him in a quiet, measured voice, "that you are bent on insulting me, and you will find it only too easy if you forego your self-respect. At the same time you cannot fail to

see that the time and place are ill chosen. We are all on the eve of a great and terrible duel, and it is no fault of Droubetskoï's — your friend from childhood — if my face is so unlucky as to displease you. At any rate you know my name, and where to find me. Remember, I am not in the slightest degree offended; and as I am older than you, I venture to advise you to let your ill-temper carry you no further. — Then on Friday, Boris, after the review, I shall expect you . . ."

He bowed and went away. Rostow was too much bewildered to recover himself. He hated himself for having had no answer ready; he had his horse brought round and took his leave rather drily.

"Now, ought I to have insulted that airified aide-de-camp," he asked himself, "or shall I let the matter drop?"

The question worried him all the way home. He alternately pictured his satisfaction at seeing the haughty little man's alarm, and found himself, to his great astonishment, wishing with more eagerness than he had ever felt before, to win the regard of this aide-de-camp he detested so much.

On the following day all the troops, Russian and Austrian, to the number of 80,000, including those just arrived from Russia and those that had gone through the campaign, were reviewed by the Czar accompanied by the Czarevitch, and the Emperor Francis attended by one of the archdukes.

At break of day the troops, in light marching order, were drawn up on the plain beneath the fortifications.

The moving mass, with standards flying, halted at the word of command, parted, formed into detachments, and stood still to let another body pass by in compact bands of variously-colored uniforms. Further away the cavalry manœuvred, in blue, green, and red, with their gorgeous trumpeters in embroidered jackets mounted on black, grey, or bay horses that ambled along to the rhythm of the music; and after them came the artillery in a long line, making its way like a writhing snake between the infantry and cavalry to the position it was to occupy, the shining guns jumping on their carriages with a brazen clatter, and leaving a smell of burning matches behind them. Generals in dress-uniforms—blazing with decorations, buttoned up to the chin and tightened in at the waist—officers in their smartest trim, soldiers freshly shaved, with their accoutrements brightly polished, horses groomed and brushed till their coats glistened like satin and their manes hung like fringe—each and all were conscious that serious work was on hand. From the general to the private every man felt that he was no more than a grain of sand in this great, living sea, but he had, at the same time, a sense of power as a unit in this grand total.

By dint of hard work, by ten o'clock all was ready. The army was drawn up in three main divisions: the infantry in front, behind them the artillery, and the cavalry in the rear. Between each corps there was a wide space left, and each stood out in conspicuous contrast to the other two. Koutouzow's forces, with the Pavlo-

grad regiment on the right, then the regiments of the line and the guards just arrived from Russia, and next to them the Austrian infantry — all stood on the same line, each smarter than the other, and all under the same command.

Suddenly a murmur like the whisper of the wind in the trees ran along the ranks :

“ They are coming ! Here they are ! ” said one and another, and the crisis of expectation flew down the line like a spark down a train of gunpowder.

A party of horsemen was visible in the distance. At the same moment a breath as it were stirred the air and fluttered the clinging folds of the flags ; the gleaming lances quivered ; a shiver seemed to express the gladness of the army at the approach of the sovereigns.

“ Silence ! ” shouted a voice. Then, like the answering crow of cocks at daybreak, the shout was repeated at various points, and silence fell. Not a sound was to be heard in the stillness but the tramp of the approaching horses : then the trumpets of the 1st regiment gave out a triumphant flourish and the jubilant strain seemed to come from all those thousand breasts beating high with excitement at the advent of the two emperors. The trumpets had hardly ceased when the Russian emperor said very distinctly, in his fresh, soft voice : “ Good day, my children ! ”

The men of the 1st broke into a shout, leading a cheer so overwhelming and so prolonged that each man

thrilled as he thought of the number and strength of the mass of which he was but a fraction.

Rostow, whose place was in the front rank of Kou-touzow's division which was the first that the emperors rode past, felt, like every man on the ground, a sudden self-oblivion, a proud consciousness of strength and passionate devotion to the hero of the splendid ceremonial. At one word from that man, he thought, this whole mass, including himself, an insignificant atom, would plunge through fire and flood, ready to commit any crime or act of heroism; and he fairly trembled and turned faint as he looked at the Man who was the embodiment of that Word. Shouts of hurrah, hurrah! rang out on every side; each regiment in turn, roused from their death-like and stony silence, woke to life as the Czar rode by, hailing him with trumpet blasts and cheers that mingled with those of the last ranks in deafening acclamation.

In the midst of these black lines, so motionless that they might have been petrified under their shakos, some hundred horsemen were prancing in elegant array; these were the suite of the two emperors on whom the suppressed excitement of 80,000 men was centred. The handsome young Czar especially, in his horse-guard's uniform, and his cocked hat on one side, with his pleasant face and full, sweet voice, attracted general attention. Rostow, whose post was close to the trumpets, kept his keen eyes fixed on his sovereign; and when, at a distance of about twenty yards, he could clearly distinguish his features, beaming with good

looks, youth, and happiness, he felt a warm gush of love and enthusiasm; the emperor's appearance completely bewitched him.

The young Czar paused in front of the Pavlograd regiment, and turning to the Emperor of Austria, he smiled and said a few words in French. Rostow smiled in sympathy and felt his loyal passion swell within him; he longed to give some proof of it and the impossibility of doing so made him quite miserable. The emperor called the general in command.

"Good God! how should I feel if he spoke to me! I should die of joy!"

"Gentlemen," said the Czar, addressing all the officers — and Rostow felt as if he were listening to a voice from heaven — "I thank you with all my heart. You have well earned the standard of St. George, and you will prove yourselves worthy of it!"

"Only to die — to die for him!" thought Rostow.

At this moment there was a tremendous cheer in which Rostow joined with all the strength of his lungs, to vent the ardor of his enthusiasm, even at the risk of bursting his throat. For a minute the Czar seemed to hesitate.

"How can he hesitate or doubt?" said Rostow to himself; still, this indecision seemed to him no less majestic and full of charm than all else the emperor did; and at this moment Alexander, touching his handsome dark bay with the heel of his boot — a pointed narrow boot, as was then fashionable — gathered up his bridle in his doeskin-gloved hand and rode off followed

by his crowd of aides-de-camp. He stopped in front of each regiment in turn, further and further away, till at last all that could be seen of him was the white plume of his cocked hat waving above the heads of his suite.

Rostow had noticed Bolkonsky among the officers of the imperial suite, and was debating whether he should challenge him or no. . . . : "No, certainly not," he said to himself — "How can I think of such a thing now? What can our petty quarrels and offenses matter when our hearts are overflowing with love, and devotion, and enthusiasm? I love and forgive everybody."

When the emperor had ridden past all the regiments the march past began. Rostow, mounted on Bedouin, which he had just bought of Denissow, came the last of his division, alone and sufficiently conspicuous. He was a capital horseman and spurring his horse he rode forward at a hand-gallop. Bedouin himself, with his foaming jaw held back against his breast, and his tail in the air, tossing up his heels and graceful, slender legs, seemed no less conscious that the eyes of the Czar were upon him. His rider, on his part, with his legs pressed back, and his anxious, beaming face, sat bolt upright as if he and his horse were one; they flew past the emperor in all their beauty. "Well done, Pavlograd hussars!" cried the emperor.

"Good heavens! how happy I should be if only he would bid me ride straight into the fire!" thought Rostow.

When the review was over, the officers fresh from Russia gathered into groups with those of Koutouzow's army, discussing the distinctions that had been conferred, the Austrians and their uniforms, Bonaparte and the critical position he would be in — especially when Essen's division should have joined them, and when Prussia and Russia were openly allied. But the Czar Alexander was the principal theme of conversation: every word he had said was repeated, every gesture discussed, and their enthusiasm grew as they talked. All they asked was to march against the foe under his command; for, with him they were confident of victory, and the review had produced a stronger assurance of triumph than two battles gained.

CHAPTER VI.

THE day after the review Boris, in his handsomest uniform, set out for Olmütz, with the best wishes of Berg to encourage him, to take advantage of Bolkon-sky's disposition to serve him. Some snug little post, that of aide-de-camp to some aristocrat, was all he asked.

"It is all very well for Rostow," said he to himself, "whose father sends him 6,000 roubles every now and then, to give himself airs and call it footman's

work ; but I have nothing but my wits, I must make my own way and take advantage of every opportunity that offers.

Prince André did not happen to be at Olmütz that day. But the sight of the town, gay and busy with the bustle of headquarters and with the presence of the corps diplomatique and of the two emperors, with their suite, their court and their hangers-on, only added fuel to his ambition to move in these exalted circles.

Though in the guards himself he knew no one here. All these splendid beings with orders, and ribbands, and plumes of every hue, rushing about the streets in handsome carriages — civilians and military alike — seemed to him so infinitely above himself, a humble subaltern, that they neither could nor would dream of his existence. At the house whither he was directed in search of Prince André, the headquarters of Koutouzow, the reception he met with from the aides-de-camp and the servants conveyed very plainly that they had more than enough of idlers like him. Nevertheless on the following day, it was the 15th, he repeated his visit. Prince André was at home and Boris was shown into a large room ; it had formerly been a ball-room and was now occupied by five beds, and other furniture of every kind — tables, chairs and a piano. An aide-de-camp in a Persian dressing-gown was writing close to the door ; another — the handsome, powerful Nesvitsky — was stretched at full length on his bed, his head propped on his arms, laughing and talking with a brother officer who sat at his feet. A third was playing a Viennese

waltz and another, lolling half across the instrument, hummed the tune. Bolkonsky was not there. No one stirred as Boris went in excepting the gentleman in the dressing-gown, who crossly told him that Bolkonsky was on duty and that he would find him in the audience chamber—the door to the left of the corridor. Boris thanked him, went as he was desired, and found a party of about a dozen officers and generals.

At the instant when he entered Prince André was listening to a Russian general with the languid politeness which duty demands as a cover to weariness. The Russian, a red-faced man past middle age and wearing many medals, stood leaning forward and explained his case with the timid anxiety that is common in soldiers.

“Very good—be so kind as to wait,” replied Bolkonsky in Russian, but with the French accent he affected when he wished to be superior. Then, catching sight of Boris, without troubling himself any further about the petitioner, who ran after him repeating his request and assuring him that he had not done, he came forward and greeted Boris kindly. This marked change of manner made Boris fully aware of what he had in fact already suspected, namely: that outside and apart from discipline and routine as they are laid down in the military code there was another law of conduct, far more important, which compelled this rubicund general to await Captain André’s good pleasure with such patience as he might, if Prince André pre-

ferred to give his attention to Prince Boris Droubetzkoï. And he promised himself that henceforth he would regulate his own conduct by this code, and not by the letter of the law. Thanks to the introductions he had brought he felt himself a hundred times a greater man than this general, who, if he met him in the ranks, could utterly crush the sub-lieutenant in the guards.

"I am sorry to have missed you yesterday," said Prince André, shaking hands with him; I was running about all day with the Germans. I went with Wei-rother to inspect and arrange for distributing the troops; and, as you know, when a German takes it into his head to be precise there is no end of it."

Boris smiled with a pretense of knowing what everyone was supposed to know, though it was the first time he had ever heard the name of Weirother, or of distributing troops. "And so my dear fellow, you want to be appointed aide-de-camp?"

"Yes," said Boris, blushing in spite of himself, "I should like to make the request of the commander-in-chief: Prince Kouraguine has no doubt written to him about it. I particularly wish it because I very much doubt whether the guards will see any fighting," he added, delighted to have hit on so plausible an excuse for his request.

"Well, well, we will talk it over," said Prince André. "As soon as I have reported this gentleman's business I am at your service."

While he was gone the general, who took a different

view of the privileges involved in social and military discipline, cast an indignant eye on this audacious sub-lieutenant who had intervened to prevent his unfolding all the details of his case; Boris was somewhat abashed and impatiently longed for Prince André's return. Bolkonsky led him away to the room with the five beds.

"Now, my dear fellow, this is the conclusion I have come to: It is not of the slightest use for you to call on the commander-in-chief; he will be extremely civil and ask you to dinner—" (not so bad that, as regards that other code of discipline! thought Boris) "and that will be the end of it, for there will soon be enough aides-de-camp and staff-officers to form a battalion. So I have another plan to propose which is all the more advantageous because Koutouzow and his staff are not just now in the ascendant. For the present the Emperor himself is the grand focus; so we will go to see General Prince Dolgoroukow, the Emperor's aide-de-camp. He is my very good friend, and I have mentioned you to him. Perhaps he may be able to place you in his own suite or even higher and nearer the sun.

Prince André was always ready to help a young man and smooth his way for him, and he carried out the task with particular pleasure; under cover of the patronage he procured for others, and would never have accepted himself, he gravitated towards the star which attracted him in spite of himself, and whence all advancement radiated.

It was already late when they made their way into the palace occupied by the two emperors and their immediate suite.

Their majesties had that day been present at a council of war at which all the members of the "Hofkriegsrath" had assisted. It had been decided, against the advice of the older officers — Koutouzow, Prince Schwarzenberg and others — that they must act on the offensive and force Bonaparte to a pitched battle. When Prince André arrived in search of Dolgoroukow the impression produced by this victory of the younger party was legible on every face. The voice of the temporizers who counselled delay had been so effectually drowned by their opponents, and their arguments converted by such positive proofs of the advantage of definite action, that the impending battle and the victory which must inevitably ensue seemed to be things of the past rather than hopes of the future. All Napoleon's forces — far outnumbering the allies no doubt — were concentrated on a single point. The allied armies, under the incitement of the presence of the two sovereigns, were only too eager to fight; the field on which the engagement must be fought was well known in every detail to General Weirother who would advise as to the distribution of the Russian and German forces. By a fortunate coincidence the Austrian troops had manœuvred on that very ground only the year before; it was laid down on the maps with mathematical exactness: and Napoleon's present inaction argued a state of weakness.

Prince Dolgoroukow, who had been one of the warmest advocates of decisive action, had just come away from the council, tired and agitated but jubilant, when Prince André introduced his protégé. Quite incapable, however, of keeping his excitement and his ideas to himself, he took no notice of Boris:

“Well, my dear fellow!” he began, addressing Prince André in French: “We have gained the day! God grant that the victory to follow may be equally brilliant! I confess all my former injustice to these Austrians, above all to Weirother. What minute knowledge! What an exact acquaintance with every spot of ground! What foresight with regard to every contingency, every chance, every detail!—Any position more advantageous than ours at this moment is simply inconceivable.—A combination of Austrian precision and Russian valor.—What more could you have?”

“Then an action is certain?”

“Yes—and Bonaparte seems to me to have lost his head. The Czar had a note from him only to-day. . . .” And Dolgoroukow broke off with a meaning smile.

“The devil he had! And what does he write about?”

“What can he write about? This, that, and the other . . . it is simply to gain time. He will fall into our hands, take my word for it! But the best of the joke,” and he smiled with good-humored relish, “was that no one knew how to address him in reply. He could not be addressed as Consul and obviously he could not be ad-

dressed as Emperor — there was nothing for it but to call him General Bonaparte, at least that was my opinion."

"But," said Bolkonsky, "it seems to me that there is a wide difference between refusing to acknowledge him as Emperor and calling him General."

"Of course, that was the difficulty," said Dolgoroukow. "Now Bilibine, who is a man of resource, proposed to address the note to 'the Usurper, and foe of humanity.'"

"Only that!"

"Well, it was Bilibine after all who evaded the difficulty with his usual wit. . . ."

"How?"

"To the head of the French Government. Very good, don't you think?"

"Very good, but it will make him very angry," said Bolkonsky.

"Oh, no doubt it will. My brother, who knows him and has dined more than once with this emperor at Paris, tells me he never met a subtler or more finished diplomatist. French readiness grafted on to Italian astuteness. — Of course you know all the stories that are told of Count Markhow, the only man who proved a match for him. Do you know the story of the handkerchief? It is delightful. . . ." And Dolgoroukow, chattering on, turning first to the prince and then to Boris, told them how Napoleon, wanting to test the Russian ambassador, had dropped his pocket-handkerchief at Markhow's feet and stood still to see if he

would pick it up; but Markhow, dropping his own close to Napoleon's, picked it up again without touching the other.

"Delicious!" said Bolkonsky. — "But just two words, Prince: I came on behalf of my young friend here. . . ."

An aide-de-camp, sent to fetch Dolgoroukow to speak with the Czar, gave Prince André no time to finish his sentence.

"Oh! what a bore," said Dolgoroukow, starting up and shaking hands with his two visitors. "I will do everything in my power, everything that depends only on myself, for you and your charming young friend. But it must be another time — you see. . . ." and he again shook hands with Boris with easy, good-natured familiarity.

Boris was quite agitated by his contact with this powerful personage and with one of the springs that gave motion to those masses of men in which he himself, as a unit in his regiment, felt that he was but a minute and subordinate speck. They followed Dolgoroukow down the corridor and just as Dolgoroukow went into the Emperor's private rooms a tall man came out of them in civil uniform; his face was shrewd, with a heavy jaw which, far from disfiguring it, lent energy and mobility to his expression. He nodded to Dolgoroukow as to an intimate acquaintance and fixed Prince André with a cold stare as he walked straight on, quite confident that Bolkonsky would bow and make way for him; but Prince André did neither, and

the stranger, with a look of annoyance, turned away and went down the other side of the corridor.

“Who is that?” asked Boris.

“One of our most remarkable and, to my mind, most odious men. Prince Adam Czartorisky, Minister for Foreign Affairs . . . And those are the men,” added Bolkonsky with an irrepressible sigh, “who decide the fate of nations.”

The army was set in motion next day, and Boris saw no more of either Prince André or Dolgoroukow during the days that elapsed till the battle of Austerlitz; so he remained with his regiment.

CHAPTER VII.

AT break of day on the 16th, Denissow's squadron, forming part of Prince Bagration's division, set out from its last halting-place to take up its position on the field of battle with the other regiments; but at about a verst off they were ordered to stop. Rostow saw the division march past him: the Cossacks, the 1st and 2d squadrons of hussars, some battalions of infantry and artillery with the generals in command: Bagration, Dolgoroukow and their aides-de-camp. The struggle he had had with himself to overcome the terror which seized him at the moment of going into battle, and all

his bright dreams of distinguishing himself in the immediate future vanished in smoke, for his squadron were left in reserve and the hours went by in dreary inaction. At nine o'clock in the morning, however, he heard musketry in the distance, shouts, cheers—he saw a few wounded brought to the rear and presently surrounded by Cossacks, a whole detachment of French cavalry came past—the engagement had evidently been a short one but at any rate it had been successful; the officers and soldiers all talked of a brilliant victory, of Vischau having been taken, and a French squadron cut off and captured.

The weather was clear, the sun thawed the air after a slight frost during the night and the fresh splendor of a fine autumn day was in harmony with the jubilant sense of victory, and reflected in the faces of the privates, the officers, and the aides-de-camp who were hurrying about in all directions. After going through all the agonies of anticipation which must precede a battle. Rostow was out of all patience at having to spend this day of triumph in idleness.

“Here, Rostow—come here; we will drown our disappointment!” cried Denissow who was sitting by the roadside with some provisions and a bottle of brandy by his side, while a party of brother-officers were sharing his meal.

“Here comes another prisoner!” said one, pointing to a French dragoon between two Cossacks one of whom was leading the Frenchman’s horse, a fine powerful charger.

"Sell us the horse?" said Denissow to the Cossack.

"With pleasure, Highness."

The officers rose and gathered round the Cossacks and their prisoner, a young Alsatian who spoke French with a strong German accent. He was crimson with confusion; having heard them speaking his own language he appealed first to one and then to another, explaining that it was not his fault that he had been taken prisoner, that it was the corporal's doing, that he had been sent to fetch some horse cloths though he had told him that the Russians were on the spot; and he finished every sentence with: "But don't hurt my little horse," and he patted its coat.

He hardly seemed to know what he was saying: he apologized for having been taken prisoner, then he boasted of his strict attention to his duties as a soldier, as if he were on his trial before his own officers. He was a typical specimen of the French soldier, of which the Russians as yet knew very little. The Cossacks sold the horse for two gold pieces, and Rostow, who was most in funds of the party, became its owner.

"But don't hurt my little horse," the Alsatian said to him once more. Rostow reassured him and gave him some money.

"Now, come on," said the Cossack, taking the Frenchman by the hand to get him along.

"The Emperor! the Emperor!" they suddenly heard shouted close to them. All was stir and excitement, each man ran to his post; Rostow, seeing some

horsemen with white plumes riding towards them, nimbly remounted his horse. All his annoyance, weariness, personal feeling even vanished in an instant before the exquisite pleasure that surged through his being at the approach of his sovereign. To him it was ample indemnification for the morning's disappointment; he was as excited as a lover who has gained a longed-for rendezvous — he dared not look round even, but divined *his* presence, not by the tramp of the horses, but by the rapturous emotion that fired his senses and glorified everything within his ken. That Sun was coming nearer, nearer — Rostow felt himself wrapped in its soft, majestic light — he heard that kind, calm voice, at once impressive and simple, audible in the deathlike silence: "The Pavlograd Hussars?"

"The reserve force, Sire," said a human voice after the divine voice that had just spoken.

The Czar paused in front of Rostow. His handsome face — handsomer now than even on the day of the review, was radiant with youth and eagerness, and his look of boyish innocence, bright with the vehemence of early manhood, in no way detracted from the dignity of his features. As his eyes glanced down the ranks for an instant they met Rostow's eager gaze. Had he read the feelings that were seething within him? Rostow was sure that he had; for he thrilled under the soft influence of those fine blue eyes. The Czar's brow lifted, he hastily set spurs to his horse and galloped off towards the front.

The young monarch had not been able to resist the

temptation of being present at the fight in spite of the advice of his counsellors; at about noon he left the third column with which he had been riding, and was about to join the corps in front when, just as he passed the hussars, several aides-de-camp came up bringing the news of a happy conclusion to the engagement.

This battle, which had in fact consisted merely in the capture of a French troop of horse, was described to him as a great victory: so much so that the Czar, and even the army were convinced—till the smoke cleared off—that the French were defeated and retreating. A few minutes after he had ridden forward the Pavlograd hussars were ordered to advance, and Rostow again had the happiness of seeing the Czar in the little town of Vischau. Some killed and wounded, whom there had not yet been time to remove, were still lying on the ground where the fire had been hottest. Alexander, followed by his civil and military suite and riding a bay horse, was leaning over in a graceful attitude, and with a gold eye-glass was gazing at a soldier that lay stretched below him bareheaded and blood-stained. The sight of this wounded wretch, horrible to look at, so close to the Emperor, sickened Rostow; he could see the pained look in the Czar's face and the shudder that ran through his frame; he saw his foot nervously thrust against the ribs of his horse which was too well trained to stir an inch. An aide-de-camp dismounted to raise the sufferer who groaned as he laid him on a litter.

“Gently, gently — can it not be done more gently?”

said the Czar in a compassionate tone which betrayed keener pain than that of the dying man.

He moved away, and Rostow, who had seen that his eyes were full of tears, heard him say in French to Czartorisky: "What a fearful thing is war!"

The advance guard, posted in front of Vischau within sight of the foe which had given way without making any stand, had been thanked by the Emperor with promises of medals and double rations of brandy to the men. The great bivouac fires blazed even more merrily than on the previous evening, and the air rang with the soldiers' songs. Denissow must celebrate his promotion to the rank of major, and Rostow, who by the end of supper was somewhat excited, proposed the health of his Majesty the Czar, not as the Emperor but as a man of feeling — a charming man. — "Let us drink to his health," he exclaimed, "and to our next victory. If we fought well and never yielded an inch to the French at Schöngraben what can we not do now with him — himself to lead us? We would die gladly for him, gentlemen, would we not? I do not express myself well, but I feel it, and you, too. To the health of the Czar Alexander the First! Hurrah!" And the hurrah was answered in chorus, old Kirstein shouting with as much enthusiasm as a subaltern of twenty. When their glasses were emptied and broken Kirstein filled fresh ones, and going, in his shirt-sleeves, up to the soldiers who were squatting round the fire, he raised his glass above his head while the flames threw a ruddy glare on his triumphant figure, his great grey

moustache and his white breast visible under his unbuttoned shirt-front.

"Lads! To our Emperor's health and a victory over the enemy!" he said in his deep ringing voice. His men crowded round him cheering lustily.

When they parted for the night Denissow slapped his favorite Rostow on the shoulder: "No room for love affairs, heh? when one is in love with the Czar!"

"Denissow, no jests on that subject. It is too lofty, too sublime a feeling!"

"Yes, yes, boy, I know. I agree with you. I share it and approve."

"No — you cannot understand it."

And Rostow took himself off to wander about among the camp-fires which were dying out by degrees, and to dream of the joy of dying without a care for life, of simply dying before the Emperor's eyes. He was quite beside himself with enthusiasm for his person, for the glory of the Russian arms and the impending victory. Though, indeed, he was not the only man in this frame of mind; nine-tenths of the soldiers felt the same intoxicating impulse, though in a minor degree, during the memorable days which preceded the battle of Austerlitz.

The Emperor spent the next day at Vischau. His chief physician, Willier, having been sent for to see him several times, a rumor that he was ill got about at

headquarters, and his more intimate attendants said he could neither sleep nor eat. This state of things was currently ascribed to the painful impression produced on his tender soul by the sight of the dead and wounded.

Early in the morning of the 17th a French officer under shelter of a flag of truce requested an audience of the Czar and was guided past the outposts. This was Savary. The Emperor had just fallen asleep and Savary had to wait. At noon he was admitted, and an hour after he returned, accompanied by Prince Dolgoroukow. His errand, it was said, was to propose a meeting between the Czar Alexander and Napoleon. To the great satisfaction of all the army the interview was refused, and Prince Dolgoroukow, the captor of Vischau, was sent with Savary to enter into negotiations with Napoleon in case his proposals contrary to every expectation, should be in favor of peace. Dolgoroukow, on his return the same evening, was closeted for a long time with the Czar.

On the 18th and 19th the troops again moved forward two stages, while the French only withdrew steadily after the exchange of a few shots. During the afternoon of the 19th there was an unusual stir among the superior officers in command of the army, and this went on till the next morning, the 20th of November—the date of the great battle of Austerlitz.

Until the afternoon of the 19th the unwonted excitement, eager conversations, and rushing about of aides-de-camp had not gone beyond the boundaries of

the headquarters of the Imperial staff; but ere long they spread to Koutouzow's quarters, and soon after to those of the generals of division. By the evening the orders communicated by the aides-de-camp had set every corps of the army in motion, and in the night of the 19th-20th the enormous mass of 80,000 souls rose as one man and marched forward with a dull low thunder.

The motion which in the morning had centred in the Imperial headquarters had spread from one to another, had reached and started the remotest springs of the vast military machine, which might be compared to the complicated mechanism of a great clock. The impetus once given, nothing can stop it; the great central wheel, rotating with increasing rapidity, involves all the others; once started at their full speed, without any consciousness of the end to be gained, the cog-wheels catch, the springs creak, the weights groan, the puppets move and the hands point to the hour—the sum total of the result of the impulsion given to this elaborate structure which looked as if it were never meant to move at all! Thus, the wishes, humiliations, and sufferings, the flashes of pride, terror, and enthusiasm—the whole mass of feelings experienced by 160,000 men, Russians and French, resulted in an event marked on the dial of the history of the human race as the great battle of Austerlitz, the Battle of the three Emperors.

Prince André was on duty that day and never once quitted General Prince Koutouzow, who, after arriving at six in the evening at the Imperial headquarters, had

a short audience of the Czar and then went to see Count Tolstoï, the grand marshal of the household. Bolkonsky, noticing that Koutouzow seemed annoyed and dissatisfied, took advantage of his visit to Tolstoï to go to see Dolgoroukow and get some information from him as to what was going on. He fancied he had perceived that there was some grudge felt towards his chief at headquarters, and that he was treated with the tone adopted by those who are better informed.

"How are you?" said Dolgoroukow, who was drinking tea with Bilibine. "So the fun is fixed for to-morrow. What is wrong with your old man? He seems very much out of temper."

"I should not say out of temper; but I think he would have liked to be heard."

"But he was heard at the council of war, and he always will be listened to when he talks sense: but to prolong delay and wait for ever when Napoleon is evidently afraid to fight—it is impossible."

"But you have seen Bonaparte.—How did he strike you?"

"Yes, I saw him, and I am quite convinced that he is dreadfully afraid of this battle," repeated Dolgoroukow, delighted with the conclusion he had drawn from his interview with Napoleon. "If he were not afraid why should he have asked for this interview or have proposed negotiations? Why should he have retired, when a retreat is against all his principles of tactics? Take my word for it he is frightened—his hour is come, rely upon it."

"But what is he like?" asked Bolkonsky.

"A man in a gray overcoat, extremely anxious that I should address him as 'your majesty,' but I gave him no title at all, to his great disgust. That is the man he is, neither more nor less! And in spite of the deep respect I entertain for old Koutouzow, we should be in a pretty position if we remained waiting for the unknown and so gave him the chance of withdrawing or of tricking us, while, as it is, we are sure to beat him. We must not forget Souvorow's maxim: 'that it is better to attack than to be attacked.' The eagerness of the young is in war a safer guide than all the experience of your old tacticians, take my word for it."

"But what is his position? I went down to the outposts to-day and it is impossible to discover where he has posted the main body of his troops," said Prince André, who was dying to explain to Dolgoroukow what his own plan of attack had been.

"That does not matter in the least. Every contingency has been considered, if it is at Brünn . . ." said Dolgoroukow, rising to spread a map on the table and to explain in his own words Weirother's plan of attack by a flank movement. Bolkonsky raised certain objections, to prove that his plan was as good as Weirother's, which, in his opinion, had only had the good-luck to be approved. While Prince André was pointing out its weak places and the advantages of his own scheme Dolgoroukow ceased listening, and glanced absently from the map to the speaker.

"There will be a council of war held this evening at

Koutouzow's," he said, "and you can put forward your objections."

"I shall undoubtedly do so," replied Prince André.

"What is disturbing your minds, gentlemen?" said Bilibine, who, after listening to them in silence, was prepared to make some fun of them. "Whether we have a victory or a defeat to-morrow the honor of the Russian army is safe for, with the exception of Koutouzow, there is not a single Russian among the generals of division: General Wimpfen, Count Langeron, Prince of Lichtenstein, Prince of Hohenlohe and finally Prsch — Prsch with all the letters of the alphabet to follow — like all Polish names."

"Silence, gabbler!" said Dolgoroukow, "you are mistaken; there are two Russians: Miloradovitch and Doktourov; indeed, there is a third: Araktchéiev, but he has not strong nerves."

"I am going back to my chief," said Bolkonsky. "Good-luck to you, gentlemen," and he shook hands with both and left them.

As they rode forward Prince André could not refrain from asking Koutouzow, who sat in silence by his side, what he thought of the chances of the morrow. The general looked very grave, and after a short pause, replied: "I believe we shall be defeated and I begged Count Tolstoï to communicate my opinion to the Emperor. — Well, and what do you think he answered? 'Oh, my dear General, it is my business to see to rice and cutlets; it is your business to manage the war.' — Aye, my dear fellow, that is what they all say."

At ten o'clock that evening Weirother carried his scheme to Koutouzow's lodgings where the council of war was to be held. All the chiefs of battalions had been summoned and all, with the exception of Bagration who excused himself, had assembled at the appointed hour.

Weirother, the moving spirit of the impending engagement, was a man of vehement and feverish impetuosity, a marked contrast to Koutouzow, with his sleepy dissatisfied look, who, in spite of himself, had to preside at the council. Weirother, as the leader of an advance which nothing now could arrest, was in the position of a horse harnessed to a coach and started full-tilt down hill—at a certain point he ceases to know whether he is dragging the coach or the coach is forcing him on. He was carried away by the irresistible momentum and could not stop now to consider the consequences of the plunge. Twice during the evening he had reconnoitred the enemy's lines, twice he had waited on the Emperors to make a report and explain matters; and between whiles he had gone to his private room to dictate, in German, his scheme for the distribution of the troops. By the time he came to the council he was quite worn out. His absence of mind was so complete that he even failed in deference to the commander-in-chief; interrupting him constantly with irrelevant remarks, and not even addressing him; nay, not replying to his questions. His dress was bespattered with mud and he looked haggard, weary and distracted, though pride and swagger pierced through it all.

Koutouzow's quarters were in an old mansion. Here, in the great drawing-room, were met Koutouzow, Weirother, all the members of the council of war and Bolkonsky, who, after delivering Prince Bagration's apologies, obtained leave to remain.

"As Prince Bagration is not coming we may open the meeting," said Weirother, eagerly rising and going to the table on which lay a large and detailed map of the environs of Brünn. Koutouzow, with his uniform unbuttoned to air his great bull-neck, was sunk in a deep easy-chair with his little, fat, old-man's hands laid squarely on the arms of it; he seemed to be asleep, but at the sound of Weirother's voice he opened his remaining eye:

"Yes, pray do," he said, "or it will be too late." His head sank again on his breast and he closed his eye.

When Weirother began to read, his colleagues might perhaps have fancied that he was pretending to be asleep, but his loud breathing soon showed that he had yielded to the invincible need of sleep to which human nature is liable, in spite of his earnest wish to parade his contempt for the plans that had been decided on. In point of fact he was sleeping soundly. Weirother, too much excited to waste a moment, took up a paper and began reading in a monotonous voice the complicated details of the distribution of the forces, which his hearers found great difficulty in following.

"Distribution of the forces to attack the enemy's positions behind Kobelnitz and Sokolenitz, November 29th, 1805.

“Seeing that the enemy’s left flank is protected by wooded heights, while his right wing skirts the pools behind Kobelnitz and Sokolenitz, and that our left wing extends far beyond his right wing, it will be to our advantage to attack the enemy’s right wing; above all, if we succeed in taking possession of the villages of Kobelnitz and Sokolenitz, for we shall then be able to fall on the enemy’s flank and pursue him across the plain that lies between Schlapanitz and the wood of Turass avoiding the defiles of Schlapanitz and Bellovitz which protect his front. To this end it is indispensable — the first column marches . . . the second column moves . . . the third column advances . . . etc., etc.”

Weirother read on, all the generals trying to follow, but with manifest displeasure. General Bouxhevden, a tall, fair man standing with his back against the wall and his eyes fixed on the flame of one of the tapers, affected not to listen. By his side Miloradovitch, with a highly-colored face and his moustache tightly twisted, sat facing Weirother with the free-and-easiness of a soldier, his elbows stuck out and his hands on his knees. He did not speak a word but fixed the reader with his large shining eyes, only glancing round at his colleagues whenever there was a pause, with some meaning which they failed to interpret. Was he for or against, content, or adverse to the proposed scheme? Close to Weirother sat the Comte de Langeron; his face was that of a southern Frenchman; all through the reading it was lighted up by a subtle smile while

his eyes were fixed on his slender fingers and he fidgeted with a gold snuff-box set with a miniature. In the middle of one of the longest sentences he suddenly raised his head and was on the point of interrupting Weirotter with an elaborate politeness that was almost offensive; but the Austrian had not paused; he frowned and impatiently waved his hand as much as to say: "Presently, presently you can make your comments; just now look at the map and attend." Langeron cast up his eyes in astonishment and then looked round at Miloradovitch for an explanation, but meeting his blank gaze his head drooped again and he returned to the study of the snuff-box.

"A geography lesson!" he murmured, loud enough to be heard.

Prsczebichewsky, holding his hand to his ear as an ear-trumpet, with respectful but dignified politeness, sat like a man whose whole attention is given to the matter in hand. Doktourov, a little man of modest exterior and inflexible will, leaned over the map, conscientiously studying the ground which was new to him. He several times begged Weirotter to repeat some word he had not caught distinctly, and the names of villages which he then wrote down in his note-book.

When the reading—which took more than an hour—was over, Langeron, ceasing to twirl his snuff-box expressed his opinion without addressing anyone in particular: It would be difficult, he thought, to carry out the plan which entirely depended on a hypothetical position of the enemy, whereas his real

position could not be precisely ascertained as it was constantly being shifted. His objections were well founded, but their evident aim was to make the Austrian general feel that he had unfolded his scheme with the assurance of a lecturer laying down the law to school-boys; and that the men he had to deal with were not simpletons, but perfectly capable of giving him a lesson in the art of war.

When Weirother's monotonous voice ceased Koutouzow opened his eye — as a miller wakes when the soporific rumble of his mill-wheels stops; he listened to what Langeron had to say and then nodded to sleep once more with his head sunk deeper on his breast, to show how little interest he took in the discussion.

Langeron, doing his best to irritate Weirother and gall his vanity as an author, went on to point out that Bonaparte was quite as likely to take the initiative and attack, instead of letting himself be attacked, and that in that case he would at one stroke upset all these combinations. His opponent's only reply was a smile of profound contempt which supplied the place of words: "If he could have attacked us he would have done so."

"Then you do not think he is strong?" said Langeron.

"If he has 40,000 men that is the most," replied Weirother with the scorn of a physician to whom an old woman suggests a remedy.

"In that case he is courting ruin by waiting for us to attack him," added Langeron ironically.

He looked to Miloradovitch for support, but he was miles from the point of the discussion.

"*Ma foi !*" said he, " we shall see to-morrow on the field of battle."

It was easy to see in Weirother's face that he was amazed at meeting with objections from the Russian generals when not only himself but the two Emperors, had been satisfied of the merits of his scheme.

"The fires are out in the enemy's camp and there is a constant stir," he said. "What can that mean but that they are retreating? and that is the only thing we have to fear, or that they should change their position. But even supposing they occupy Turass, they will only be saving us trouble, and our plans will remain unaltered down to the minutest details."

"In what way?" asked Prince André, who had been watching for an opportunity for expressing his doubts.

Koutouzow woke up with a loud fit of coughing.

"Gentlemen," he said, "our plans for to-morrow — I might say for to-day, since it is one in the morning — cannot be altered now. You all know them; we will all do our duty. And nothing is so important on the eve of a battle as —" he paused, "as a good night's rest." He prepared to rise; the generals all bowed and the meeting broke up.

This council of war, at which Prince André had

had no chance of expressing his own views, had left him doubtful and uneasy, and he asked himself anxiously who, after all, was right: Dolgoroukow and Weirother, or, on the other hand, Koutouzow and Langeron? Why could not Koutouzow frankly explain his opinion to the Czar? Were matters always managed thus? "Must thousands of lives — and mine, too —" he thought, "be risked for the sake of private court interests? — Yes, I may be killed to-morrow . . ." And the idea of death awoke a whole train of remote but familiar memories: his parting from his father, his wife, the early days of their marriage, and his love for her. He thought of the child she was to bear him, and grew quite pathetic over her and himself; then starting up he went out of the hut which he shared with Nesvitsky and walked up and down. The night was hazy and a mysterious moon struggled to pierce the mist.

"To-morrow, yes to-morrow!" he said to himself, "all will be over with me perhaps, and these reminiscences will be as nothing. To-morrow I feel sure I shall have a chance of showing what I am good for . . ." And his fancy painted the fight, the slaughter, the concentration of the struggle on a single point, the bewilderment of the leaders: "This is the longed-for opportunity — the Toulon I have waited for!"

Then he pictured himself laying his opinion clearly and positively before Weirother, Koutouzow and the Sovereigns. All were struck by the accuracy of his forethought but no one dared take the responsibility of

executing his plan . . . He selected a regiment, a division; made it a condition that no one should interfere with his actions; led his men to the critical spot and gained the day . . . "And suffering, death?" . . . whispered another voice.

But still he pursued his visions of success. He would be entrusted with the tactics of the next engagement. He was, to be sure, no more than an officer on duty in Koutouzow's staff, but he was omnipotent — and the next battle, too, was won! . . . Then he filled Koutouzow's place! . . . "Very good, and what then?" said another voice. "If, meanwhile, you are not wounded, killed, or thrown over, what next? . . ."

"After that," replied Prince André, "I know not—I do not care to know. It is no fault of mine if I crave for glory, if I long to make myself famous, to win the affections of other men — if that is my one aim in life. I should not tell anyone, but how can I help it if I care for nothing in the world but glory and devotion of my fellow-men? Death, wounds, the loss to my family — nothing can terrify me. And however dear those I love may be — my father, sister, wife — strange as it may seem, I would give everything for one minute of glory, of triumph, of the enthusiastic love of men whom I do not know and never shall know!"

Half-listening to the confusion of sounds that proceeded from Koutouzow's quarters he could distinguish the voices of the servants busied in packing, especially that of a coachman who was laughing at Koutouzow's old cook for his name, which was Titus.

"Go to the devil!" growled the old man in the midst of shouts of laughter.

"And yet," thought Bolkonsky, pursuing his reverie, "I ask nothing but to rise above them all, I care for nothing but that mysterious glory which I seem to feel in the haze that hangs above my head."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSTOW spent the night with his company at the outposts of Bagration's detachment. His hussars were posted to watch in couples, and he kept moving along the line, walking his horse to conquer his invincible inclination to sleep. Behind him, scattered over a vast extent of ground, the Russian fires glared dimly through the mist, while in the immediate vicinity the night was black in front and around him. In spite of every effort to look through the haze he could see nothing. Now and again he fancied he perceived a doubtful gleam, the glimmer of a camp-fire; then it vanished again and he told himself it had been an illusion—his eyes closed and his fancy pictured the Czar, or Denisow, or his own people, and he awoke to see nothing but his horse's ears and head, and the darker silhouettes of the hussars on guard in the general darkness.

"Why should not such a chance favor me as has

befallen so many others?" he said to himself. "Why should I not happen to come in the Emperor's way, to receive some command as any other officer might, and when I had fulfilled it to be employed about his person? Ah! if that could be! How I would watch over him, how I would tell him the truth, how I would unmask all falsehood!" And Rostow, to give color to the picture of his love and devotion to the Czar, fancied himself struggling with a German traitor whom he thrashed and killed under his sovereign's eyes. A distant cry startled him.

"Where am I? — To be sure, at the outposts! The pass-word is 'Timon and Olmütz!' What ill-luck to be left behind in the reserve to-morrow! If only I might take part in this engagement. It will perhaps be my only chance of seeing the Emperor. — I shall be relieved presently and I will go and ask the general."

He settled himself in his saddle to inspect his men once more. The night seemed a little less dark; he could just make out a slight declivity to the left and opposite to him rose a black knoll on the top of which there was a white patch which he could not clearly distinguish. Was it a clearing on which the moon was shining — a group of white houses — or a sheet of snow? Then he thought he saw some motion in it. "A white patch?" he said to himself. "It is snow no doubt — a patch!" he murmured, half asleep again, and he drifted off into dreams.

"Natacha! She will never believe that I have seen the Czar."

"Keep to the right, Highness, there are bushes there," said the man he was just then passing.

He looked up and stopped. He was quite overcome by the sleepiness of youth.

"What was I thinking of? How I can speak to the Emperor? — No, it was not that. . . ." And again his head drooped; then in his dream he fancied some one was firing on him and he woke with a start exclaiming: "Who goes there?"

At this instant from the side where he supposed the enemy to be he heard a thousand voices calling and shouting; his horse and the man's both pricked up their ears. On the spot whence the sound came a fire-flash sparkled and died out, then another started into life and all the line of the enemy's troops posted on the hill-side was suddenly lighted by a thread of fire while the clamor grew louder. Rostow could distinguish by the intonation that it was in French, though the noise was too confused for words to be distinguishable.

"What is it? What do you think?" he asked the man. "It is in the enemy's camp, at any rate? — Do not you hear?" he added, as the soldier did not reply.

"Who can tell, Highness?"

"Judging from the direction it must be the enemy."

"Perhaps it is, perhaps not.—Queer things happen at night!—Now then, steady! No nonsense!" he added to his horse.

Rostow's horse, too, was growing fidgety and pawing the frozen ground. The shouts grew louder and

louder, and rose to a great uproar, such as only could proceed from an army of thousands of men. Fires blazed out in every direction. Rostow's sleepiness had been quite dispelled by the sound of cheers and acclamations: "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" he could hear the words clearly now.

"They are not far off; they must be just beyond the brook," he said to his hussar. The man made no answer but sighed and coughed a little grimly.

Then he heard a horse coming towards him and saw, looming suddenly out of the fog a figure that looked gigantic: it was a subaltern who came to announce that the generals were at hand and Rostow rode to meet them, looking back at the enemy's fires. Prince Bagration and Prince Dolgoroukow had come in person to see this phantasmagoria of lights and investigate the noise the foe were making. Rostow went up to Bagration, and after making his report, fell in among the suite, listening to what was being said by the two commanders.

"Take my word for it," said Dolgoroukow, "it is only a stratagem; they have retired and the rear have been ordered to light the fires and make as much noise as possible to take us in."

"I can hardly think it," said Bagration. "They occupied this mamelon last evening; and if they were retiring they would certainly have abandoned it. You, Sir," he said, turning to Rostow, "are the scouts about here still?"

"They were last evening, Your Excellency, but I do

not know now. Shall I take my men down and find out?"

Bagration tried in vain to make out Rostow's face. "Well, yes, do so," he said after a moment's hesitation.

Rostow darted forward, calling a sergeant and a couple of men to follow him and then rode down the slope in the direction of the noise at a brisk trot. He felt a strange mixture of trepidation and excitement at losing himself thus, with his three hussars in the gloom, full of mysteries and perils. Bagration called after him, from the height where he stood, not to cross the brook, but Rostow pretended not to hear. On he went, on and on, mistaking bushes for trees, and rifts for men. At the foot of the hill he saw no one, neither friend nor foe; the noises on the other hand were more distinct. At a few paces in front of him he saw a river as he thought, but on going nearer he found it was the high road and he doubted which way to turn: had he better follow it, or cross it and ride over the fields towards the opposite hill? It was more prudent to follow the road which was visible through the haze because one could see a few yards before one.

"Follow me," he cried, and he dashed across and up the opposite slope which had been held since the day before by a French outpost.

"Here they are, Highness!" said one of the men.

Rostow had scarcely time to note a black spot in the fog when there was a flash and a report, and a bullet whistled past, regretfully as it seemed, high up in the

air and was lost in the distance. A second lightning spark — but it was a flash in the pan. Rostow turned about and galloped off. Four shots at once followed and the bullets sang past each in a different pitch. In a moment Rostow held in his charger, no less excited than himself, and brought him to a walk.

“More! go on, more!” he said lightly. But the shots had ceased.

He galloped up to Bagration and saluted. Dolgoroukow was still maintaining his opinion :

“The French have retired and lighted their fires to deceive us. They could quite well retire and leave their piquets.”

“Well, they are certainly not all gone, Prince,” said Bagration. “We shall know to-morrow.”

“The piquets are on the hill, your Excellency, and in the same position,” said Rostow, unable to conceal a smile of exultation after his ride and the whistling of the shot.

“Very good, very good. Thank you, Sir. . . .” said Bagration.

“Excellency,” said Rostow, “allow me. . . .”

“Well, what is it?”

“Our squadron is to be left in reserve. — If you would do me the favor of ordering me to join the 1st squadron.”

“What is your name?”

“Count Rostow.”

“Ah! Very good, very good! I will keep you with me as orderly.”

"You are the son of Elie Andréiévitich," said Dolgoroukow, "but . . ."

Rostow, without heeding him, asked Prince Bagration :

"Then I may hope, Your Excellency . . ."

"I will give the necessary orders."

"To-morrow then," he thought, "to-morrow perhaps I may be sent on a message to the Czar. Thank God!"

The shouts and bonfires had been in honor of the Emperor Napoleon's address to the army, which had been read publicly while he himself rode round and about the camp. The soldiers, having seen him, had lighted wisps of straw and ran after him crying "Vive l'Empereur!" The order of the day with Napoleon's proclamation which had just been given out was as follows :

"Soldiers !

"The Russian army confronts you in order to avenge the Austrian army at Ulm. They are the same men whom you have already beaten at Hollabrün and that you have followed up to this spot.

"We occupy a formidable position, and while they advance to turn my right wing their flank will lie open to us. Soldiers, I myself will direct your movements. I shall keep out of the way of fire if you, with

your usual valor, carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but if victory should for a moment seem doubtful you will see your Emperor expose himself to the foremost fire; for victory must not tremble in the balance on a day when the honor of the French infantry is at stake, that honor is essential to the honor of the whole nation.

“Do not allow the ranks to be broken under pretence of rescuing the wounded; let every man be possessed with the idea that we must beat these mercenaries subsidized by England and fired by such deep hatred of our country.

“This victory will close the campaign; we can withdraw to winter quarters where we shall be reinforced by fresh armies now forming in France, and then the peace I shall conclude will be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself.

“NAPOLEON.”

CHAPTER IX.

IT was five in the morning and day had not yet dawned. The forces in the centre, the reserve, and Bagration's right wing remained motionless; but on the left the various columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, who were under orders to go down into the val-

leys and attack the French right so as to force them back into the Bohemian highlands, were rousing themselves and beginning their preparations. It was cold and gloomy. The officers were hastily breakfasting and swallowing their tea; the privates munched their biscuits, stamped about to warm themselves and gathered round the fires, throwing in fragments of chairs, tables, wheels, barrels, hurdles—in short, everything they could not carry away, and the stinging smoke blew all about them. The advent of the Austrian guides was the signal for the start: the regiment took shape, the soldiers left the fires, stuck their pipes into the tops of their boots and putting their knapsacks into the wagons shouldered their guns and formed in good order. The officers buttoned up their uniforms, tightened their belts, strapped their knapsacks, and carefully inspected the ranks. The men on duty with the baggage-wagons and the officers' servants put to the horses and stowed away the luggage. The aides-de-camp, the colonels of regiments, and other officers in command, mounted their chargers, crossed themselves, gave their last instructions and commissions to the sutlers and servants, and the columns moved on to the rhythmic tramp of thousands of feet, not knowing whither they were going, not even seeing through the smoke and dense fog the spot they were leaving, or the ground on which they were to fight.

A soldier on the march is quite as much fettered in his actions and as dependent on his regiment as a sailor is on board ship. To one the deck, the mast, the haw-

ser, is always the same; the other, in spite of the vast distances he traverses and the dangers he has to face, has always the same comrades, the same sergeant, the company's dog, and the same captain. A sailor rarely cares to take account of the enormous extent of sea his ship has sailed over; but on a day of battle, why or how no one knows, a single solemn note finds a response in the moral consciousness of every soldier; a chord is set vibrating by the nearness of the inevitable and fateful unknown, and rouses him to unwonted anxiety. He is excited and eager, looks, listens, asks questions, and tries to find out what has been happening outside the circle of his daily interests.

The fog was so dense that the first gleam of day was too feeble to pierce it, and nothing was distinguishable at ten yards off; the shrubs looked like large trees, plains and slopes were transformed into ravines, and the Russians were in imminent danger of finding themselves unexpectedly face to face with the enemy. The columns marched for a long time through this cloud, up and down, along by walls and gardens in an unknown land without coming on the foe. Before, behind, and on every side, they could hear the Russian army marching in the same direction and they were elated to think how large a number of their fellow-men were converging on that unknown goal.

"Did you hear? The Koursk men have just gone by," said a voice in the ranks.

"The number of our troops is something tremendous," said another. "When the fires were lighted

last evening I looked round—it was like Moscow itself. . . .”

The men marched on in good spirits as they always do to an attack, though their leaders had not yet come near them nor said a word to them — indeed, all those who had met at the council of war were sore and angry and disapproved of the plan decided on; they restricted themselves to executing the orders they had received and did not trouble themselves to inspirit the men.

This went on for about an hour; then the main body halted and immediately there was a general and instinctive sense of great confusion and disorder. It would be difficult to explain how this feeling, at first vague and doubtful, quickly became a dead certainty; but it ran on from one to another with an overwhelming rapidity, as water rushes down a ravine. If the Russian army had stood alone, without allies, it would have taken longer to grow from an apprehension to a conviction; but, as it was, there was a keen and natural satisfaction in ascribing it to the Germans, and every man was at once sure that this fatal muddle was due to the “sausage-eaters.”

“Here we are at a standstill. — What stops the way? The French? — No, or they would have fired on us by this time! just when there is no time to lose to be stopped in the middle. Those d——d Germans make a mess of everything — wretched devils, with their brains topsy-turvy.— They ought to have been sent on in front, instead of which they are push-

ing on from behind. And here we are stuck with nothing to eat!— How long are we to wait?”

“And there is the cavalry now right across the road!” exclaimed an officer. “Devil take these Germans who don’t know their own country-side.”

“What division is this?” asked an aide-de-camp coming up.

“The eighteenth.”

“Then what are you doing here? You ought to have been in front long ago. Now you cannot get forward till the evening.”

“What monstrous arrangements! They do not know what they are about themselves!” said the officer as he rode off.

Then came a general sputtering with rage in German.

“And they wonder we do not understand them!” said a soldier. “I would have shot them all down, the blackguards!”

“We ought to be in position by nine o’clock and we have not got half-way. — What a muddle!”

This was the cry on all sides, and the first ardor of the troops was gradually waning into violent irritation caused by the blundering instructions given by the Germans.

The first cause of the obstruction was a movement towards the left flank effected by the Austrian cavalry. The commander-in-chief, thinking the Russian centre too far away from the right wing, had made all the cavalry return and move towards the left; and, in con-

sequence, several thousand horse had to cross the infantry which was of course brought to a standstill.

A dispute had then arisen between the Austrian guide and the Russian general. The Russian talked himself out of breath, insisting that the cavalry must be stopped; the Austrian persisted that the fault was not his but his chief's; and all this time the troops, standing motionless and silent, were gradually losing their first spirit. After waiting for about an hour they started once more and were going down into the valley — where the mist was thicker than ever while it was clearing off the heights — when, just in front of them, a gun was fired into the dense fog; then another, and several more at irregular intervals, followed up by a brisk and steady fire over the brook called the Goldbach. The Russians — not expecting to find the enemy and coming upon them unawares, receiving no encouragement from their officers, depressed by a sense of unnecessary delay, and completely shrouded by the thick fog — fired dully and without briskness; they advanced, they halted, the word of command never reaching them soon enough from their officers, nor from the aides-de-camp who were wandering about the dells in search of their own divisions. This was what happened to the first, the second and the third columns, who had all made their way down the slope. Was the main body of the enemy at a distance of ten versts, as everyone supposed, or close at hand, but invisible?

Till nine in the morning no one knew. The fourth

column, commanded by Koutouzow, was placed on the plateau of Pratzen.

While all this was going on Napoleon and his marshals occupied the height of Schlapanitz. A blue sky spread above his head and the low sun floated like a blazing fire-ship on the milky sea of mist. Neither he and his staff, nor the French army was located on the further side of the stream and beyond the hollow ground near the villages of Sokolenitz and Schlapanitz which the Russians had counted on occupying as the base of their attack. On the contrary, they were on the hither side, and so close to the Russians that Napoleon could distinguish a horseman from a foot-soldier without a glass. Dressed in his grey capote — the same he had worn throughout the Italian campaign — and mounted on a small grey arab, he was a little in front of his suite, silently studying the outline of the hills which emerged one after another from the mist and on which the Russian troops were manœuvring, and listening to the cross-fire in the valley below. Not a muscle of his face moved — it had not yet grown fat — and his bright eyes were steadily fixed on a particular point. His prevision was justified; a large body of Russians had gone down into the ravine and were marching towards the pools of water. The remainder were now abandoning the height of Pratzen which Napoleon, who regarded it as the key of the position, had intended to attack. He could watch the thousands of Russian bayonets glittering as they filed off through the fog, down the slope from Pratzen into

a deep ravine between two mountains ; all going in the same direction along the valley, till they were lost in the sea of haze. From the information brought to him on the previous evening, and the unmistakable noise of wheels and footsteps that the outposts had overheard during the night, and from the confused movements of the Russian forces, he plainly perceived that the allies supposed him to be at a considerable distance ; also that the columns that had occupied Pratzen constituted the Russian centre, and that this centre was now weak enough to be attacked with success — still, he did not give the word.

This was a solemn day with him ; the anniversary of his coronation. He had fallen into a light sleep towards morning and had risen fresh, well, trusting in his good star, and in the happy frame of mind in which everything seems possible and sure to succeed ; then he got on his horse and went out to reconnoitre the ground. His calm, set features betrayed in their very rigidity a consciousness of well-earned happiness such as may be sometimes seen in the face of a young and happy lover.

When the sun was fairly above the fog and its shafts of dazzling glory lighted up the plain, Napoleon ungloved his white and faultless hand, and by a sign gave the order to attack. The marshals, followed by their aides-de-camp, galloped off in various directions and a few minutes later the main body of the French army was marching rapidly on Pratzen which the Russians were fast abandoning, making their way to the valley on the left.

At eight that morning Koutouzow had ridden up to Pratzen at the head of the fourth division — that of Miloradovitch, — which was to take the place of those of Prsczebichewsky and Langeron who had moved down into the hollow. He made his bow to the men of the 1st regiment and himself gave the word to march, thereby signifying his intention of commanding in person. At the village of Pratzen he halted. Prince André, excited and elated, though apparently calm and cool, as a man commonly is who feels he has reached the goal he had longed to gain, was one of the commander-in-chief's numerous suite. The day that was beginning was assuredly fated to be his Toulon or his Arcole. The land and the position of the troops were as well known to him as they could be to any superior officer in the Russian army — as to his own scheme of action, he had entirely forgotten it. As he thought over Weirother's he only wondered what stroke of fate or unforeseen incident would give him a chance of showing his steadiness and the promptness of his apprehension.

To the left, at the foot of the hill, through the fog, invisible lines of men were exchanging volleys. "There," said he to himself, "the fighting will be hottest; that is where difficulties will arise; it is there that I shall be sent with a brigade or a division and lead the way with the standard in my hand, sweeping everything before me!" Nay, as he saw the battalions file past he could not help saying to himself: "Perhaps that is the very flag I shall carry to the front."

A light hoar-frost lay on the ground which soon melted into dew, while the ravine was still shrouded in dense mist. Literally, nothing could be seen in it, especially on the left where the Russian forces had been swallowed up, and where the musketry might be heard. The sun blazed in all its glory above their heads in a deep blue sky. A long way in front, on the further shore of this white flood, wooded hill-tops rose — that was where the foe must be lying. To the right the Imperial Guard was engulfed, leaving no trace but the echo of its steps; from behind the village on the left came squares of cavalry to vanish in their turn. Before and behind them the infantry filed past. The commander-in-chief was keeping an eye on the troops as they came out of the village; he looked exhausted and annoyed. Then the infantry halted suddenly without any orders, evidently in consequence of an obstacle in the way of their advance.

“But do command them to break up into battalions and get out of the village,” said Koutouzow drily to the general who came up with him. “Don’t you understand that it is quite impossible to form in open order in the streets of a village when marching against an enemy?”

“Your Excellency, I propose to form outside the village.”

Koutouzow smiled sourly: “A happy thought certainly to form in the face of the enemy!”

“The enemy is a long way off yet, Excellency. In accordance with the plan. . . .”

"What plan?" he exclaimed in a rage. "Who told you that? Have the goodness to obey my orders."

"I obey," said the other.

"My dear fellow," Nesvitsky whispered to Prince André, "the old man is in a dreadfully bad temper."

An Austrian officer, in a white uniform with a green plume, at this moment came up to Koutouzow and asked him, from the Emperor, whether the fourth division were taking part in the engagement. Koutouzow turned away without replying; his eye happened to light on Bolkonsky and he softened as if to exclude him from the effects of his ill-temper.

"Will you, my dear fellow, go and see if the third has got past the village yet. Tell them they are to stop and wait for orders from me. And ask," he added detaining him, "if the skirmishers are placed and what they are doing — what they are doing," he repeated, without stopping to answer the Austrian messenger.

Prince André rode past the foremost battalions, paused at the third division, and noted that the sharpshooters were not in fact in their places in front of the columns. The colonel of the regiment was amazed at receiving the commander-in-chief's instruction to send them forward; he was persuaded that other Russian troops were forming between him and the enemy whom he supposed to be at least ten versts away. Indeed, he could see nothing before him but a waste of ground that sloped away under the dense mist: Prince André returned at once to make his report to the commander-in-chief, whom he found in the spot where he had

left him on horseback, and sitting hunched in his saddle with the whole dead weight of his body. The troops had halted and were standing with the butt-ends of their guns on the ground.

"Very well," was all he said; and turning to the Austrian, who stood by him with his watch in his hand, assuring him that it was high time to go forward as the left wing had made their movement down hill: "There is no hurry, Your Excellency," he said with a yawn. "We have plenty of time."

At this moment they heard cheers from the troops behind them in response to greetings from various voices which approached rapidly along the marching columns. When the men of the regiment he was leading took up the cry, Koutouzow frowned and drew back a few paces. Along the Pratzen road came a party of horsemen riding fast, two conspicuously in front of the rest: one in a black uniform with a white plume rode a chestnut horse with a square-cut tail; the other, in white, rode a black horse. These were the two Emperors followed by their suite. Koutouzow, with the affected precision of an officer at his post, commanded silence, and with a formal salute went forward to meet the Czar. His manner and person were suddenly metamorphosed, and had assumed the aspect of blind submission as an inferior who has no opinion of his own. His affected deference seemed to impress the Emperor Alexander unpleasantly, but the feeling was transient and vanished at once, leaving no trace on his youthful and beaming features. His little indisposition, which

had lasted a few days, had made him thin, but had not deprived him of the really fascinating union of dignity and gentleness which characterized his delicate lips and fine blue eyes. If he had been Imperial at the review at Olmütz, to-day he was more eager and bright. His face was flushed with his swift ride ; he pulled up his horse and breathed deeply, turning to his staff—as fresh and youthful as himself—composed of the flower of the Austrian and Russian chivalry, culled from the line and from the guards. Czartorisky, Novosiltsov, Volkonsky, Strogonow, and others were among the number ; they were laughing and chatting together. Gorgeous in their uniforms and mounted on fine, well-trained horses, they remained a few paces behind the sovereigns. Grooms, too, were in attendance with led horses for the emperors to change, saddled with embroidered horse-cloths. The Emperor Francis, himself still young, thin, tall, and stiffly upright on his handsome stallion, glanced about him anxiously, and signed to one of his aides-de-camp to come to him.

“He is going to ask him at what hour we set out,” thought Prince André to himself as he watched his former acquaintance, remembering the questions the Austrian Emperor had asked him at Brünn.

The sight of all this splendid youth, so full of vigor, and so sure of triumph, dissipated the sullen mood that had fallen on Koutouzow’s staff, as a fresh, moorland breeze, blowing in at a window, clears away the vapors of an overheated room.

“Why do we not begin, Michael Larionovitch ?”

"I was waiting for Your Majesty," said Koutouzow, bowing low.

The Czar leaned towards him as if he had not heard.

"I was waiting for Your Majesty," Koutouzow repeated — and Prince André noted the curl of his lip as he said: "I was waiting. — The columns are not all assembled, Sire."

The answer annoyed the Czar; he shrugged his shoulders and looked at Novosiltsov as though to reflect on Koutouzow.

"But we are not on the parade-ground, Michael Larionovitch, that we should wait till all the regiments are assembled before the review begins," said Alexander, and he now cast a glance at the Emperor Francis, as if to invite his attention at any rate, if he would not join in the conversation; but the Emperor paid no heed.

"That, Sire, is the very reason why I do not begin," said Koutouzow loudly and distinctly. "We are not at a review, it is not a parade-ground."

At these words the officers in attendance looked at each other. "Old as he is he ought not to speak like that," their disapproving expression plainly said.

The Czar looked steadily and enquiringly at Koutouzow, waiting for what further he was going to say. Koutouzow, with a respectful bow, sat silent.

The silence lasted a few seconds, and then, again putting on the attitude and tone of an inferior waiting for orders, he added:

"But of course — only if it is Your Majesty's wish." And turning to Miloradovitch he gave the order to attack.

The ranks moved on; two battalions of the Novgorod regiment and one of the Apchéron regiment marched past; as the last was passing Miloradovitch galloped forward, his cloak flying open and displaying his uniform covered with medals and stars. With his cocked hat and immense waving plume stuck on one side he jauntily saluted the Czar, pulling up short just in front of him.

"By God's help, General!" said the Czar.

"We will do our best," he gaily retorted, and the staff-officers smiled at his queer French accent. Miloradovitch, cleverly turning his horse, fell back a few paces behind the Czar, and the soldiers, excited by the presence of their sovereign, marched forward with a steady, brisk step.

"Lads!" cried Miloradovitch suddenly, himself forgetful of the Emperor's presence and sharing the excitement of his men with whom he had served under Souvorow. — "Mind, lads — it is not the first village that you are to carry at the point of the bayonet."

"Ready, aye, ready!" said the men, and at the chorus of voices the Emperor's horse — the same that he had ridden at reviews in Russia — had a sort of uneasy shiver. Here, on the field of the battle of Austerlitz, startled by the vicinity of the Austrian Emperor's stallion, he pricked his ears at the unaccustomed noise of volleys of which he could not discern the meaning,

while he could not guess the thoughts and feelings of his august rider. The Czar smiled and pointed out the advancing battalions to one of his more immediate friends.

CHAPTER X.

KOUTOUZOW, followed by his staff, slowly rode after the carabineers. After going about half a verst he halted near a solitary house, probably an abandoned inn, which stood at the meeting of two roads each coming down from the mountain and crowded with Russian soldiers. The fog was lifting, and the indistinct masses of the hostile force was becoming visible on the opposite heights. A brisk fire could be heard in the valley to the left. Koutouzow was talking to the Austrian general, to whom Prince André turned, requesting the loan of his field-glass.

"Look, look!" said the Austrian, "there are the French!" and he pointed, not to the distance, but to the base of the hill just in front of them.

The two generals and the aides-de-camp eagerly looked through the field-glass. An involuntary panic was visible on their faces; the French, who were supposed to be two versts away, had suddenly started into life close to them.

"The enemy! — No! — Yes, undoubtedly! — But

how is it possible?" said several voices. And Prince André watched a formidable body of French troops marching up on the right to meet the Apchéron regiment, at about 500 yards from the spot where they were standing.

"Now is the time! . . . Your Excellency, the regiment must be stopped!" But at this moment a thick smoke shrouded the scene, a loud explosion of musketry rattled in their ears and a voice, breathless with terror, said quite close to them: "It is all over, boys—all over with us! . . ." Then, as though this exclamation were an order, great mobs of soldiers driven back, pushing and hustling each other, fled past the spot where, five minutes before, they had filed off in front of the Emperors. Any attempt to check this crowd would have been madness for it bore down everything in its way. Bolkonsky had the greatest difficulty in making a stand against the torrent and only vaguely understood what was happening. Nesvitsky, heated and half crazy, cried out to Koutouzow that he would be made prisoner if he did not retreat. Koutouzow, without stirring pulled out his handkerchief and pressed it to his cheek, from which the blood was flowing. Prince André forced his way to him: "You are wounded?" he said with deep anxiety.

"The real wound is not here but there," said Koutouzow, keeping the handkerchief over his cheek and pointing to the fugitives.

"Stop them!" he cried. But understanding at once how useless his appeal was, he set spurs in his

horse and taking the right, straight into the midst of a party of fugitives was swept away with it into chaos.

The mass was so closely packed that escape was impossible; in the midst of the confusion some were shouting, others looking back and firing in the air. Koutouzow, having succeeded in cutting across the stream, rode off with his sadly-diminished staff towards the spot where the firing was going on. Prince André, while making superhuman efforts to join him detected through the smoke, on the slope, a Russian battery which was not yet silenced and which the French were rushing up to assault. A little higher up the Russian infantry stood motionless. A general came forward to speak to Koutouzow, whose escort was reduced to four persons. These four, pale and agitated, looked at each other in silence.

"Stop those miserable cowards!" said Koutouzow to the commanding officer; and, as if in revenge, a shower of bullets, like a flock of little birds, flew singing over the regiment and over his head. The French who were firing on the battery perceiving Koutouzow now aimed at him. At this fresh attack the colonel of the regiment clapped his hand to his leg; some privates fell and the ensign let the flag drop. It tottered and then caught on the men's bayonets; they, without waiting for the word of command, began to return the fire.

Koutouzow groaned in despair.

"Bolkonsky," he murmured in a weak, old man's

voice, as he pointed to the battalion of which half the men had fallen, "what is the meaning of that?"

The words were hardly spoken when Prince André, choking with tears of rage and shame, leaped from his horse and rushed forward to seize the flag.

"Come, lads! Come on!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "My time has come!" he said to himself seizing the standard and exulting as he heard the bullets whistling round him. Some more men fell by his side.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, lifting the flag-staff with difficulty.

He ran forward, firmly convinced that the men would follow him; he went a few steps, and then one soldier — a second — the whole detachment rushed after him and outstripped him. A subaltern relieved Bolkonsky of his precious burden which was so heavy that his arm shook, but the young fellow was shot down that instant. Prince André again seized the flag and went on. In front of him he now saw the Russian artillery, some fighting, some deserting their guns and running to meet the infantry — he saw the French foot pouncing on the horses in the battery and turning the cannon against the Russians. He was within twenty yards of it, the shot were pelting and mowing down the ranks near him, but he never took his eyes off the battery. A red-haired artillery-man, with his shako crushed in, was struggling with a Frenchman for the possession of a ramrod; he could distinguish the furious and vindictive expression of their faces; it was

quite clear that they were hardly conscious of what they were doing.

“What are they about?” said Prince André to himself. “Why does not our man take to his heels as he has no arms, and why does not the Frenchman make an end of him? He will not have time to be off before the Frenchman gets a shot at him!” And just then a second Frenchman came up, and the fate of the red-haired Russian, who had wrenched the ramrod out of his adversary’s hand, was sealed.

But Prince André did not see the end. He felt a tremendous blow on the head, dealt, as it seemed to him, by someone close to him. The pain was sickening rather than acute, but it changed the current of his thoughts.

“What has come over me? I cannot stand — my legs have given way” And he fell on his back.

Presently he opened his eyes to see the end of the struggle between the gunner and the Frenchmen, and whether the guns had been rescued or captured. But he saw nothing but the deep, far away sky above him, with light grey clouds lazily sailing across it.

“What peace! what rest!” he thought. “It was not so just now when I was running; we were all running and shouting; it was not so when those two scared creatures were struggling for the ramrod — the clouds were not floating so then, in that infinite space! How is it that I never noticed those endless depths before? How glad I am to have seen them now —

at last.— Everything is a hollow delusion excepting that . . . Thank God for this peace—this silent rest. . . .”

At nine o'clock the right wing under Bagration had not yet begun to fight. In spite of Dolgoroukow's urgency, he was so anxious to escape responsibility that he wished to send for orders to the commander-in-chief. As the distance between the two wings of the army was not less than ten versts the messenger—if he escaped being killed, which was highly improbable, and if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be a difficult matter—could not be back again before evening; of this he was quite sure. Glancing round at his retinue Bagration's sleepy, expressionless eyes fell on Rostow's eager, almost childish face. He selected him.

“And if I should meet his Majesty before I find the commander-in-chief, Excellency?” asked Rostow.

“You can take his Majesty's orders,” said Dolgoroukow, anticipating Bagration's reply.

After being relieved at the outposts Rostow had had some hours' sleep, and was full of life, spirits, and confidence in himself and his guiding star; he was ready to attempt impossibilities. His highest hope was fulfilled; a great battle was being fought; he had a part to play in it; nay, he was attached to the person of one of the bravest of the generals; and now he was sent on a mission to Koutouzow with the chance of

meeting the Emperor. The morning was bright, and he was well mounted. His spirit rose with jubilant delight. He rode first along the motionless ranks of Bagration's division to the position occupied by Ouvarow's cavalry; there he saw the preliminary signs of the proposed attack. Once past these he heard the growl of cannon and the rattle of musketry, louder and louder as he went further. It was not now an occasional shot, ringing at regular intervals through the fresh morning air, but a steady thunder — the roar of artillery mingling with the volleys of small arms and echoed from the heights fronting Pratzen. Light whiffs of smoke curling and catching each other floated off from the muskets, while heavy swathes rolled up from the batteries like clouds that hung and spread in mid-air. The bayonets of endless lines of infantry glittered through the smoke and in the distance the artillery train with its green caissons wound along like a narrow ribband.

Rostow halted to see what was happening; where were they going? Why were they marching in such various directions — forwards, backwards? He could not make it out; but the scene, instead of alarming him or depressing him, only fired his zeal.

“I do not know what will come of it,” said he to himself, “but it is sure to be all right.”

Having ridden past the Austrian troops he came on the line of attack. It was the guard about to charge.

“So much the better, I shall see it closer.”

Several horsemen came cantering towards him and he recognized them as the Uhlan guards, whose ranks had been broken and who were retiring from the *mêlée*. Rostow noticed blood on one of the men.

“Much I care!” thought he. About a hundred paces further on he observed, on his left, a large body of cavalry coming on at full gallop, so as to cross his path; their uniforms were white and glittering, their chargers black. He set spurs to his horse so as to get out of their way and would have succeeded but that the troop increased their pace; he saw that they were gaining ground, and heard the tramp of hoofs and the clatter of arms coming nearer and nearer. In less than a minute they were close enough for him to distinguish their faces; they were the horse-guards about to charge the French infantry; they were going at top speed but with their horses well in hand. Rostow heard the word of command given by an officer who was spurring his thoroughbred to his utmost pace. Fearing lest he should be either borne on or crushed, Rostow flew along in front of them hoping to get across before they were down on him.

Still he thought he could not escape collision with the last man in the line, whose heavy build was a striking contrast to his own slight frame. He must inevitably have been overthrown and ridden down, and his horse with him, if he had not been happily inspired to crack his whip close to the eyes of the guardsman’s fine and powerful charger; it winced and pricked its ears, but, at a touch of his rider’s spurs, Bedouin whisked

his tail and stretched his neck and flew on faster than ever.

Rostow had scarcely cleared the line when he heard a loud cheer, and looking back he saw the first ranks of horse soldiers swallowed up as it were in a regiment of French infantry with red epaulettes. Then the dense smoke from invisible cannon hid them from view. This was the splendid and famous charge of the horse-guards which even the French admired and praised! How his heart tightened as he afterwards heard that of all this mass of fine men, this flower of wealthy and splendid youth, mounted on noble beasts, who had rushed past him at such a furious pace but eighteen had come out alive!

"My turn will come; I need not envy them," said Rostow, as he turned away. "Perhaps I may see the Emperor."

When he at last reached the regiment of foot-guards he found he was in the midst of the fire; this he guessed at rather than heard, from seeing the uneasy looks of the privates, and the grave, stern expression of the officers.

A voice — it was Boris' — suddenly addressed him:

"Hallo, Rostow; we have front places. What do you think of it! Our regiment has had a sharp tussle!" And he smiled with the reckless smile of youth fresh from the baptism of fire.

Rostow stopped: "Well, and what came of it?"

"Repulsed," said Boris, who was ready to talk. And he went on to tell him that the guards, having

seen the troops in front of them and taken them for Austrians, had soon discovered by the whistling of the bullets that they were themselves in front and must begin the attack.

"Where are you going?" asked Boris.

"To find the commander-in-chief."

"There he is," said Boris, pointing to the Grand Duke Constantine, about a hundred yards away, in the uniform of the horse-guards, his head sunk between his shoulders and knitting his brows while he gesticulated and shouted at a pale and trembling Austrian officer.

"But that is the grand duke, and I am looking for the commander-in-chief or the Czar," said Rostow riding away.

"Count, Count Rostow," cried Berg, holding up his hand wrapped in a blood-stained handkerchief. "I have been wounded in the right wrist and have not left my post! You see, I am obliged to hold my sword in my left hand! In my family all the Von Bergs have had orders given them! . . ." And he went on talking when Rostow was already some way off.

After crossing a vacant space he rode along the line of the reserve force in order to find shelter from the enemy's fire, and so went further away from the scene of action. But suddenly, in front of him and behind the Russians, in a place where it was impossible to suspect the pressure of the French, he heard brisk firing close at hand.

"What can that be?" he thought. "The enemy in our rear? It is impossible. . . ." And blank terror

overwhelmed him as he thought of the possible issue of the battle. "Well, come what may there is no escape now; I must try to find the commander-in-chief, and if all is lost I can but die with them!"

His darkest presentiments were confirmed at every step he took on the ground occupied by the various corps behind the village of Pratzen.

"What is the meaning of this? Who is firing, and at whom?" said Rostow, as he met Russians and Austrians alike flying in utter disorder.

"The devil alone knows what is doing. — He has beaten every one. — All is lost! . . ." replied the fugitives in Russian, German, Czech, understanding no more of what was going on than he himself did.

"Those Russians deserve a good thrashing!"

"The devil take them — a pack of traitors!" said one to another.

"Devil take the Russians, I say!" growled a German.

A few wounded were dragging themselves along, and oaths, shouts, and groans mingled in one long and dismal chorus. The firing had ceased, but Rostow heard later that the German and Russian fugitives had fired on each other.

"Good God!" thought Rostow, "and the Emperor may come past at any moment and see this rout. It is only a handful of cowards of course. It is impossible — impossible; I must get past them as fast as I can."

The idea of a total defeat could not enter his brain, in spite of his seeing the French batteries and men on

the Pratzen plateau, on the very spot whether he had been sent to find the Czar and the commander-in-chief.

All round the village of Pratzen not an officer was to be seen. Rostow met no one but the rank and file flying in disorder; on the high-road officers' carriages, and wagons of every kind with Russians and Austrians of every corps, wounded and whole, ran past him. The crowd was crushing, pushing, buzzing, swarming, and mingling its cries with the ominous roar of the shell thrown by the French mortars from the heights of Pratzen.

"Where is the Emperor? Where is Koutouzow?" he asked one and another, but got no reply. At length he caught a private by the collar and forced him to attend.

"Why, my good man, they have all been down there a long time; they have made their way forward," said the man with a laugh.

Letting go of the man, who was evidently drunk, Rostow stopped an officer's servant whom he supposed to be the groom of some one of high rank. This man told him that the Czar had passed along this road an hour since, as fast as he could go in a carriage, and that he was dangerously wounded.

"Oh! impossible. It cannot have been he!" said Rostow.

"But I saw him with my own eyes," said the man with a knowing smile. "I have known him long enough; why, how often have I seen him at St. Peters-

burg. He was very pale, leaning back in the carriage. And what a pace Ilia Ivanitch was going with his four black horses! — Do you suppose that I don't know those horses, or that any one could drive the Czar but Ilia Ivanitch?"

"For whom are you looking?" asked a wounded officer, a little way on. "The commander-in-chief? He was killed by a shot in the breast in front of our regiment."

"He was not killed, only wounded," said another.

"Who, Koutouzow," asked Rostow.

"No, not Koutouzow — what's his name? — After all, what does it matter? There are not many left alive. If you go down there you will find all the commanders together at the village of Gostieradek."

Rostow went on, walking his horse, not knowing what to do or to whom to turn. The Emperor wounded! The battle lost! — Following the road pointed out to him he saw at a distance the spire and belfry of a church. What was the hurry? He had nothing now to ask the Czar and Koutouzow even if they were safe and sound.

"Turn to the left, Highness; if you turn to the right you will be killed."

Rostow considered for a moment and then took the path he was warned against. "It is all the same to me! If the Czar is wounded what have I to live for?" And he came out on the ground which was most thickly strewn with dead and fugitives. The French had not

yet reached it and the few Russians who had escaped had fled from it. On this spot the killed and wounded lay in heaps of ten, fifteen — like piled-up shocks of corn; the wounded were crawling along to get closer to each other, with cries of pain that Rostow shuddered to hear; he put his horse to a gallop to escape this scene of human suffering. He was afraid — not for his life, but of losing the balance of mind which was indispensable, and which had almost failed him at the sight of these hapless wretches.

The French had ceased to fire on the field where none remained but the dead and dying, but as they caught sight of the aide-de-camp riding across they sent a few balls after him. The sharp, ominous sound and the sight of the dead scattered around him gave him an impulse of terror and self-pity. He remembered his mother's last letter and said to himself: "What would her feelings be if she could see me here, exposed to the fire of cannon?"

In the village of Gostieradek, which was out of range of the guns, he found the Russian forces retiring in good order though the regiments had got mixed. The battle was talked of with defeat as an accepted fact, but no one could tell Rostow where to find the Czar or Koutouzow. Some said Alexander was really wounded; others contradicted this rumor, accounting for it by the flight of Tolstoï, the Steward of the Household, who had been seen pale and panic-stricken in the Emperor's carriage. Hearing that some persons of importance were under shelter of a hamlet to the left Rostow went

thither, not with any hope of finding those he sought, but to satisfy his conscience. About three versts further he outstripped the front ranks of the Russians and then he saw two horsemen near an orchard divided from the road by a wide ditch. He thought he recognized one of them, with a white feather; the other riding a splendid chestnut, which he also had seen before, came to the ditch, spurred his horse and giving him his head leaped it easily; a few clods of earth were kicked up by the horse's hoofs, but turning him round the officer leaped the trench back again, and went respectfully up to his companion, evidently urging him to follow his example. But the rider he addressed shook his head and hand, and Rostow recognized him as his Czar, his adored sovereign whose defeat he deplored.

"But he cannot stay there, alone, in this deserted spot!" said he to himself. Alexander looked round and he could clearly see the features that were graven on his heart. The Czar was pale; his cheeks were hollow and his eyes sunk; but the gentleness and sweetness of his expression were all the more striking. Rostow was the happier for seeing him, happy to be assured that his wound was an unfounded fiction; and he said to himself that it was his duty to deliver Prince Dolgoroukow's message without a moment's delay. But just as a tremulous and anxious young lover dares not give utterance to his most passionate dreams and timidly seeks any excuse for delaying the meeting he pines for, Rostow, seeing the realization of his desires, could not make up his mind whether he ought to go up to the

Emperor, or whether the proceeding would not be ill timed and presumptuous.

"I might perhaps seem to be taking advantage of his solitude and overthrow. An unknown face might strike him unpleasantly; and besides, what could I say to him when his mere glance is enough to strike me dumb?"

The words he had prepared seemed to die on his lips; all the more so because he had framed them to suit the triumphant mood of victory, or the event of his being stretched on his bed with the Czar thanking him for his heroic exploits, while he, with his dying breath, should give utterance to his devotion to that beloved sovereign—a devotion so nobly sealed by death.

"And after all, what can I ask him? It is four o'clock and the battle is lost!—No, I will not speak to him; I have no right to interrupt his reflections. I would rather die a thousand deaths than meet an angry glance from him." And he sadly rode away, with despair in his soul, looking back many times to watch the Czar's movements.

He saw Captain von Toll go up to the Emperor and help him across the ditch on foot; then he sat down under an apple-tree. Toll stood by his side talking eagerly. The little scene stirred Rostow's envy and regret, especially when he saw the Emperor cover his eyes with one hand and hold out the other to Toll.

"I might have been in his place," he said to himself; and unable to restrain his tears he rode on, away from

the Czar, but not knowing which way to go. His despair was all the deeper because he felt guilty of weakness. He might, he ought to have approached the sovereign. This, or never, was the moment for giving proof of his devotion, and he had missed it. He turned round and rode back to the spot where he had seen the Emperor; there was no one there. A long train of carts and wagons was slowly passing and Rostow learnt from one of the drivers that Koutouzow's staff were not far from the village and they were going to join them. Rostow followed.

By five in the evening the defeat was total. More than a hundred field-pieces had fallen into the hands of the French. All Prsczebichewsky's corp had laid down their arms; the others having lost more than half their number retired in disorder. The remains of the divisions under Langeron and Doktourow were crowded in confusion round the pools and sluices of the village of August. By six the enemy's fire was directed on this point only; they had posted their batteries half-way up the heights of Pratzen and were firing on the allies as they retreated.

Doktourow and some other colonels of the rear pulled their regiments together, reformed their battalions, and turned against the French cavalry who were pursuing them.

It was now dusk. The narrow village street of

August — where for a long course of peaceful years the good old miller had dropped his fishing line into the pool while his grandchild, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, plunged his bare arms into the water-can among the wriggling silver fish — where the Moravian farmer in his fur cap and dark-blue coat, had followed the huge, slow wagons carrying heavy sheaves of wheat to the mill, and returning with full sacks of fine white flour, filling the air with light dust — was now packed with a scared and bewildered crowd, squeezing, pushing, falling to be crushed by the hoofs of horses, or the wheels of wagons and gun-carriages, or trampling the dead under foot merely to be killed in their turn a little further on.

Every few seconds a ball or a shell came hurling and bursting in the midst of this compact mass of human beings, killing and bespattering all within range. Dologhow, who had already gained his promotion, himself wounded in the hand, with ten men and his colonel were the sole survivors of their regiment. Carried on by the stream, they had forced their way to the end of the village street where they were stopped by a horse in a gun-carriage which had been killed and which had to be cut from the harness. A ball killed a man behind them and his blood sprinkled Dologhow. Then the mass rushed forward desperately a few paces, and had to stop again.

“A hundred yards further and there is safety! To stop here is death!” This was what everyone was saying.

Dologhow, who had been shoved back into the middle, got as far as the edge of the mill-pool and ran across the thin ice that coated the water.

"Look here, come this way!" he cried to the gunner. "The ice will bear."

The ice in fact did not break under his weight, but it cracked and yielded, and it was quite evident that even without the weight of the gun and of the mass of men it would give way under him. The men looked at him and crowded on the bank but could not make up their minds to follow him. The general in command, who was on horseback, raised his arm and had just opened his lips to speak when a ball crashed past, so low down over the terrified heads that all bent low — and something fell. It was the general who sank in a pool of blood. No one looked round at him; no one could think of picking him up.

"On the ice! Don't you hear? On the ice! Turn round, turn!" shouted several; most of the men had no idea themselves why they shouted this.

One of the gun-carriages made the venture; the crowd rushed on to the ice which cracked under one of the fugitives; his foot was in the water, and in trying to get it out, he fell in to the waist. The men who were nearest to him held back; the gunner stopped his horse, while behind them the shouts rose louder than ever: "Get on to the ice; go on, push on!" and shrieks of terror sounded on every side.

The soldiers gathered round the cannon tugging and beating the horses to get them on. The poor

beasts started, the ice gave way in one sheet, and forty men sank. The bullets did not cease whistling and pelting with hideous steadiness, falling sometimes on the ice and sometimes in the water, decimating the living mass that swarmed on the dyke, on the pools, and on the shore.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL this time Prince André was lying on the same spot on the hill of Pratzen, clenching his hand over a fragment of the staff of the flag, losing blood, and unconsciously uttering feeble and plaintive moans, like a child. Towards the evening he ceased to moan; he lay quite senseless. Suddenly he opened his eyes. He had no idea of the lapse of time, and feeling himself alive, with an acute pain from a burning wound in the head, his first thought was :

“Where is the infinite sky I saw this morning and had never seen before?—This pain, too, is new to me! I have never known anything—anything at all till now. But where am I?”

He listened, and heard the noise of several horses and voices coming towards him. They were speaking French. He did not turn his head; he lay gazing at the sky so high above him, whose fathomless blue could be seen between the floating clouds. The horse-

men were Napoleon and two of his aides-de-camp. Bonaparte had been all over the field of battle, and giving orders for the reinforcement of the batteries that were firing on the dyke at August ; now he was examining the wounded and dead who had been left on the field. " Fine men !" he exclaimed, as he saw a Russian grenadier lying, face downwards, on the ground ; his neck was livid and his arms already rigid in death.

" The ammunition for the field-guns is exhausted Sire," said an aide-de-camp who had been sent up from the batteries directed on August.

" Bring up the reserve." said Napoleon going on a few steps ; but he stopped by Prince André, who still clutched the broken staff of the flag which had been seized as a trophy by the French.

" A splendid death !" said Napoleon.

Prince André understood that it was Napoleon who spoke and himself of whom he was speaking ; but the words buzzed in his ears without his paying any heed to them, and he forgot them immediately. His head was burning ; his strength was ebbing with his blood, and he could see nothing but that remote, eternal blue. He had recognized Napoleon — his hero — but at this moment how small, how insignificant the hero seemed in comparison with the message to his soul from that immeasurable heaven. What was said, and who it was that halted close to him, were matters of indifference ; but he was glad they had stopped ; he felt vaguely that they would help him to return to that life which

seemed to him so well worth living since he had begun to understand it. He collected all his strength to make some movement, to utter some sound — he stirred one foot and moaned feebly.

“Ah! he is not dead!” exclaimed Napoleon. “Pick up this young man and carry him to the ambulance.”

And then the Emperor rode forward to meet Marshal Lannes, who smiled, and took off his hat, and congratulated him on the victory.

Prince André remembered very little after this; under the pain caused by the mere fact of being lifted, by the jolting of the litter, and the probing of his wound he again became unconscious. He did not come to himself till the evening, while he was being carried to the hospital with several other Russians, wounded or prisoners. During this transfer he revived once more, and could look about him and even speak. The first words he heard were spoken by the French officer in charge of the wounded:

“We must stop here. The Emperor will ride past, and we must give him the pleasure of seeing these gentlemen.”

“Pooh! There are so many prisoners this time — a large part of the Russian army. He must have had enough of it,” said another.

“Yes, but that one,” said the first speaker, pointing to a wounded Russian officer in the uniform of the horse-guards, “was, they say, the commander-in-chief of all the Emperor Alexander’s life guards.”

Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnine, whom he had met in society at St. Petersburg. By his side was a young horse-guardsman of about nineteen, also wounded.

Napoleon rode up at a gallop and pulled his horse up short, just in front of them.

"Who is highest in rank here?" he asked, seeing the wounded officers. Colonel Prince Repnine was named to him.

"You are the commander-in-chief of the Imperial horse-guards?"

"Only in command of a squadron."

"Your regiment did its duty with great honor."

"Praise from a great general is the soldier's best reward," replied Repnine.

"I give it with great pleasure," said Napoleon. "Who is this young man with you?"

Repnine mentioned him as Lieutenant Suchtelen, and Napoleon looked at him with a smile.

"He is very young to try odds with us."

"Youth is no bar to courage," murmured Suchtelen in a choking voice.

"Nobly answered, young man; you will do!"

Prince André had also been placed in the front rank to swell the triumph; he could not fail to attract the Emperor's eye, and Napoleon remembered having seen him lying on the field.

"And you, young man; how are you feeling, my gallant fellow?"

Bolkonsky fixed his eyes on him but did not speak. Only five minutes before he had said a few words to the men who were carrying him and now he only looked at the Emperor and was silent! — What, after all, were the interests, the pride, the elation of Napoleon? What was the hero himself, when compared with that glorious heaven of justice and mercy which his soul had felt and apprehended? — To him everything seemed sordid, petty; so unlike those stern and solemn thoughts that had been borne in upon him by his utter exhaustion and expectation of death. Even with his eyes fixed on the Emperor he was reflecting on the insignificance of greatness — the insignificance of life, of which no one knew the aim and end — the still greater insignificance of death, whose purpose is inscrutably hidden from the living.

“Let these gentlemen be cared for,” said Napoleon, without waiting for Prince André’s reply. “Take them to the tents, and let Dr. Larrey attend to their wounds. We shall meet again, Prince Repnine!” and he left them, his face beaming with satisfaction. The soldiers who were carrying Bolkonsky, seeing the Emperor’s benevolent feeling towards the prisoners, hastened to return to him the little image which his sister had hung about his neck, and which they had stolen from him; he suddenly felt it laid on his breast outside his uniform without knowing how, or by whom it had been replaced.

“What a happy thing it would be,” thought he, as he remembered Marie’s deep feeling of pious venera-

tion, "a nappy thing if everything were as simple and as clear as Marie believes it to be! It would be good indeed to know where to seek help and comfort in this life, and what awaits us after death. I could be so happy, so calm, if only I could say: 'Saviour have mercy on me' But to whom could I say it? The great immeasurable, incomprehensible Power, to whom I cannot turn or express my feelings, is either the great All, or it is nothingness; or else it is the God enclosed in this image of Marie's! Nothing on earth is certain excepting the worthlessness of everything within the compass of my intelligence, and the Majesty of the fathomless Unknown—the only Reality, perhaps, and the only Great Power."

The litter was lifted, and at every jolt he felt the acutest pain, now increased by the fever and delirium that were coming upon him. He fancied he saw his father, his sister, his wife, the son that was to be born to him, Napoleon's stunted and insignificant figure—and all these images passed and repassed against the blue background of that vaultless sky which was present through all his fevered dreams. He seemed to be living happily again at Lissy-Gory in domestic peace and quiet, when, suddenly, a little figure of Napoleon stood close before him, and his cold gaze, his satisfaction at the misfortunes of others filled him with doubts and anguish . . . but he turned away to that beatific sky which alone promised any relief.

Towards morning all these visions were blurred and lost in the chaotic gloom of utter delirium, which would

be more likely to end in death than in recovery — so said Dr. Larrey, Napoleon's private physician.

"A nervous and bilious subject," said the doctor, "he will not get over it." And the Prince, with some other hopeless cases, was entrusted to the care of the natives of the district.



CHAPTER XII.

AT the beginning of the year 1806 Nicolas Rostow, and Denissow went home on leave. As Denissow was going to Voronège, Rostow proposed that they should travel together as far as Moscow, and that his friend should spend a few days in his father's house. At the last halting-place but one on the road Denissow met an old comrade, and with him emptied three bottles of wine; thus, in spite of the fearful jolting of the sleigh, in which he lay at full length, he never woke for an instant. The nearer they got the more impatient Rostow became :

"Faster, faster! oh! these endless streets, shops, Kalatch sellers,* lanterns!" he said to himself, after they had passed the city gates, and their names had been entered as arriving on leave! — "Denissow, here we are! He is asleep!—" and he leaned forward, as

* Kalatch is a sort of white bread or cake, peculiar to Moscow.

if the see-saw action would accelerate their progress. "There is the cross-road where Zakhar used to stand — and there is Zakhar with his old horse! — And there is the shop where I used to buy gingerbread! — Oh! when shall we be there? Go on, go on!"

"Where am I to go?" asked the driver.

"There, down there, out there. What, don't you see? that big house — you know our house? — Denis-sow, Denissow, we are just there."

Denissow raised his head and coughed, but did not reply. "Dmitri," Nicolas went on to the servant sitting on the box, "is that light in our house?"

"Certainly it is — in your father's room."

"They are not in bed then? What do you think? By the way do not forget to unpack my new uniform" — and he passed his hand over his downy moustache "Well, well, get on! — Vaska, wake up!" But Denissow was asleep again.

"Go on, get on — three roubles to drink!" cried Rostow who, though only a few yards from home, thought he should never reach it. The sleigh turned to the right and drew up in front of the steps; Rostow recognized the dilapidated cornice and the corner stone of the foot-way, and leaped out before the sleigh had fairly stopped; he was up the steps with one bound. The outside of the house was as cold and calm as he remembered it. What did those stone walls care for coming and going? There was no one in the hall. "Good God! Has anything happened?" thought Rostow with a tightening about the heart; for a

minute he paused; then on he went again, up the worn stairs he knew so well. "And the handle of the door, still askew, though its untidiness always worried the countess—and the ante-room!" At this moment it was only lighted by a tallow candle.

Old Michel was asleep on a bench and Procopius, the man-servant, whose strength was proverbial—he could lift the hind wheels of a carriage—sat in a corner plaiting bark shoes. He looked up at the sound of the door which opened noisily, and his sleepy, indifferent face suddenly assumed an expression of joy not unmingled with alarm.

"Mercy! Our Heavenly Father and all the arch-angels! The young Count! Is it possible!" he cried; and trembling with excitement, he rushed towards the door, but he returned at once and bending over his young master's shoulder he kissed it.

"They are all well?" asked Rostow, drawing away his hand.

"Thank God, thank God! Yes, they have but just done dinner. Let me look at you, Highness."

"All is well, then?"

"Thank God! Thank God!"

Nicolas, forgetting Denissow, would not allow the servant to announce his arrival; he tossed off his pelisse and went quickly, but on tip-toe, into the great dark drawing-room; the card-tables were in the same places, and the chandelier still wrapped in brown holland. But hardly had he entered the room when a perfect whirlwind swept down upon him from a side

door, and he was covered with kisses. A second and a third fell upon him in turn. It was a scene of kissing, exclamations, and tears of joy. He hardly knew which of the three was his father, Natacha, or Pétia; they were all talking and embracing him at once; but he observed that his mother was absent.

“And I knew nothing about it — Nicolouchka — my dear boy!”

“Here he is — just his old self — Kolia, my darling — but how he has altered! — And there are no lights! Bring tea at once.”

“Kiss me, kiss me!”

“Dear, sweet soul!”

“Sonia, Natacha, Pétia, Anna Mikhaïlovna, Vera and the old count, all hugged him in turn, and the servants and maids, coming in behind them, were exclaiming in surprise.

Pétia clung to his legs saying: “And me too, me too!”

Natacha, after smothering him with kisses, had caught hold of his coat, and was jumping up and down like a kid, and uttering little shrieks of delight. Her eyes shone through tears of joy and affection, and again their lips met to kiss once more.

Sonia, as red as *Koumatch*,* held his hand and gazed at him in radiant delight. She was now sixteen, very pretty, and her excitement added to her beauty. Panting with agitation she stood smiling and never taking her eyes off him. He responded with a grateful

* A red cotton stuff worn by the peasants.

look, but he was evidently waiting — looking for someone: his mother, who had not yet made her appearance. Suddenly outside the door they heard a hurried step, so hasty and eager that it could be no one but the countess. The rest stood aside and he threw himself into her arms. She clung to him sobbing, and had not strength enough to raise her head; her face was pressed against the cold lace braiding of his uniform. Denissow, who had come in unobserved, was looking on and wiping his eyes.

“Vassili Denissow, the son of your old friend,” he said, introducing himself to the count who stared at him in astonishment.

“To be sure, I know, I know,” said the count embracing him. “Nicolouchka wrote about you Natacha, Vera — this is Denissow.”

All the happy faces turned at once on Denissow, and crowded round him till he felt quite shy.

“What, my dear little Denissow!” exclaimed Natacha, whose head was turned with joy; she rushed up to him and kissed him. Denissow, somewhat embarrassed, colored, and taking her hand kissed it politely. A room was ready to which he was conducted, while the Rostows gathered round Nicolas in the large drawing-room.

The countess still held her son’s hand and raised it every minute to her lips; his brothers and sisters vied with each other in watching his every movement — word — glance; disputing as to which should sit next to him, and rushing at his tea-cup, handkerchief, pipe,

to have the pleasure of handing it to him. The first emotion of his return had been to Rostow so exquisitely happy that he thought the impression must inevitably grow weaker, and in his excitement, he craved more and yet more.

Next morning he slept on till ten o'clock. The adjoining room, which smelt strongly of tobacco, was littered with knapsacks, open trunks, swords, cartridge-pouches, and dirty boots side by side with other boots, well cleaned and with spurs on, in a row by the wall. The servants were carrying in washing-basins, hot water for shaving, and the clothes they had just brushed.

"Here, Grichka, my pipe!" cried Denissow in a hoarse voice. "Rostow, get up."

Rostow, rubbing his eyes, lifted his unkempt head from his pillow. "Is it late?" he said.

"Certainly it is late," answered Natacha's voice. "It is ten o'clock!" And outside the door there was a crackling of starched petticoats mingling with girls' whispering and laughter, and whenever it was opened there was a glimpse of blue ribbands, black eyes, and bright faces. Natacha, Sonia, and Pétia had come to know whether he were up.

"Nicolouchka, do get up," said Natacha.

"Directly."

Pétia, having spied a sword, at once seized upon it. Carried away by the warlike enthusiasm which is infallibly stirred in a little boy by an older, soldier-brother, and forgetting that it was hardly correct that his sisters

should see the two men before they were dressed, he flung open the door.

"Is it your sword, Nicolas?" he asked, while the two girls shrunk aside. Denissow, quite abashed, threw the counterpane over his hairy feet, and his eyes appealed for help to his companion. The door at once closed behind Pétia.

"Nicolas," Natacha called out, "come here; put on your dressing-gown."

"Is the sword his or yours?" asked Pétia, addressing Denissow, whose long black moustache commanded his respect.

Rostow hastily slipped on his shoes and dressing-gown, and went into the next room, where he found that Natacha had put on one of his spurred boots and was getting her foot into the other. Sonia was spinning round to make a balloon of her skirts. Both the girls were fresh and eager and they were dressed alike in new, blue frocks. Sonia escaped at once, and Natacha, taking possession of her brother, dragged him down so as to talk more at her ease. A brisk fire of question and answer was at once begun, though dealing only with trifles of personal interest. Natacha laughed at every word, not that he said anything funny, but because the exuberant joy of her heart could find no outlet but laughter.

"How nice this is! Quite delightful!" she kept saying.

And Rostow, under the spell of this warm effusiveness, insensibly smiled once more with the childlike

smile, which, since his departure, had never once lighted up his features.

"But do you know you are a man now, quite a man?—and I am proud to have you for a brother!" She stroked his moustache. "I should like to know what men are really like.—Are you like us? No—I suppose not."

"Why did Sonia run away?" asked her brother.

"Oh! that is a long story. How will you speak to Sonia? Quite familiarly? Will you call her *thou*?"*

"I really don't know. Just as it may happen."

"Well, then; do call her *you*. I beg you—and you will know why afterwards."

"But why?"

"Well, I will tell you: Sonia is my particular friend—so much my friend that I have burnt my arm for her—" and turning up her muslin sleeve she showed a red spot on her thin, white arm, a little below the shoulder, where even a short sleeve would hide it; "I burnt it myself, to prove how much I love her. I took a ruler and made it red hot in the fire, and burnt myself there."

The room was their old school-room, and Rostow, stretched on the sofa, piled with cushions, and looking into Natacha's bright eyes, threw himself completely into this world of his childhood, this familiar home

* It is hardly necessary to observe that in most languages, excepting English, the use of *thou* is a token of familiarity—kindly or contemptuous as the case may be. It actually detracts so much from the colloquial case of English that it has not been thought desirable to translate it literally.—*Trans.*

circle, whose incidents and gossip had meaning and value for him alone, while they renewed one of the keenest joys of life. This burn, as a token of affection, was to him quite natural; he understood it, and it did not surprise him.

"Well," he said, "and what next? Is that all?"

"We are such close friends that this is nothing — mere nonsense . . . we are friends for ever and ever. When she loves any one it is for all her life; but as for me — I do not understand her, I always forget so soon."

"Well, but what then?"

"Well, she loves you as she loves me," said Natacha blushing. "You must remember — you know — before you went away . . . Well, she says that you will have forgotten it all . . . and she says: 'I shall always love him, but he must be quite free.' — Now, that is fine and noble — very noble, is it not?"

Natacha asked the question with so much gravity and feeling that it was evident that the mere thought of Sonia's abnegation had touched her often before. Rostow sat silent for a few seconds.

"I shall not take back my word," he said. "Besides, Sonia is so charming that a man must be a double-distilled idiot to refuse such happiness."

"No, no," cried Natacha. "We have discussed the matter, and we were quite sure, she and I, that you would say that. But it is impossible, don't you understand; because, if you think yourself bound only by your word, it makes it seem as if she had said it on

purpose.— You marry her as a point of honor, and that would not be at all the same thing.”

Rostow found no reply; Sonia's beauty had struck him the night before and this morning he had thought her prettier still. She was sixteen, she loved him devotedly and he knew it. Why should he not love her, even if the idea of marriage had to be postponed? “I have still so many untried pleasures before me,” he said to himself. “It is best so — I will not pledge myself.”

“All right,” he said, “we will talk it over by and bye.— But oh! how glad I am to see you again. And you—are you faithful to Boris?”

“Oh! what nonsense!” cried Natacha laughing. “I never think of him — nor of anyone else. I do not want to hear anything about him.”

“Bravo! But then . . .”

“I!” said Natacha with a beaming smile on her little face. “Have you seen Duport, the great dancer? No? then you cannot understand; — but look,” and bending her arms and lifting one corner of her skirt, she flew off, spun round, cut a caper and a double caper, then, lifting herself up, she walked a few steps on tip-toe. “I can stand, you see, on the very tips of my toes! Do you see? Well—I do not mean to marry; I mean to be a dancer. Only mind you don't tell.”

Rostow laughed so loudly and heartily that Denisow quite envied him, and Natacha could not help joining in.

"What do you say to that? Well done, don't you think?"

"Well done? What do you mean? Then you will not marry Boris?"

She colored crimson.

"I will not marry anyone, and I will tell him so when I see him."

"Will you!" said Rostow.

"Pooh! this is all nonsense," she went on, laughing again. "And your Denissow—is he nice?"

"Very nice."

"Very well, then good-bye. Get dressed. . . . And he is not alarming?"

"Alarming! why? Vaska is a very good fellow."

"And you call him Vaska? How odd!—Then he really is nice?"

"To be sure he is. . . ."

"Good-bye. Make haste and come down; we shall be all together."

Natacha left the room on the tips of her toes like an opera dancer, with a smile like the child she was. Nicolas soon made his way to the drawing-room where he found Sonia; he colored, and did not know how to address her. The day before, in the first impulse of gladness, they had embraced, but to-day they felt that this was impossible; he, too, felt the enquiring glances of his mother and sisters, who were trying to fancy what he would do. He kissed her hand, and said "you," though their eyes met and seemed to speak the more tender "thou;" Sonia's seemed indeed to crave

his forgiveness for having ventured to remind him, through Natacha, of his promise, and they thanked him for his affection. His, on the other hand, were thanking her for releasing him from his word, and telling her that he would always love her, for to see her was to love her.

“What an odd thing,” said Vera, when presently there was a silence. “Sonia and Nicolas speak to each other as formally as strangers.”

She had hit the mark as usual, but — also as usual — she had said the wrong thing, and everybody — including the countess, who regarded this attachment as standing in the way of a good marriage for her son — colored and looked awkward. At this instant, however, Denissov came into the room in his new uniform, oiled, scented and curled as if he were going forth to battle; and his unwonted gallantry to the ladies greatly amazed Rostow.

Nicolas Rostow on his return from the army, was welcomed as a hero by his family; by his distant relations, as a young man of elegance and distinction; by his acquaintance as a dashing young hussar, a capital dancer, and one of the first “eligibles” of Moscow.

All Moscow visited the Rostows. The count, having renewed the mortgage on his estates, was quite flush of money this year; and Nicolas, having acquired a splendid horse, carried his dandyism to the point of wearing a pair of trousers such as had not yet been seen in the town, and fashionable boots with pointed toes and little silver spurs. He spent his time, much

to his satisfaction, with that sense of recovered ease which comes to us so keenly when we have for some time been deprived of it. He had grown, and was now a man in his own eyes; the memories of his despair when he failed in his examination on the catechism, of the money he had borrowed from Gavriilo, the *istvostohik*, of the kisses he had given Sonia in secret — these were all puerilities lost in a remote past. Now, he was a lieutenant of hussars, with a silver-embroidered jacket and the cross of St. George on his breast; he had a fine trotter which he backed for amateur racing in the company of other well-known connoisseurs, older than himself and highly respectable; he had struck up an acquaintance with a lady living on the Boulevard, with whom he spent his evenings; he led the mazourka at Arkharows' balls, talked of war with field-marshal Kamenski, dined at the English club and called a colonel of forty "thou" — a friend of Denissow's.

As he had not seen the Czar for a long time, the passion he had felt for him had cooled a little; still, he liked to talk about him, and give an impression that his loyalty was based on a feeling quite unknown to ordinary mortals, while he heartily shared the devotion which all Moscow felt for the adored sovereign, to whom they had given the name of the "Angel on Earth."

During his short stay at home Nicolas had grown apart from Sonia rather than closer to her, in spite of her beauty and charms, and her passion for him, which

seemed to radiate from her. He was going through a phase of youth when every minute is so filled up that a young man has no time to think of love. He was afraid of pledging himself; he was jealous of the independence which alone entitled him to live as he pleased, and as he looked at Sonia he said to himself: "I shall find plenty more like her, plenty whom I have not yet seen! I shall have time enough to fall in love and think of such things by-and-bye." His manliness scorned to live among the women of his family circle, and he affected a great dislike to balls and general society; but races, the English club, and so forth, were quite another matter; that was what suited the handsome young hussar.

/ At the beginning of March the old count was very busy with the arrangements for a dinner to be given at the English club to Prince Bagration. He was walking up and down his big drawing-room, and giving his orders to Phéoctiste, the famous steward of the club, urging him to order ample supplies of early vegetables, of fine fresh fish, the best white veal, asparagus, cucumbers, strawberries! . . . The count had been on the committee from the foundation of the club. No one knew better than he did how to organize a banquet on a grand scale, all the more because he was always ready to pay any excess of expense out of his own pocket. The steward and the head cook listened to his instructions with evident satisfaction, knowing by experience the profits that would accrue to them out of a dinner costing several thousand roubles.

"Now do not forget the cock's combs in the turtle soup."

"Then we must have three cold dishes?" asked the cook.

"I do not see how we can do with less," said the count, after a short pause.

"And we are to buy the large sturgeon?" asked the steward.

"Certainly. What can we do if they will not reduce the price . . . Dear me, dear me! I had forgotten that we must have another entrée! Where is my head?"

"And where am I to get flowers?"

"Mitenka, Mitenka," called the count to his own steward. "Go at once and tell the gardener to set all hands to work to send up everything in the houses. We must have two hundred orange-shrubs by Friday. Tell him to pack them carefully and cover them with felt."

Having finished all his arrangements he was about to withdraw to his "little countess's" room and rest a while, but remembering a number of details he had forgotten he sent for the steward and the cook once more and repeated his instructions. Just then the door opened, and Nicolas came in with a light confident step, his spurs jingling as he walked. The happy results of an easy, jolly life were visible in his blooming complexion.

"My dear boy, I am half-distracted," said the old man, a little ashamed of his important occupations.

"Come and help me. We must have the singers of the regiment, and there will be an orchestra . . . how, as to Gypsy musicians, what do you say? You military like them?"

"My dear father, I would bet anything that Prince Bagration himself, when he was preparing for the battle of Schöngraben was not in such a fuss as you are in to-day."

"Do you try to do it, I advise you!" exclaimed the old count, pretending to be angry; then turning to the steward who was eyeing them with good-humored amusement: "This is the way with the young ones, Phéoctiste: always laughing at us old fellows."

"Very true, Excellency; they only ask for good food and good liquor; as to how it is found or served, that is all the same to them."

"That's it, that's it!" cried the count, grasping both his son's hands. "Now, I have got you, you rascal, and you are going to do me the favor to take my sleigh and a pair of horses, and go to ask Bésoukhow to spare me some strawberries and pineapples. He is the only man who has any. If he is away ask the Princesses. Then go on to Rasgoulai; Ipatka, the coachman, knows the way. There you will find Illiouchka, the Gypsy — the man who danced at Count Orlov's in a white jacket — bring him back with you."

"And the girls, too?" said Nicolas, laughing.

"Come, come!" said his father.

The count had got thus far with his instructions, when Anna Mikhaïlovna, who had come in with her

usual cat-like step, suddenly appeared at his elbow, with the expression she always wore — a mixture of the busybody and the hypocritical humble Christian. The count, thus discovered in his dressing-gown, though it was a daily incident, poured forth his apologies.

“It is of no importance, dear Count,” said she, gently closing her eyes. “With regard to your commission — I will undertake it. Young Bésoukhow has just arrived in Moscow, and we will get him to give us whatever you want. I have to see him. He has sent me a letter from Boris, who, thank God! is now on the staff.”

The count, delighted at her obliging offer, ordered the horses to be put in.

“And tell him to come; I will put his name down. Is his wife with him?”

Anna Mikhaïlovna turned up her eyes with an expression of deep suffering.

“Indeed, my dear friend, he is in great trouble; if all I hear is true, it is a terrible business. But who could have foreseen it? And he is such a noble generous soul! I pity him with all my heart, and will do all I can, humanly speaking, to comfort him.”

“Why, what has happened?” asked father and son in a breath.

“But do you not know? Dologhow, Marie Ivanovna’s son —” said the lady with a sigh, and speaking in an undertone; she half swallowed her words as if she were afraid of compromising herself. “Well, it is

he who was so kind to him, who invited him to his house at St. Petersburg — and now she has come here with that wrong-head at her heels, and poor Pierre is heart-broken they say.”

Notwithstanding her wish to display her pity for Bésoukhov, Anna Mikhaïlovna's accent and meaning smiles revealed a stronger interest perhaps in the “wrong-head,” as she called Dologhov.

“That is all very well, but he must come to the club-dinner; it will occupy his mind. It will be a colossal banquet.”

On the 3d of March, at two in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty members of the club and fifty others met to entertain their illustrious guest, Prince Bagration, the hero of the campaign in Austria.

The news of the defeat of Austerlitz had confounded Moscow. Till then, victory had so faithfully attended the Russians that the report was not believed, and everyone tried to find some extraordinary cause for it. When, in the course of the month of December, the fact was established beyond dispute, it became an understood thing at the English club — which was a rendezvous for all the aristocracy of the city and the best-informed officials — that no allusion was ever to be made to the war or to the last battle. The most influential men, who were apt to give the key of the conversation — Count Rostopchine, Prince Youry Vladimirovitch Dolgoroukow, Valouïew, Count Markow, Prince Viazemsky — never came to the club, but met privately; and the rest of the world who, like Count

Rostow, expressed only other people's views, had remained for some time without a guide or any accurate data of the progress of the war. Feeling instinctively that the news was bad, and that it was difficult to get it with any exactness, they kept a prudent silence, till the big-wigs, like a jury returning to pronounce their verdict, came back to the club and gave their opinion ; to them everything now was as clear as day, and they promptly discovered a thousand and one reasons to account for so incredible, so impossible a catastrophe as the defeat of Russian troops. Thenceforth, in every corner of Moscow nothing else was discussed : the bad supplies of food, the treachery of Austria, of Prsczebi-chevsky the Pole, of Langeron the Frenchman, Kou-touzow's incapacity, and (in quite a whisper) the Czar's youth, inexperience and misplaced confidence. On the other hand, the army had achieved prodigies of valor, on that point all agreed ; privates, officers and generals, all had fought like heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagration who had covered himself with glory at Schöngraben and at Austerlitz, where he alone had succeeded in keeping his division in good order, while he retreated, fighting every inch of ground, from an enemy twice as strong as himself. The fact that he had no relations at Moscow, where he was a stranger, had greatly facilitated his promotion as a hero. He was hailed as a soldier of fortune, devoid of interest and unaided by intrigues, whose sole aim was to do battle for his country, and whose name was already remembered in connection with memories of the cam-

paign in Italy, and of Souvorow. The ill-will and disapprobation which were loaded on Koutouzow were all the more marked by contrast with the honors done to Bagration—the man “who if he had not existed would have had to be invented,” said Schinchine spitefully, in parody of Voltaire. Koutouzow was only mentioned to be abused, and called a court time-server and an old Satyr.

Dolgoroukow's witticism: “If you hammer iron long enough you become a blacksmith” was in everybody's mouth; it was a consolation for this defeat to remember former victories; and Rostopchine's aphorisms were no less popular: “The French soldier,” he said, “must be stirred up to fight by high-sounding phrases; the German must be convinced by argument that it is safer to fight than to fly; but as to the Russian, you have to hold him back and entreat him to keep quiet.”

Every day some new feats of courage transpired on the part of the Russian troops at Austerlitz: Such a one had killed five Frenchmen, such another had spiked five guns. Berg was not forgotten, and even men who did not know him told how, after being wounded in the right hand, he held his sword in his left and marched bravely forward. As to Bolkonsky, no one spoke of him; only his relations bewailed his early death and pitied his poor little wife and his queer old father.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the 3d of March a hum of voices, like a swarm of early bees, buzzed in all the rooms of the English club. The members and their guests, some in uniform and some in morning coats, some even in full-dress in the French fashion, were coming and going, sitting, rising, and talking in eager groups. The powdered footmen in silk stockings and knee-breeches stood two and two by the door, ready for duty. The larger number of the company were men of advancing years, respectable and contented-looking, with heavy figures and a confident manner and voice. This class of members had their own accustomed places reserved for them, and formed a little knot of intimates. The minority consisted of guests chosen rather hap-hazard, most of them young, and among them Nesvitsky, an old member of the club, Denissow, Rostow, Dolohow, who was now an officer in the Séménovsky regiment, and several more. This youthful party gave themselves airs of slightly contemptuous deference to the elder generation, and seemed to imply: "We are very ready to respect you, but the future is ours, remember."

Pierre, who to oblige his wife had let his hair grow, left off wearing spectacles, and taken to dressing in the latest fashion, aired his melancholy and ennui first in

one room and then in another. Here, as everywhere, he was surrounded by men who worshipped him as a Golden Calf, but he was used to this incense and treated it with scornful indifference. In years he belonged to the youthful faction, but his fortune and position gave him a place among the senior and more influential men, and he joined them all in turn.

The conversation of the more distinguished elders — Rostopchine, Valouïew and Narischkine—attracted the attention of many more or less conspicuous members of the club, who stood round them listening devoutly. Rostopchine was narrating how the Russians, being driven back by the Austrian fugitives, had to force their way through at the point of the bayonet; Valouïew was telling his neighbors, under seal of secrecy, that Ouvarow's mission to Moscow was solely to learn the feeling of the Moscovites as to the battle of Austerlitz; and Narischkine was repeating an old story of Souvorow, who, at an Austrian Council of War, had begun to crow like a cock in contempt of the utter ineptitude of the members of it. Schinchine, who always tried to find an opportunity for some ill-natured jest, added sadly that Koutouzow had not succeeded in learning from Souvorow even how to crow like a cock. But the stern eyes of the seniors showed that it was not the thing to speak thus of Koutouzow on the present occasion.

Count Rostow bustled backwards and forwards between the dining-room and the drawing-room in constant anxiety, bowing with his usual good-humor to great

and small alike, looking round now and then for the fine young fellow who was his son, and winking and blinking at him gaily. Nicolas stood by the window, talking to Dologhow, whose acquaintance he had lately made, and to whom he had taken a fancy. The old count came up to shake hands with Dologhow :

“You will come to see us, I hope — since you are acquainted with this warrior; you were a pair of heroes down there Ah! Vassili Ignatieitch, how are you, old friend”

But he had not time to finish his sentence, for a breathless and excited servant announced: “He is come!”

A bell on the staircase rang loudly, the committee rushed down, and all the club members, scattered in various corners like wheat in the winnowing, came together in a group and stood at the door of the great drawing-room. Bagration came in; he had left his sword and cocked hat in the vestibule in accordance with the custom of the club. He wore a perfectly new uniform covered with Russian and foreign orders, the cross of St. George on his breast; this was not as Rostow had seen him at Austerlitz, in his fur cap and with a Cossack's heavy whip through his belt. He had even had his hair and whiskers cut a little, and this did not improve him. His smartened appearance, which did not suit his strongly-marked features, gave a rather comical look to his face. Béklechow and Fédor Pétrovitch Ouvarow, came in at the same time, but they

stopped at the doorway to allow the more illustrious guest to pass first; he, abashed by their politeness, paused, and after exchanging a few civil phrases made up his mind to go on. The awkwardness of his gait and the way in which he slipped on the polished floor were enough to show that he was far more accustomed to tramp across a ploughed field under a hail of bullets, as he had done at Schöngraben at the head of the Koursk regiment.

The committee who had gone forward to meet him expressed, in a few words, their pleasure in welcoming him, and without waiting for his answer, gathered round him and seized on him to lead him into the drawing-room. But the crowd in the doorway made it almost impossible to get in; every one was trying to see Bagration over his neighbor's shoulder, as if he had been some strange beast. Count Rostow, pushing with his elbows and saying: "Allow me, my dear fellow — pray make room," made way for the new-comer to reach the grand divan, where at length he found a seat. The big-wigs of the club formed a circle round him while the old count slipped out of the room and returned in a few minutes, in company with the rest of the committee, to present to Bagration an ode composed in his honor and laid on an immense silver salver.

At the sight of this salver Bagration looked about him uneasily, as if looking for some invisible rescue; however, submitting to the inevitable, and feeling himself at the mercy of all these eyes centred on him, he

took the tray in both hands, not without casting a reproachful glance at the count, who held it out to him with extreme deference. Happily a member of the club came to his assistance and politely relieved him of the salver, which he seemed to think he could not relinquish, recommending the verses to his attention.

"Well, if I must!" he seemed to express, as he took the scroll; then, looking down at it with his sleepy eyes, he began to read it with a look of grave concentration.

But the author of the verses proposed to read them aloud, and Prince Bagration, resigned to his fate, bent his head and listened.

"Be thou the pride of Alexander's reign,
Be thou the buckler of our Sovereign's throne,
As worthy as a man, as thou art brave!
Be thou the bulwark of our native land,
Since thou art Cæsar in the battle-field.
The deed is done! Triumphant Bonaparte
Has learnt ere now what man Bagration is,
And will no more defy great Russia's sons."

He had got no further when the steward announced in stentorian tones:

"Dinner is served."

The doors were thrown open and from the dining-room came the sound of music; the band was playing the famous Polonaise: "Loud may the thunder of Victory roll, Long may brave Russia rejoice!"

Count Rostow, out of all patience with the blundering hapless author, went up to Bagration with a low

bow, and as, at the moment, dinner was more interesting than poetry, every one rose, and Bagration led the way into the dining-room. He filled the place of honor between Beklechow and Narischkine, both of whom happened to be named Alexander, so this was intended as a delicate allusion to the Czar's name. Three hundred persons sat down at the long table in order of their rank and dignities, the most important nearest to the guest of honor. A little while before dinner Count Rostow had brought up his son to introduce to the prince, and had looked about him with proud satisfaction while Bagration, who recognized Nicolas, stammered out a few inarticulate words.

Denissow, Rostow, and Dologhow were placed about the middle of the table, and opposite to Pierre and Nesvitsky. The old count, facing Bagration, did the honors with the rest of the committee as representing the genial hospitality of the city of Moscow. The pains he had taken were crowned with success. Still, though the two dinners (as they were in fact; one *gras*, of meat, and one *maigre*, of fish, for those who chose to fast) were both served to perfection, to the very end he could not get over an involuntary anxiety, which expressed itself in a sign to the butler or a whispered word to the servant who stood behind him. He colored with modest pride at the sight of the enormous sturgeon, and no sooner was it brought in than bottles were uncorked all along the line and champagne flowed in rivers. When the excitement caused by the big fish had somewhat subsided, Count Ilia Andréié-

vitch consulted with his colleagues: "It is high time to propose our first toast," he said. "There are a great many to follow" And he rose, glass in hand. Every one was silent.

"To the health of his Majesty the Czar!" he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with tears of joy and enthusiasm, and the orchestra sounded a flourish of triumph.

They got up, they shouted hurrah, and Bagration responded with a cheer as loud as that he had given at Schönggraben, while Rostow's voice was audible above those of the three hundred other guests. Agitated to the verge of tears, he went on repeating: "His Majesty the Czar!" and after emptying his glass at a gulp, he flung it behind him on the floor. Several others did the same, and cheers rang out once more. When silence at last was restored the servants swept up the broken glass, and every one sat down again, quite pleased with himself for making so much noise. Then the count, glancing at a list that lay by his plate, rose once more and proposed the health "of the hero of our last campaign, Prince Pierre Ivanovitch Bagration." Again emotional tears were in his eyes and again a cheer from three hundred voices answered his toast; but, instead of the orchestra, a chorus of singers struck up a song composed by Paul Ivanovitch Koutouzow:

"The Russian fears no obstacle,
For conquest crowns his bravery.
Bagration leads the foremost van,
And foes shall cringe in slavery."

And no sooner was this ended than the litany of toasts began again. The count was constantly moved to tears; more and more glasses and plates were broken, and every one shouted till he was hoarse. They had drunk the health of Beklechow, Narischkine, Ouharow, Dolgoroukow, Apraxine, Valouïew — of the committee, the club members, and the guests; and at length the health was proposed of Count Ilia Andréïévitch, himself the responsible organizer of the dinner; but at the first words he was overcome by his emotion, and pulling out his handkerchief, he hid his face and melted into a flood of tears.

Pierre eat and drank a great deal with his usual avidity. But he was silent, gloomy, and downcast, and looked about him with a wandering gaze, not seeming to hear anything that was going on around him. Seeing him so absent-minded, his friends easily understood that he was absorbed in considering some crushing and unanswerable question. This question, which tortured his heart and his mind, arose from the hints thrown out by his cousin, Princess Catherine, with reference to the intimacy between Dologhow and his wife.

That very morning he had received an anonymous letter, written in the vein of coarse mockery which is common to such letters, in which he was told that his spectacles were of very little use to him, since his wife's connection with Dologhow was no longer a secret to any one but himself. He had not believed in the letter, nor in his cousin's insinuations; still, the sight of Dologhow sitting opposite to him at table, made him

singularly uncomfortable. Every time those fine audacious eyes met his own, Pierre felt a horrible, monstrous thrill of revulsion, and turned away hastily. Remembering certain rumors as to Helen's early life and her familiarity with Dologhow, he admitted that, if she had not been his wife, there might have been some truth in the anonymous letter. He involuntarily remembered Dologhow's first visit to his house, and how, in remembrance of their past follies, he had lent him money; how he had invited him to stay in his house, and Helen, with that everlasting smile had spoken of the arrangement as a bore; and then how Dologhow, who was always singing the praises of his wife's beauty in a cynical key, had never stirred an inch since.

"And he is very handsome, no doubt," said Pierre to himself. "And I know that it would give him particular pleasure to dishonor me and play me a foul trick on account of my having done him so many services; I quite understand how smart he would think it to betray me in that way—but I do not believe it, I have no right to believe it of him."

Dologhow's evil expression had often struck him, as it had done on the occasion of his flinging the bear and the police officer into the river; and on others, when, without any cause, he would insult a man, or when he had once shot an *isvostchik's* horse dead; and now, whenever their eyes met, he read the same look in them.

"Yes, he is a bully; he does not care a straw about killing a man; he flatters himself that every one is afraid of him—I most of all; and that must be a

pleasure to him It is true, too! — I am afraid of him." Thus thought Pierre, while Nicolas was chatting gaily with his two friends, Denissow and Dologhow — one an honest hussar and the other an undisguised blackguard. This noisy trio formed a strange contrast to Pierre — burly, grave and preoccupied; nor had Rostow any prejudice in his favor: In the first place he was a civilian and a millionaire, the husband of a fashionable beauty, and a milksop — three unpardonable crimes in the young hussar's eyes: in the second place, Pierre, lost in thought, had not returned his bow; and when the Czar's health was drunk Pierre, in utter absence of mind, had remained sitting.

"You!" Rostow shouted to him. "I say, are you deaf? To the Czar's health!" Pierre sighed, rose resignedly, emptied his glass, and then, when they were all seated again, he said to Nicolas with his honest pleasant smile: "Dear me! I declare I did not recognize you!"

Rostow, who was cracking his throat with cheering, did not hear.

"Do you not mean to renew the acquaintance?" said Dologhow.

"Bless the man for a gaby!" said Rostow.

"You should always be civil to a pretty woman's husband," observed Denissow in a low voice.

Pierre guessed they must be talking of him; he could not hear what they were saying, but he looked away and colored.

"Now let us drink to the health of all pretty

women," said Dologhow, half-seriously but half-smiling. "Pétroucha — to the health of all pretty women, and their lovers!"

Pierre did not raise his eyes; he drank without answering or even looking at Dologhow. At this moment the man-servant who was handing round copies of the words of the chorus offered one to Pierre as being one of the leading members of the club. He was about to take it when Dologhow leaned across the table and snatched it away. Pierre suddenly raised his head, and carried away by an irresistible spasm of anger, he said as loud as he could:

"I forbid you!"

At these words, and seeing to whom they were addressed, Nesvitsky and the man on his right were alarmed; they tried to soothe Bésoukhov, while Dologhow, fixing on his face a pair of eyes as bright and as cold as steel, said to him with deliberate emphasis: "I shall keep it."

Pierre turned pale and snatched it from his hand, saying with a quivering lip: "You are a blackguard — you will answer to me for this!" He rose from table, and it flashed upon him suddenly that the question of his wife's guilt — the question which had been maddening him for the past twenty-four hours — was settled beyond a doubt. At this moment he hated her, and felt that the breach between them could never be healed.

In spite of Denissow's remonstrances Rostow agreed to be Dologhow's second, and when dinner was over

he discussed the arrangements for the duel with Nesvitsky, who was Pierre's second. Pierre went home, while Rostow, Dologhow, and Denissow staid at the club till a late hour, listening to the Gypsies and the singers of the regiment.

"To-morrow, then, at Sokolniki," said Dologhow, as he parted from Rostow on the steps.

"And you are quite cool?" said Nicolas.

"Look here," said Dologhow, "I will tell you the secret in two words: If, on the eve of a duel, you set to work to make your will and write pathetic letters to your relations, above all if you think of the probability that you may be killed, you are a simpleton, a doomed man. If, on the contrary, it is your firm intention to kill your adversary, and to do it as quickly as possible, everything goes on wheels. What did our bear-hunter say to me the other day? 'How can you help being afraid of a bear?' said he. 'And yet, when you see him the only thing you are afraid of is that he will escape.'— Well, my dear fellow, this is the very same thing.— Good-bye till to-morrow."

Next morning, at eight o'clock, when Pierre and Nesvitsky reached the wood of Sokolniki, they found Dologhow, Denissow, and Rostow already on the ground. Pierre seemed to be absolutely indifferent to the impending event. His weary face showed that he had not slept all night, and his eyes involuntarily shrank from a full light. In fact two questions wholly filled his mind: his wife's guilt—of which he no longer had a doubt, and Dologhow's innocence—

since he recognized his right to be indifferent to the feelings of a man who, after all, was but a stranger: "Perhaps," thought he, "I might have done the same — yes, no doubt I should have done the same! . . . but then this duel is sheer murder? Either I shall kill him or he will send a bullet through my head — or my elbow, foot, knee . . . Cannot I hide myself and escape somewhere?" And even while he was thinking this, he was asking, with a coolness which commanded the respect of the bystanders: "Shall we soon be ready?"

Nesvitsky stuck two swords into the snow, marked out the spot where each was to stand and loaded the pistols; then he went up to Pierre:

"I should fail in my duty, Count," and he spoke timidly, "I should be unworthy of the confidence you have shown me and the honor you have done me in choosing me for your second, if at this solemn moment I did not tell you the whole truth . . . I do not think that the ground of quarrel is serious enough to justify bloodshed. — You were in the wrong, for you were in a passion . . ."

"Yes, it was very foolish," said Pierre.

"Well then, allow me to be the bearer of your apologies, and I am sure our opponents will accept them," said Nesvitsky, who, like all men who get entangled in an affair of honor, had not taken the meeting seriously till the last moment. "It is more dignified, Count, to acknowledge an error than to commit

an irreparable wrong. There was no serious harm done on either side. Allow me”

“Waste of words!” said Pierre. “It matters not to me You need only tell me where I am to stand and when I am to fire.”

He took the pistol and, never having held one in his life before and not caring to confess it, he asked his second how he was to press the trigger: “To be sure — like that — I had forgotten.”

“No apology — none; that is positive,” said Dologhow to Rostow, who on his part had tried to effect a reconciliation.

The spot selected was a little clearing in a pine-wood, covered with half-melted snow, and about 80 yards distant from the road where they had left their sleighs. All the way from where the seconds were standing to where the two swords were stuck in the ground to mark the limit to which the combatants might advance, Nesvitsky and Rostow had trampled the soft, deep snow, in measuring off the forty paces from which they were to start. It was thawing and heavy mists veiled everything beyond. Though all had been ready some three minutes, no one had given the signal: no one spoke.

“Well, let us begin!” cried Dologhow.

“Very well,” said Pierre smiling.

The situation was really frightful. The quarrel, so trivial in its beginning, could not now be stopped. It was going its deadly way, irrespective of human vo-

lition ; it must go on to the end. Denissov went forward to the limiting point.

"The adversaries having positively refused to come to any agreement," he said, "we may proceed. Each take his pistol. At the word 'three' advance and fire."

"One — two — three —" spoke Denissov in a hollow voice, and he stood back. The antagonists went forward on the trodden path, each seeing his opponent's figure gradually emerge from the fog. They had the option of firing if they chose before stopping at the line. Dologhow walked forward coolly and without raising his weapon ; his blue eyes glittered and were fixed on Pierre ; there was something like a smile on his lips.

At the word "three," Pierre started quickly ; he got off the track and into the snow. He held the pistol at arm's length in front of him for fear of wounding himself, and tried to prop up his right arm with his left hand which he had instinctively put behind his back, though he realized how useless it was ; a few steps more brought him back into the trodden line, he looked down at his feet — then, glancing up at Dologhow, he fired. The recoil was so much stronger than he expected that he staggered, stood still, and smiled at the novelty of the experience. The smoke, which was made heavy by the fog, at first prevented his seeing anything, and he stood, vainly waiting for the return shot, when he heard hasty steps, and through the smoke he made out Dologhow, pressing one hand to his left side while the other convulsively clutched his

pistol, though he did not raise it. Rostow had hurried to his side.

"No" hissed Dologhow between his teeth. "No, no — this is not the end" He tottered forward a few steps and fell on the snow, close to one of the swords. His left hand was covered with blood; he wiped it on his uniform and leaned upon it; his pale, sinister face quivered with a nervous spasm.

"I beg" he began, and went on with difficulty: "Pray"

Pierre, choking with a sob, was going towards him when he cried out. "Go — keep the distance!"

Pierre understood and stood still. They were now only ten paces apart.

Dologhow buried his head in the snow filling his mouth with it; then sitting up he tried to recover his balance while he still sucked and swallowed the frozen snow. His lips trembled, but his eyes shone with the light of hatred; collecting all his strength for a final effort, he raised his weapon and slowly took aim.

"Don't expose yourself — stand sideways!" cried Nesvitsky.

"Don't face him!" even Denissow shouted in spite of himself, though he was Dologhow's second.

Pierre, with a pathetic smile of pity and regret, had remained defenceless, and his broad chest was a good mark for Dologhow's fire, while he stood looking sadly at his adversary. The three seconds shut their eyes; Dologhow fired, and then, with a furious howl of "missed!" he fell face downwards.

Pierre clutched his head in his hands, and turning on his heel, walked away among the trees, striding along.

"What folly! What folly!" he said to himself. "Dead? Is not he?"

Nesvitsky followed him and took him home.

Rostow and Denissow took charge of Dologhow, who was badly wounded. They laid him at full length in a sleigh and he did not move; his eyes were shut and he answered none of their questions. No sooner, however, had they got into the town than he recovered himself, and lifting his head with great difficulty, he took Rostow's hand; Rostow was struck by the complete change in the expression of his face: it was softened and mournful.

"How are you feeling?"

"Badly.— But that is not the point. My dear boy," he went on in broken sentences, "where are we? In Moscow? I thought so . . . Listen . . . I have killed her—she will never bear it—never live through it."

"Who; what do you mean?" asked Rostow in surprise.

"My mother, my dear, dear mother," and Dologhow broke into sobs. He explained to Rostow that he lived with his mother, and that if she were to see him dying she would die too, of grief; so he implored Rostow to go to break it to her. This Rostow at once did, and so learnt that this rascal, this bully, lived with his old mother and a humpbacked sister, and was the tenderest of sons and kindest of brothers.

Pierre's tête-a-tête meetings with his wife had become rarer and rarer, particularly during the last few weeks. At Moscow, as at St. Petersburg, their house was full of company from morning till night. The night after the duel, instead of joining his wife he retired to his father's study — as indeed he often did — the very room where the old count had died. Throwing himself on the sofa he tried to sleep and forget all that had happened; but such a storm of feelings and recollections tossed his soul, that not only could he not sleep, but he could not even lie still. He got up and walked about the room with a short, angry step, thinking sometimes of the early days of their married life, of her beautiful shoulders, her languishing, passionate gaze; sometimes he pictured Dolohow standing by her side, handsome and impudent, with his diabolical smile, just as he had seen him at the club dinner; sometimes he saw him pale and shivering, undone and sinking on the snow.

“But after all I have killed her lover — yes, my wife's lover! How could such a thing come about?” — “It came of your marrying her,” said an inward voice. — “But how was I to blame?” — “You were to blame for marrying her without loving her,” the voice went on. “And you cheated her by wilfully blinding yourself.” — And the moment when he said with so much effort: “I love you,” came back vividly to his mind. “Yes, that is where I was wrong. I felt at the time that I had no right to say it.” He colored as he recalled the days of his honeymoon.

"And yet," he thought, "how often I have felt proud of her, of her admirable tact, of our handsome home where she received all the town; proud above all of her majestic and supreme beauty. I fancied I did not appreciate her, and wondered why I did not love her. As I studied her character I thought it was my own fault that I did not understand that total impassivity, that absence of all interest, all wifely feeling — and now I know the dreadful answer to the riddle . . . She is a depraved woman.

"When Anatole wanted to borrow money of her and kissed her shoulders, she would not lend him the money, but she let him kiss her. When her father tried in jest to make her jealous, she replied with her calm smile that 'she was not such a fool as to be jealous. He may do just what he likes,' she said of me. Nay, did she not say she did not want to have any children, much less to be the mother of mine."

All the coarseness of her mind, the vulgarity of her familiar expressions, in spite of her aristocratic education, recurred to his mind: "No — I never loved her! — And now, here is Dolohov lying in the snow, trying to smile, dying perhaps, and mocking my repentance with affected bravado."

Pierre was one of those men who, in spite of a weak nature, never want a confidant in their troubles. He fought them down in silence.

"I am guilty — and what is it I am to bear? The disgrace to my name, the misery of my life? All that is nonsense. Name and honor are mere conventional

phrases; my real self is independent of them.— Louis XVI. was decapitated because he was guilty, and his executioners were quite as much in the right as those who, after calling him a saint, died for him as martyrs. Was not Robespierre guillotined, too, for being a despot? Who was right, and who was wrong? Neither.— Live while you live: to-morrow, perhaps, you may die—as I might have died a few hours since. Why torment yourself, when you reflect what life is, after all, as compared with eternity?”

And then, when he fancied he had argued himself into indifference, she again rose before him, and the wild fever of his transient passion; he paced the room once more, smashing everything that came under his hand, till, for the tenth time, he asked himself why he had said: “I love you?” And he caught himself smiling as Molière’s phrase occurred to him: “*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*”

It was not yet daylight when he rang for his man and ordered him to pack for his departure. Feeling it impossible to have anything more to say to his wife, he was going back to St. Petersburg, and he meant to leave a letter to her, announcing his intention of living apart from her henceforth and for ever. A few hours later, when the man came in with his coffee, he found him lying on the sofa, a book in his hand, but fast asleep. He woke with a start and could not at first remember why he was here.

“The countess wishes to know if your Excellency is at home?”

Pierre had not time to reply when the countess came into the room, in a loose gown of white satin embroidered in silver, and with the two heavy plaits of her hair bound round her beautiful head — as calm and imposing as ever, though on her marble forehead — a slightly prominent forehead — a deep line of fury was visible. She contained herself till the servant had left the room, though she stood in front of her husband and her lips parted in a contemptuous smile. She knew all the history of the duel and had come to speak of it. Pierre timidly glanced up at her over his spectacles, and pretended to take up his book again, as a hare at bay lays back its ears and remains motionless, face to face with the foe.

“What now? What have you been doing — I ask you?” she said severely as the door closed after the man.

“How . . . I . . . ?” said Pierre.

“What is the meaning of this fit of valor? What is the history of this duel? Come, answer.”

Pierre turned heavily on the sofa; he opened his mouth, but found nothing to say.

“Well, I can answer then.— You believe everything you hear, and you have been told that Dologhow is my lover,” — and she said “*amant*,” in French, with her habitual cynical precision, in as matter-of-course a way as she might have said anything else “You believed it! And what have you proved by fighting him? That you are a fool, an idiot — though for that matter all the world knew it.— And what is the conse-

quence? That I shall be the laughing-stock of all Moscow. Everyone will say that you were drunk, that you called out a man of whom you were jealous without cause — a man who is immeasurably your superior in every way. . . .” And as she talked her voice rose with her excitement.

Pierre did not stir; he murmured a few inaudible words without looking up.

“And why did you believe that he was my lover? Because I found his society pleasant? Well, if you had been less stupid and more agreeable I should have preferred yours.”

“Do not talk to me — I entreat you,” said Pierre hoarsely.

“Why not? I have a right to talk to you, for I can boldly declare that the woman who with a husband like you has not a lover is a wonderful exception — and I have none.”

Pierre scowled at her with a dark look which she did not understand, and flung himself back on the couch. He was in physical pain; his chest labored, he could scarcely breathe . . . he could put an end to this torment he knew, but he knew, too, that what he wanted to do was horrible.

“We had better part,” he said in a choked voice.

“Part! — By all means,” said Helen. “on condition that you give me enough money.”

Pierre sprang to his feet and flew at her.

“I shall kill you!” he cried. He seized a piece of marble that was lying on the table, brandishing it with

a degree of strength that he felt was appalling. Her face was terrible to see; she yelled like some wild beast, and shrank back. Pierre was rapt, drunk with rage. He flung the marble on the floor, and following her up with outstretched arms:

“Go!” he said, in a thundering tone that sent terror through the house. God knows what he would have done at that moment if Helen had not fled.

A week after Pierre left for St. Petersburg, after making over to his wife the entire control over all his property in Greater Russia, which amounted to quite half of his fortune.

CHAPTER XIV.

ABOUT two months had gone by since the news of the battle of Austerlitz had reached Lissy-Gory, and since Prince André had disappeared; in spite of letters to ambassadors, and of every enquiry, his body had not been found, and his name was not on any list of prisoners. The most painful alternative for his family was to think that he might have been picked up on the field by some of the country-people, and be ill or dying, alone among strangers, and unable to send them any token of his existence. The newspapers, from which the old prince had first learnt the defeat of Austerlitz,

simply stated in brief and vague terms that the Russians, after a brave struggle, had been forced to retreat and had accomplished it in good order. From the official bulletin, however, the prince could plainly infer that the defeat had been complete. Ten days later a letter from Koutouzow announced the mysterious disappearance of his son :

“Your son,” he wrote, “fell like a hero in the front of the regiment, grasping the standard — worthy of his father and his country. He is universally lamented, and to this hour no one knows whether he is numbered with the dead or the living. All hope is not, however, lost, for if he were dead, his name would have been inserted in the lists of officers found dead on the field, which have been sent to me under flag of truce.”

It was very late one evening when this letter reached the old prince, and next morning he went out as usual to take his walk ; but he was gloomy and morose, and did not speak a word to his man of business, his builder or his gardener.

When Marie went into his room she found him busy at his lathe, but he did not look round as usual.

“Ah! Princess Marie!” he said suddenly, with a push on the treadle. The wheel went on whirling from the impetus, and the whirr of this wheel as it died away remained associated in his daughter’s mind with the whole scene. She went up to him, and at the sight of his face an indescribable feeling clutched her heart ; her eyes grew dim. The old man’s features were pinched with an expression of vindictiveness rather than of sor-

row or dejection; they betrayed the violent struggle that was going on within him, and showed that a terrible grief was hanging over her head—the most terrible of all—one which she had not yet known: the irreparable loss of one of those she held dearest.

“Father! — André?” The poor girl, awkward and ungainly as she was, spoke the words with such a potent charm of self-devotion and sacrifice that the old man, under the influence of her gaze, gave a sob and turned away.

“Yes, I have had news.— He is nowhere to be found, neither among the prisoners nor among the dead. Koutouzow writes He is killed! —” he added suddenly in a piercing voice, as if to scare his daughter from him.

But the princess did not stir, she did not faint; she was pale, but her face seemed transfigured as he spoke and her fine eyes lighted up suddenly. It seemed as though an ineffable unction from above, independent of the joys and sorrows of earth, had fallen like a balm over the wound that had just been dealt them. Forgetting her habitual dread of her father, she took his hand, drew it to her, and kissed his dry, parchment cheek.

“Father,” she said, “do not turn away from me. Let us mourn him together.”

“Those wretches, those villains!” cried the prince, pushing her aside. “To lose an army, to lose such men! And what for? — Go and tell Lisa.” Princess

Marie dropped into an arm-chair and burst into tears. She could see her brother as she had seen him taking leave, when he had come to her and his wife: she could see his look — touched, but slightly disdainful — as she slipped the image round his neck. Had he learnt to believe? Had he repented of his scepticism? Was he now in the realms above, the Heaven of peace and bliss?

“Father,” she said, “how did it happen?”

“Why, why — he was killed in this battle, where the best men of Russia were led to the slaughter and Russian honor was sacrificed! Go, Princess Marie, go and tell Lisa.”

Marie went to her sister-in-law whom she found at work, and who looked up at her with a calm, self-contained happiness.

“Marie,” she said pushing away her embroidery-frame, “give me your hand.” Her eyes were bright and her lips parted in a childlike smile. Marie knelt down at her feet and hid her face in the skirt of her dress; she could not look up for she was crying.

“What is the matter, Marie dear?”

“Nothing — I was thinking of André, and that made me melancholy,” she said, wiping away her tears.

In the course of the day Princess Marie several times attempted to prepare her sister-in-law for the catastrophe, but each time she began to cry, and her tears, though Lisa could not understand them, alarmed her in spite of her unobservant nature. She asked nothing,

but fidgeted with anxiety, as if she were seeking for something close at hand. The old prince, of whom she was still afraid, came into her room before dinner; he looked vicious and agitated, but he went out again without speaking. Lisa looked at Marie and burst into sobs.

"Have you any news of André?" she asked.

"No, you know the thing is impossible; but my father is anxious, and I am frightened."

"There is nothing then?"

"Nothing," replied Princess Marie, looking at her frankly. She had decided, and had persuaded her father, to tell her nothing till after the birth of her child which was now imminent.

Father and daughter bore the heavy burthen each after a different fashion. Though the prince sent a messenger to Austria to seek some trace of his son he was convinced that André was dead, and had already ordered a monument to be made at Moscow and erected in the garden. He made no change in his habits of life, but his strength was failing him; he walked and eat less, slept less, and was visibly more feeble. Princess Marie did not abandon hope; she prayed for her brother as if he were alive and expected every hour to be told of his return.

"My dear Marie. . . ." said the little princess one morning, and her short upper lip curled up as it always

did, but with a saddened expression, for, since the day when the terrible news had reached them, the smiles, voices, the step even of every one about the house wore a tinge of grief and the little princess, half unconsciously, had yielded to the influence. . . . "My dear Marie, I am afraid my frushtique,* as Phoca the cook calls it, must have disagreed with me this morning."

"What is the matter, my dear little soul? You are pale, very pale. . . ." cried Marie hurrying towards her.

"Had we not better send for Marie Bogdanovna, Excellency?" said a maid-servant who happened to be present. Marie Bogdanovna was the midwife of the country town and had been living in the house at Lissy-Gory for the past fortnight.

"To be sure, you are right; perhaps it is that. I will go for her. — Be brave, my darling. . . ." Marie kissed her sister-in-law and was about to leave the room.

"No, no," cried Lisa whose white face betrayed not only physical suffering but a childish dread of the anguish she foresaw. "No — it is indigestion — say it is indigestion, Marie — say so. . . ." and she wrung her hands in despair, crying as a sick child cries in its impatience: "Oh dear — oh dear!"

Princess Marie hurried away to fetch the midwife whom she met in the passage.

"Marie Bogdanovna! It is beginning I think," she exclaimed, her eyes dilated with terror.

"Well, well. So much the better, Princess," said

* Frühstück, German for breakfast.

the woman, not hurrying herself, but rubbing her hands with the comfortable confidence of a person who knows her own value. — “You young ladies need know nothing about such things.”

“And the doctor is not come from Moscow!” said the princess, for in obedience to Prince André’s wish, and his wife’s, a doctor had been sent for.

“That does not matter. Do not worry yourself, Princess. We shall do very well without the doctor.”

Five minutes later Princess Marie heard some very heavy object being carried past her room; it was a leather couch out of Prince André’s room, which was being taken into the bedroom; and she noticed that even the men’s faces wore an unwonted look of softness and gravity. Princess Marie listened to the sounds in the house, opened her door and looked out anxiously at what was going on in the passage. Some women-servants were coming and going, and turned away when they saw her. Not daring to question them she withdrew into her bedroom where she first threw herself into an arm-chair with a prayer-book in her hand and then knelt down in front of the Holy Images; but to her surprise and distress she found that prayer was ineffectual to calm her agitation. Suddenly the door was thrown open and Princess Marie’s old nurse, with a large kerchief tied over her head, appeared on the threshold. Prascovia Savischna very seldom came to the princess’s rooms; it was against the prince’s orders.

“It is I, Machinka,” said the old woman with a

sigh. "I have brought their wedding tapers, my angel, to light in front of the Images."

"Oh! nurse I am glad of that."

"The Lord is merciful, my little dove" — and the old nurse lighted the tapers at the lamp in front of the Images; then she sat down by the door, and pulling a stocking out of her pocket she began to knit. Princess Marie took up a book and pretended to read, but at every step, at every sound, she looked up at her nurse in terrified enquiry and the old woman glanced at her reassuringly. The feeling which was agitating Marie was shared, indeed, by every inhabitant of this enormous house. It is an old superstition in Russia that the less notice is taken of the sufferings of a woman in labor, the less she feels them; so every one pretended ignorance. No one said a word about what was going forward; still, irrespective of the solemn and respectful manner which was habitual with the old prince's household, a certain tender anxiety was evident in all, and an intuitive sense that some great and mysterious event was about to take place.

There was not a sound of laughter in the part of the house where the waiting-women and girls lived; the men-servants and footmen sat silent and watchful in the anteroom. Not a soul could sleep in the houses on the estate; fires and lights were kept burning. The old prince was pacing his study, treading on his heels, and he sent Tikhone every two minutes to enquire of Marie Bogdanovna how matters were going on, saying each time:

"Say 'the prince sends to enquire'. . . . and come back and tell me."

"Tell the prince," said Marie Bogdanovna with emphasis, "that labor has begun."

"Very good," said the prince, shutting his door, and Tikhone heard not another sound in the study.

A few minutes later however he stole in under pretence of carrying in fresh candles, and he saw that the prince was lying on the sofa. At the sight of his anxious face the old servant shook his head, and going up to his master he kissed his shoulder; then he hastily quitted the room, forgetting the candles and his excuse.

The most solemn mystery on earth was in process of accomplishment.

Thus the evening passed slowly; night came on, and this feeling of agitated expectation, instead of diminishing, seemed to intensify every minute.

It was one of those nights in March when Winter seems to resume his empire and lets loose a last desperate onslaught of howling winds and squalls of snow. A relay of horses had been sent forward on the high-road for the German doctor, sent for to the little princess; and men with lanterns were posted at the turning to guide him safely past the ruts and holes of the road to Lissy-Gory.

Princess Marie had a prayer-book in her hand, but she had ceased to read it. She sat gazing at her old nurse, whose little shrivelled face, with a lock of grey hair straggling from under her head-kerchief, and a wrinkled double chin, was so familiar an object. The

old woman sat knitting and babbling of old-world gossip, of the Princess Marie's birth

A violent gust of wind shook the window frame; the ill-fitting French bolt sprang, and a sharp draught of icy, damp air fluttered the stuff curtains and blew the candle out. Princess Marie shuddered. The old nurse laid down her knitting and went to the window, leaning out to pull it to again.

"Princess, little mother," said she as she closed the window, "they are coming up the road with the lanterns. It must be the doctor."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Marie. "I must go to meet him; he does not understand Russian."

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, and as she passed through the anteroom she noticed that the carriage had already drawn up at the steps. She went forward on the landing; on one of the columns of the balustrade a candle was standing, guttering in the draught. On the landing below stood a man-servant, looking very much scared, with another candle in his hand; and lower still, at the turn of the stairs she heard the tread of heavy furred boots, and a well-known voice struck her ear:

"Thank God!" said the voice. "And my father?"

"The prince is in bed," replied Demiane, the house-steward.

"It is André!" said Princess Marie — and the steps came nearer. — "But it is impossible! It would be too extraordinary!"

At this moment Prince André, wrapped in a pelisse

with the collar white with snow, came into sight on the landing below It was certainly he, but pale, thin and altered, with an expression, very rare in him, of anxious and tender softness. He mounted the last steps and took his sister in his arms; she was speechless with emotion.

"And you have not had my letter?" he said, kissing her again, while the doctor, who had come the last stage with him in the carriage, went up-stairs.

"Marie, what a strange coincidence!" and pulling off his fur boots he went to his wife's room.

The little princess, with a white cap tied over her head, was lying on the pillows: her long dark hair fell over her flushed cheeks and her rosy lips wore a smile. Her husband went in and stood at the foot of the couch. Her eyes glittered with the restless look of an over-excited child; she fixed them on him, but their expression did not alter: "I love everybody," they seemed to say, "I have done no one any harm; why should I be punished?" She saw her husband without realizing that it was he. He bent down and kissed her forehead.

"My little soul," he said — he had never called her so before, "God is merciful!" Then he made way for the doctor and left the room. He met Princess Marie, and they talked together in a low voice, pausing every now and then in fevered expectation. Finally he sat down in the room next his wife's. A maid-servant came out and started on seeing him there; he, with his face hidden in his hands, did not stir. Presently he went

to the door and tried to open it; some one held it on the inside. "No one can come in — impossible!" said a frightened voice.

He tried walking about; a dead silence had fallen; then, after a few minutes, he heard a shriek of horror.

"That was not Lisa — she cannot have the strength. . . ." said Prince André to himself. He ran to the door; all was quiet, and then he heard the cry of an infant.

"Why have they brought a child here?" he exclaimed impatiently in the first surprise. "What business has it here? — or is it the new-born baby?"

With a sudden comprehension of the happiness that cry announced, tears choked him; he bent his head on the window-sill and sobbed aloud. The door opened. The doctor came out in his shirt sleeves, pale and tremulous. Prince André turned round, but the doctor, looking wildly at him, went on without speaking. A woman came rushing by, but stopped short, speechless too, at the sight of Prince André.

He went into the room. His wife was dead, lying just as he had seen her a few minutes since; her sweet young face wore just the same expression, though her eyes were fixed and her cheeks were white:

"I love everybody and I have done no one any harm. . . . Why should I be punished?" said the lovely, lifeless face.

In one corner of the room a small, red object was wailing in the trembling hands of the nurse.

Two hours later Prince André slowly went towards his father's room. The old prince had been told everything, and as his son opened the door he found himself face to face with him. The old man did not speak but threw his withered arms, like iron tongs, round his son's neck, and melted into tears.

The little princess was buried three days after, and Prince André went up the steps to the catafalque to bid her a last farewell. Her eyes were closed, but her small features had not altered, and still she seemed to ask: "What have you done to me?" Prince André did not weep, but his heart was torn with the thought that he had wronged her in many ways, and that now, all wrongs were irreparable and unforgettable. The old prince in his turn kissed one of the slender waxlike hands lying crossed upon her breast, and he could have fancied that the poor little face asked him too: "What have you done to me?" He turned hastily away.

Five days later the infant was christened; the nurse held up the swaddling clothes, tucking them under her chin, while the priest, with the end of a feather, dropped holy oil on the palms and the soles of the feet of tiny Prince Nicolas Andréiévitich.

The grandfather, as sponsor, carried him round the baptistery, and then hastened to surrender him to his godmother, Princess Marie. The father, greatly agitated, and fearing lest the priest should drop the child

into the water, waited anxiously in the adjoining vestibule till the ceremony was over. He looked at his son with extreme satisfaction when the old nurse brought him out, and nodded with friendly pleasure when she told him the good news that the scrap of wax placed in the water with a few of the infant's hairs on it had floated.*

CHAPTER XV.

THANKS to his father, Rostow's share in the duel between Dologhow and Bésoukhow escaped notice; instead of being degraded, as he fully expected, he was appointed to the staff of the general who was governor of Moscow; this, however, prevented his spending the summer in the country with his family, and obliged him to remain in town.

Dologhow established a close intimacy with him. His old mother, Marie Ivanovna, was passionately fond of her son, and would say to Rostow, to whom she had taken a great fancy in return for his liking for her Fédia:

“Yes, Count, he is too good and too noble for this

* The priest cuts the infant's hair as part of the baptismal ceremony, and a superstitious custom obtains of putting some hairs on a little wax and throwing it into the water in the font. If the wax floats it is a good omen, if it sinks, it is unlucky.

corrupt world. No one values goodness as they ought, for every one feels it a reproach to himself.—Now, I ask you, is it just or handsome in Bésoukhov?... And my boy has never said a word against him. All their St. Petersburg follies were laid at his door — Bésoukhov never suffered for them. My boy has just been promoted, to be sure; but then where in the world will you find another as brave as he is?... As to this duel!... Have men like that a shade of honorable feeling?—He knew he was an only son; he insults him, and then fires at him point-blank? — However, God in his mercy has pulled him through!... And what was it all about? Who, in these days has not some intrigue on hand, and whose fault is it if Bésoukhov chooses to be jealous? He might have shown it a little sooner, I should think, but now it has been going on for a year; and he thought Fédia would refuse to fight because he owes him money! How mean! How cowardly! — I like you with all my heart, for you have been able to appreciate my Fédia, and so few people do him justice, though he has such a noble soul.”

Dologhow, again, would drop expressions which Nicolas would never have expected from him.

“People think me wicked,” he said to Rostow, “but I do not care. I only care to be sure of those who are attached to me, and for them I would lay down my life; as for all the rest, if they stand in my way I tread them under foot; I am devoted to my mother, and I have two or three friends, you above all. As for the rest of the world, I never think of them excepting

as they may be useful to me or mischievous—and most are mischievous, especially women . . . Yes, my dear fellow, I have known noble men, tender, high-minded—but the women! Countess or cook, every one has her price, without exception. That heavenly purity and devotion which I have looked for in woman I have never seen. If I had only met the woman I have dreamed of I would have sacrificed everything for her—but the rest! . . .” and he snapped his fingers. “And I will confess to you that I only care for life because I hope one day to meet with that ideal, who will raise me, purify me, regenerate me—but you do not understand that?”

“On the contrary, I understand it perfectly,” said Rostow altogether bewitched by his new friend.

The Rostow family returned to Moscow in the autumn. Denissow was not long in coming back to town, too, and settled himself under their roof. The first months of this winter, 1806–1807, were full of life and amusement for the Rostow party. Nicolas brought a great many young men to the house who were much attracted by Vera, now twenty, by Sonia, whose sixteen summers gave her the charm of a half-opened flower, and by Natacha who, with the saucy fun of a child, had the added fascinations of a young girl. Each felt, more or less, the charm of these smiling young faces, radiant with happiness and susceptible to every impres-

sion. Living among their gay, inconsequent chatter, sparkling with originality and buoyant with life and hope — mingling with the stream of idle bustle broken by the sudden gushes, like rockets, of music and song, taken up and laid aside under the impulse of the moment — the men were fascinated, intoxicated by an atmosphere that seemed saturated with love, and which predisposed them, as well as the girls, to grasp at some vaguely imagined happiness.

These magnetic currents were stirring, naturally enough, amid all these young creatures, when Dologhow was brought to the house by Nicolas. Every one was pleased with him, excepting Natacha who almost quarrelled with her brother about him; for she maintained that he was a bad man, and that in the matter of the duel Pierre had been right and Dologhow to blame, and that besides, he was disagreeable and affected.

“There is nothing to understand in the matter,” Natacha insisted with determined obstinacy, “he is horrid; he has no heart at all! Your Denissow now, I like him! He may be a scamp, very likely, but I like him all the same! . . . I say it just to show you that I do understand! In the other everything is done with an object, and that I hate!”

“Oh! Denissow! that is quite another matter,” said Nicolas in a tone that implied that he was not to be compared with Dologhow: “You should see him with his mother. He is such a noble fellow — so tender!”

"Of that I cannot judge; I know that I am never at my ease with him. . . And he is in love with Sonia. Do you know that?"

"What nonsense!"

"I am perfectly certain he is. You will see."

Natacha was right. Dologhow, who did not like ladies' society, was nevertheless, a frequent visitor, and it was soon discovered, though no one said a word about it, that Sonia was the attraction. She never would have owned it, though she had in fact guessed it and blushed as red as a cherry whenever he came in; he came to dinner almost every day, and whether at the play, or at the balls given to his pupils by Ioghel, Dologhow never failed to make his appearance when the Rostows were present. He paid marked attentions to Sonia, and there was that in the expression of his eyes, that not only could Sonia not bear to meet them, but the countess and Natacha colored if they happened to do so. It was very evident that this strange and vehement man was yielding and submitting to the irresistible influence of this graceful little brunette, while she, all the time, loved another. Rostow noticed the conditions of their acquaintance, but failed to understand them: "They are all in love with one or another of the girls," he said to himself; and feeling uncomfortable under all this high pressure, he often was to be found elsewhere than in his father's house.

During these autumn months, war with Napoleon again became a subject of conversation, and it was more eagerly discussed than ever. A conscription of

ten men in every thousand for the regular army, and nine in every thousand for the militia was now talked of; anathemas on the French Emperor were uttered on every side, and Moscow was full of rumors of war. The only share taken by the Rostow family in these anticipations centred in Nicolas, who was only waiting till Denissow's leave was out to join his regiment after Christmas. Their approaching departure did not interfere with their amusements; on the contrary, it spurred them to enjoyment, and Nicolas spent the chief part of his time at dinners, evening parties and balls.

On the third day after Christmas the Rostows gave a semi-ceremonial dinner in honor of Denissow and Rostow, who were to start the day after Twelfth-night. Among the score or so of guests was Dologhow. The electric and fevered currents which haunted the household had been more perceptible than ever during the last few days. "Seize the swift lightnings of joy as they fly!" this mysterious stir seemed to whisper to the young creatures. "Love and be loved! that is the only thing worth aiming at, for it is the only great truth in life."

In spite of having two pairs of horses in the stable Nicolas had not done more than half his errands, and only came in just before dinner. He, too, at once felt the oppression which, that day, weighted the stormy and passion-laden atmosphere they all breathed; a strange embarrassment seemed to hover between some of the persons present — especially between Sonia and Dologhow. He understood that something must have

occurred, and in the goodness of his heart his behavior to them was full of tender tact and delicacy. There was to be a ball that evening at Ioghel's — Ioghel was a famous dancing-master who often on fête days issued invitations for a dance to his pupils of both sexes.

"Nicolas, will you come to the dance at Ioghel's? Do come, he particularly begged that you would, and Vassili Dmitritch has promised to come."

"Where would I not go in obedience to Countess Natalie?" said Denissow, who, half in fun and half in earnest, had declared himself Natacha's knight. "I am ready even to dance the shawl dance."

"Yes, I will if I have time; but I promised to go to the Arkharows' this evening. — And you?" he asked, turning to Dologhow. But he at once saw that the question was indiscreet, from the short: "Yes," of Dologhow's reply, and his scowl at Sonia.

"There is something in the air between those two," he thought; and Dologhow's departure as soon as dinner was over confirmed him in the idea. He called Natacha, intending to question her.

"I was just looking for you," she cried, running after him. "Did not I tell you? — and you would not believe me!" she added triumphantly. "He has proposed."

Now, though Sonia did not at that time largely occupy his thoughts, Nicolas felt a slight pang at this announcement. Dologhow was a suitable match, nay, in some ways a very good match for an orphan who had no fortune. The old countess and the world about

them had a right to expect her to accept him. So Nicolas' first impulse was one of annoyance, and he was about to give vent to it in satirical observations on Sonia's forgotten promises and easy surrender, when Natacha went on :

"And only fancy, she has refused him, positively refused him ! She says she loves some one else."

"Of course, my Sonia could not have done otherwise," said Nicolas to himself.

"Mamma entreated her in vain ; she refused, and I know she will never change her mind."

"Mamma entreated her?" said Nicolas reproachfully.

"Yes, and do not be vexed, Nicolas. I am quite sure — though I do not know why I am so sure — you will never marry her. I am quite sure."

"Come, come ; you cannot know anything about it But I must go and speak to her. What a sweet creature she is, Sonia !" he added with a smile.

"Sweet ! I should think so ! I will send her to you" and she kissed her brother and ran away.

A few minutes later Sonia came into the room alarmed and confused, like a criminal. Nicolas went to meet her and kissed her hand ; it was the first time since he came home that they had been together tête-à-tête.

"Sophie," he began shyly, but he soon recovered confidence, "you have refused a very good, a very advantageous offer He is a very excellent fellow ; high-minded — a great friend of mine"

"But the thing is at an end; I have refused him," interrupted Sonia.

"If you have refused him for my sake, I am afraid"

"Do not say that, Nicolas," she interrupted again, with an imploring look.

"But it is my duty to say it. Perhaps it is conceit on my part, but I would rather speak, for come what may, I am bound to tell you the truth. I love you, I think more than anything in the world"

"That is all I want," she said, blushing deeply.

"But I have often been in love, and I shall fall in love again; still, I have not for any one else the feeling of confidence, friendship and love that I have for you. — I am young; mamma, as you know, does not like the idea of our marrying. So I can make you no promise, and I implore you to give full consideration to Dologhow's proposal,"—he hesitated as he spoke his friend's name.

"Do not say such things. I ask for nothing. I love you, as a brother — I shall always love you and that is enough for me."

"You are an angel, and I am not worthy of you; I am afraid of deceiving you" And again Nicolas kissed her hand.

"Ioghel's balls are the nicest in Moscow!" said the mammas, as they watched their daughters performing their new steps and figures; and the girls and young men were of the same opinion, and danced till they were exhausted, as happy as kings though some of

them came out of pure condescension. The two pretty Princesses Gortchakow had even found husbands there in the course of the winter, and this added to Ioghel's success. The great charm was the absence of any host and hostess; there was no one to preside but the worthy dancing-master skipping about as light as a feather; bowing *secundum artem* to his male guests, who many of them took lessons from him in secret; and one and all, down to the young girls of thirteen and fourteen who there appeared in their first long gowns, had but one aim and end: to dance and be amused. All, with very few exceptions were — or at any rate looked — pretty; eyes sparkled and smiles were happy and bright. The best pupils, among whom Natacha was prominent for grace, sometimes danced the shawl dance; but, this evening, quadrilles and the caledonians were more in favor, and the mazourka, which was just coming into fashion. Ioghel gave his dance in one of the great rooms in the hotel Bésoukhow, and every one agreed that it was a complete success. There were pretty faces by the dozen, and the Rostow girls, even brighter and happier than usual, were the queens of the ball. Sonia, equally proud of Dologhow's proposal, of her refusal, and of her explanation with Nicolas, waltzed round her room with joy, and in the effervescent delight that transfigured and irradiated her she hardly gave the maid time to plait her fine, dark hair.

Natacha, not less happy, and particularly proud of a long frock which she was to wear for the first time,

was dressed like Sonia in white muslin with pink ribbands. They had hardly entered the ball-room when she got into such a state of excitement that every possible partner on whom her eyes fell filled her with a passion of admiration.

"Oh! Sonia, Sonia! how lovely!" she exclaimed.

Nicolas and Denissow took stock of the young ladies with a glance of protecting tenderness.

"She is perfectly charming!" said Denissow with an air.

"Who, who?"

"Countess Natacha," said Denissow. "And how she dances! What grace!"

"Who?" repeated Rostow.

"Why your sister!" said Denissow out of patience. Rostow smiled.

"My dear Count, you are one of my best pupils; you really must dance," said little Ioghel to Nicolas. "Look what a choice of fair partners!" and he repeated the request to Denissow, who had also learnt of him.

"No, my good friend, I will stand among the wall-flowers. Do you forget how little credit I did to your teaching."

"Not at all, quite the contrary," Ioghel hastened to assure him for consolation. "You were not very attentive to be sure — but you had a taste for it, you certainly had."

The first notes of the mazourka were now heard, and Nicolas led out Sonia. Denissow, seated among the mammas and leaning on his sword, watched the sway-

ing crowd of dancers, beating time with his foot while he sent his neighbors into fits of laughter by telling them stories. Ioghel led the mazourka with Natacha, who was his best pupil and the pride of his heart. Placing his little feet, shod with pumps, in position, he started lightly, carrying Natacha with him; and she, though greatly alarmed, performed her steps with the greatest care. Denissow never took his eyes off her, and his face plainly said that though he did not dance it was only because he did not care about it, but that at a pinch he could acquit himself creditably. In the middle of the figure he stopped Rostow who was passing him :

“That is not the real thing at all,” he said. “Is that like a mazourka? But she dances well all the same.”

Now, Denissow had in Poland acquired a great reputation as a dancer of the mazourka; so Nicolas went up to Natacha: “Choose Denissow,” he said. “He dances perfectly.”

When it came to her turn she rose and went the whole length of the room on her light little feet straight up to Denissow; she felt that every one was looking at her and wondering what she was going to do. Nicolas saw that there was some little discussion between them, and that Denissow refused with a gay smile:

“Do pray, Vassili Dmitritch; come, when I ask you.”

“No, no, Countess, really and truly. Do not insist.”

"Come, Vasia," said Nicolas, coming to the rescue. "It is like a kitten coaxing a big cat!"

"I will sing for you a whole evening," said Natasha.

"Ah! little Enchantress, you can do whatever you please with me," replied Denissow, and he took off his belt. He made his way through the barricade of chairs, took firm hold of his partner's hand, drew up his head, lifted one foot behind him, put himself in an attitude, and waited for the music. When he was on horseback or dancing his small stature was quite forgotten, and he made the most of all its advantages. At the first note he rapped his heel on the floor, with a satisfied and triumphant glance at his partner, and bounding forward with the elasticity of a ball, he flew into the circle carrying her with him. He went half across on one foot, hardly touching the ground and going straight at the row of chairs which he did not seem to see; then suddenly, with a clank of his spurs, he pulled up with a short slide; jingled his spurs again, paused on his heels, turned without moving from the spot, and with a lift of his left heel was off again to the other end of the room. Natasha followed every movement almost unconsciously, giving herself up unresistingly to his guidance. Now and then he put one or the other hand behind her waist and spun round with her; again, dropping on one knee, he turned her round himself; then rising to his feet he flew off at such a pace that it seemed as though the impetus would carry them through the wall, till he suddenly bent and re-

peated the graceful figure. Finally he brought his lady back to her place, pirouetted her with elegant ease, jingled his spurs, and made her a bow, while Natacha, quite bewildered, forgot to make the usual courtesy. Her smiling eyes looked into his face in astonishment; she seemed not to know him: "What has come over him?" she thought.

Though Ioghel refused to recognize this mazourka as a classic dance, every one was enthusiastic about Denissow's performance; the young ladies chose him again and again, and the old folks, looking at him out of the corner of an eye, talked of Poland and the good old times. Denissow, quite hot with his exertions, wiped his brow and sat down by Natacha whom he did not quit again all the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was two days after this, that Rostow, who had seen nothing more of Dologhow, either at his father's house or in his own home, received the following few lines:

"As I do not intend to call at your house again, for reasons which are no doubt known to you, and as I am off to join the army very soon, I have asked my friends to say good-bye to me this evening. You will find a party of us at the hotel d'Angleterre."

On leaving the theatre with Denissow and his own family, at about ten o'clock, Nicolas went as he was bidden, and was shown into the best room, which Dolgohow had engaged for the occasion. There was a party of about twenty, gathered round a table at which Dolgohow was sitting, and which was lighted by two wax-candles. In front of Dolgohow was a pile of gold and small notes; they were at cards and Dolgohow held the bank. Nicolas had not seen him since Sonia had refused him and felt a little awkward over the meeting. As Rostow came in Dolgohow looked up with a cold hard glance, as if he had been sure that he would come.

"I have not seen you for a long time," he said. "Thank you for coming. Let me finish this deal. Illiouchka and the Gypsy choir are coming presently."

"I have called at your house," said Rostow coloring a little.

"Take a card if you will," said Dolgohow, not answering him.

At this instant a strange conversation they had had one day recurred to Rostow's memory: "None but an idiot would trust to chance," Nicolas had said.

"Do you mean you would be afraid to play with me?" Dolgohow had answered with a smile — and in fact he had read his thought.

Now, as he saw Dolgohow's smile, Rostow perceived that he was in a mood, as he had been at the club-dinner, when, simply to escape from the dreary monotony of life, he would let himself be carried away

to commit a crime. Nicolas muttered a few words, trying to find some jest wherewith to answer him, when Dologhow, looking him full in the face, said very slowly and distinctly so that every one could hear him :

“Do you recollect our talking of cards one day, and your saying: ‘None but an idiot would trust to chance; if you really must play let it be a safe game . . .?’ Well, I am going to try nevertheless!”

He cracked the pack of cards with his thumb and exclaimed: “Now, gentlemen, we begin.”

He pushed aside the money that lay in front of him and prepared to cut. Rostow sat down next to him, but not to play.

“Do not play, it is better not,” said Dologhow. But Nicolas, oddly enough, now felt as if he must take a card; still, he staked but a trifling sum on it. “I have no money,” he said.

“Name your stakes then,” said Dologhow.

Rostow lost his five roubles; he staked and lost again. Ten times Dologhow won.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “please to lay your stakes on your cards or I shall make some mistake.”

One of the players expressed his opinion that he was to be trusted.

“Certainly; but I am afraid of getting confused — pray lay your money on the cards.— As for you, don’t let it worry you,” he added, turning to Rostow, “we can settle our accounts another time.”

The game went on, and the champagne flowed

freely. Rostow had already lost eight hundred roubles and was going to stake all he had left on a card, when a glass of champagne was offered him and that stopped him; so he only put down twenty roubles, as before.

"Leave it there," said Dologhow, who nevertheless did not seem to be watching him, "you will recover yourself all the sooner. It is very odd, the others are winning and you lose every time. Is it because you are afraid of me?"

Rostow complied. He picked up a dog-eared card, a seven of hearts which he remembered only too well afterwards, wrote 800 on it very plainly, swallowed his champagne and smiling at Dologhow he watched his fingers as he dealt the cards, looking for a seven to turn up. The loss or gain that this card might bring him was of great importance to him, for, on the previous Sunday, his father, while giving him 2,000 roubles, had confessed to him that he was in considerable difficulties, and had begged him to make that money last him till May. Nicolas had assured him that it was plenty and to spare, and now he had only 1,200 roubles left; so, if he were to lose on this seven of hearts he not only would have to pay 1,600 roubles, but he would have broken his word to his father.

"Only let him turn up the right card and make haste about it," he said to himself, "and I will be off home to sup with Denissow, Sonia and Natacha, and never touch a card again as long as I live." All the details of his family life—his romps with Pétia, his duets with Natacha, games at piquet with his father or

his mother — all these domestic pleasures rose before him with the vivid clearness and charm of lost and inestimable joys. He could not believe that blind chance, by making a seven of hearts fall to the right hand or the left, should shut him out from these sacred pleasures, and cast him into an abyss of endless and unknown disaster. It could not be — and he fixed his eyes in fevered anxiety on Dologhow's large, hairy, red hands with thick joints, as he paused before dealing, and laid down the cards to take a glass and a pipe.

"Then you are not afraid to play with me?" Dologhow said to him; he threw himself back in his chair as if he had something very amusing to tell his friends, and went on: "Yes, gentlemen, I have been told that there is a report in Moscow that I cheat at cards! If so, I can only advise you to be on your guard."

"Come, deal away," said Rostow.

"Oh! those wicked old Moscow gossips!" he exclaimed, and he took up the pack.

At that same moment Rostow, hardly able to check a loud exclamation, clasped his hands to his head. The seven of hearts on which his all depended was the top card, and he had lost more than he could pay.

"Look here," said Dologhow, "don't give in," and he went on dealing.

An hour and a half later all the interest of the game centred on Rostow. Instead of the first 1,600 roubles, he had before him as set down against him a column of figures of which the sum total might, as he guessed, reach 15,000 roubles, but which in fact came to more

than 20,000. Dologhow had ceased to tell stories; he watched Rostow's every movement, and determined to continue playing till he had won 43,000 roubles; he had fixed on this figure because 43 was the sum of his age and Sonia's. Rostow, with his elbows on the table and his head between his hands, in front of the green cloth all smeared with chalk and stained with wine and strewn with heaps of cards, sat, with death in his soul, watching those fingers which had their clutch on him:

"Six hundred roubles — ace, nine — impossible to recover it. — And they are happy there, at home! . . . Knave on five . . . Why does he treat me so?"

Now and then he raised his stake, but Dologhow would not allow it and named a lower figure. Rostow yielded and prayed, — prayed as he had prayed on the field, at the bridge at Amstetten. Sometimes he defied fate, and picking up a card that had dropped by chance on the table hoped it might change his luck, or again, he counted the rows of braid on his jacket and put the sum of the tags on the card before him; and sometimes, after glancing round at the other players as if to appeal to them for advice, he fixed his eyes on his opponent's stony face and tried to read what was passing in his mind.

"He knows, too, how important this money is to me, and he is my friend, and I was fond of him . . . But it is no fault of his since the luck is on his side; and it is no fault of mine either! . . . What harm have I done him? . . . Have I killed or insulted any one? . . .

Why am I to be the victim of such a disaster? It seems only a minute since I came to this table hoping to win a hundred roubles to buy mamma a present for her birthday, and then to go home again . . . I was happy, free . . . When did this dreadful change come over me? . . . And yet I am the same — and in the same place . . . Oh! this is impossible, it cannot go on so!"

His face was burning, he was bathed in sweat, and it was dreadful to see the superhuman efforts he made to keep calm.

The long column of losses had reached the critical sum of 43,000 roubles, and Rostow had already turned down the corner of a card to stake double 3,000 roubles which he had just won, when Dologhow, sweeping the cards together, hastily added up the figures and wrote down the total in a neat row :

"Come to supper," he said, "it is high time. Here are the Gypsies." And ten or more copper-skinned men and women came into the room, bringing with them a cold gust of outer air. Nicolas saw that all was over.

"What! is that the end? and I had such a pretty little card ready for you," said he to Dologhow, affecting to be indifferent and to care for nothing but the chances of the game.

"This is the end of all things!" he thought to himself. "A bullet in my skull — that is the only thing left to me!"

"Come — one more!" he said.

"If you like," said Dologhow finishing his sum; it

came to 43,021 roubles. "Make it 21 roubles." Rostow had written 6,000 on the card he scratched it through and made it 21.

"All right, I don't care," he said. "What I want to see is whether you will give me this ten." Dolohow dealt gravely. Oh how Rostow hated him at that moment! . . . The ten fell to Nicolas.

"Then you owe me 43,000 roubles, Count," said Dolohow, rising and stretching himself. "How tired one gets with sitting so long."

"I am tired of it too," said Nicolas.

"When can I have the money, Count?" said Dolohow, as if to suggest that any jesting was out of place.

Nicolas colored up to his eyebrows, and taking him aside he said: "I cannot pay you the whole of it, you must take an I—O—U."

"Listen," said Dolohow with an icy smile. "You know the proverb: Lucky in love, unlucky at play. — Your cousin loves you I know."

"Oh it is intolerable to be at this man's mercy," said Nicolas to himself. He thought of the blow this must be to his mother, to his father; he realized what a happiness it would be to him not to have to confess this dreadful thing; he felt that Dolohow, too, understood that, and that he might save him this anguish and disgrace, but that he was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. "Your cousin. . . ." Dolohow began again.

"My cousin has nothing to do with this," Rostow

fiercely interrupted; "it is quite unnecessary to name her even."

"When can I have the money then?"

"To-morrow," said Rostow, and he left the room.

Nothing could be easier than to say "To-morrow" with suitable dignity, but what was dreadful was to have to go home, to meet his sisters, his father and mother, to tell them everything or to fail to keep his pledge.

No one was gone to bed. The young people had supped after coming from the theatre, and were standing round the piano. When Nicolas went into the music-room he was again struck by the hot-house atmosphere of poetry that seemed to pervade the house; and now, since Dologhow's proposal and the ball at Ioghel's, it had gathered as if in portent of a storm, over the heads of Denissow, Sonia and Natacha. They were dressed alike in blue, as they had gone to the theatre, looked wonderfully fresh and pretty, and were very well aware of it as they chatted and laughed by the instrument. Vera was playing at chess in the next room with Schinchine, and the countess was busy there with "a patience" till her husband should come in, while an old lady — noble but poor to whom they had given a home — watched her game. Denissow, seated at the piano with his hair on end and one foot under his chair, was feeling for chords on the keys with his heavy fingers, rolling his eyes and trying in a husky but true voice to find an air to some lines he had just written to the Enchantress:

"Enchantress, tell me : Whence the sweet dominion
That stirs the sleeping music in my heart,
That bids it soar on melody's free pinion?—
Reveal the secret of thy mystic art."

His voice thrilled with passion and he fixed his dark eyes on Natacha who was tremulous but happy.

"Charming, delightful!" she exclaimed. "Another verse!"

"Nothing is different here," said Nicolas to himself.

"Ah! here he is!" cried Natacha.

"Is my father in?" he asked.

"I am so glad you have come home," she went on without replying. "We are having such a nice evening—and Vassili Dmitritch is going to stay a day longer to please me."

"No, papa is still out," Sonia answered.

"Nicolas, my dear, come here," said his mother from the adjoining room. Nicolas went; he kissed her hand and sat down by her in silence, watching her lay out the cards on the table for her "patience," and the laughter and chatter reached their ears from the piano.

"Very well, very well," said Denissow, "there is no resisting you: but sing the barcarole pray."

The countess looked round at her son who had not spoken a word.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"Nothing," he replied as if she had asked him several times already. — "Will my father come in soon?"

“ I think so.”

“ Nothing is altered. — They know nothing. Where can I hide myself?” he thought to himself; he went back into the music-room where Sonia was now seated at the piano and was playing the symphony of the song Natacha was going to sing, and Denissow was gazing at her with glowing eyes. Nicolas walked up and down the room.

“ What possesses them to make her sing ! . . . What can she sing ? What is it that they can find so amusing ?”

Sonia struck a chord.

“ Good God !” he thought, “ I am a ruined wretch, lost, disgraced. There is nothing for it but a bullet in my brain. — Oh ! why do they sing ? Can I get away ? — Pooh ! Let them go on ; after all what does it matter to me !” and Nicolas, gloomy and scowling, continued his walk, avoiding the girls’ questioning eyes.

“ Nicolas, what is the matter ?” Sonia’s seemed to be asking him, and she had been the first to observe how melancholy he was.

Natacha, with her unfailing keenness, had noticed it too ; but all thought of sadness, care, pain, or repentance, was so far from her present mood, her spirits were so exuberant that, being but a young thing, she soon forgot it again : “ I am much too happy,” was her feeling, “ to spoil my own pleasure for a grief that does not directly concern me. — Besides, very likely it is only my fancy, and he is really as cheerful as I am.”

“Now, Sonia,” she exclaimed, and she danced into the middle of the room where she thought the voice sounded better. Raising her head and letting her arms hang simply by her side she flashed a look at Denissow as much as to say: “Yes, I am just as you see me.”

“What can she have to be happy about,” wondered Nicolas. “How is it that he is not bored to death.”

Natacha began; her bosom rose and her eyes assumed a rapt expression. She was thinking of nothing now, of no one; her lips parted in a smile and the notes came out — those sounds which may proceed from any throat in the world, at any hour, and with the very same intonation, but which leave us untouched a thousand times, and make us thrill and cry with emotion the thousand and first. Natacha had been working steadily at her singing during the winter, chiefly with a thought of Denissow, knowing that her voice lifted him to the seventh heaven. She no longer sang like a child or with the effort of a school-girl. Her voice was of unusual compass, but — connoisseurs said — not yet sufficiently trained; nevertheless, — and though she had not yet learned to take breath at the right places or to laugh at difficulties — even connoisseurs, in spite of their criticisms, involuntarily gave themselves up to the charm of that voice, and after it had ceased asked nothing better than to hear it again and yet again. It was so frank a revelation of that sweet maidenhood whose bloom no touch had yet marked, and of its unconscious sway, that any change, as it seemed, must diminish the charm.

“What has come over her?” thought her brother, opening his eyes at hearing her sing like this. “What is it? How she sings!” Forgetting all his woes, he waited eagerly for each succeeding note, and for a few minutes there was nothing in the world to him but the triple time air of the song.

“What a mad world we live in!” thought he. “Ill-luck, money, Dologhow, hatred, honor—what are they all! Nothing. This is the real thing! Natacha, sweet little bird! . . . Will she take that upper B?—She has hit it, thank God!” And to support the high B he threw in the third below:

“Lovely! I hit the right note too!” he exclaimed, and the harmony of that third filled him with a strange sense of all that was best and purest. As compared with this supreme and heavenly pleasure what were losses at cards and his promise to pay? Mere folly! Why a man might kill and rob and yet be happy!

It was many a day since Rostow had been so excited and charmed by any music; but Natacha had no sooner finished her barcarole than he recovered his sense of reality, and made his escape to his room without saying a word. A quarter of an hour later the count came in from his club in the best spirits; his son went to his room.

“Well, have you enjoyed yourself?” asked the father, with a proud smile as he looked up at him. Nicolas vainly tried to answer; he was choking. His father lighted his pipe without noticing his discomfort.

"Well, it has to be done," thought he, and assuming an airy tone, of which he was utterly ashamed, as though he were only asking his father to let him have a carriage out for a drive: "I came to speak to you about business," he said. "I had forgotten, almost—I want some money."

"Indeed!" said the count, who was in the best possible humor this evening. "I was sure that would not be enough. Do you want much?"

"Yes, a great deal," he said, affecting stolid indifference. "Yes, I have lost a little—not to say a great deal—43,000 roubles."

"What? To whom?—But you are in jest!" cried the count, and the blood mounted to his neck.

"And I have promised to pay to-morrow."

His father gave a groan of despair and fell back helplessly on the sofa.

"What can I do?" Nicolas went on in a hard, bold voice. "It is the sort of thing that happens to every one. . . ." But while he spoke he felt what a wretch, what a cur, he was; his conscience told him that his whole life would not be long enough to expiate his sin; and as he declared to his father with rough audacity that this "happened to every one," he longed to fall at his feet and kiss his hands and beg his forgiveness.

At these words the old count looked down and began to fidget distressfully.

"Yes, yes. . . ." he said. "Only. . . I am afraid. . . I shall find a difficulty.—It happens to every one of course—it happens to every one. . . ." He looked at

his son, and then made his way to the door. Nicolas, who had expected him to be very angry, could bear it no longer.

"Father, father, forgive me!" he exclaimed with a sob; he seized his father's hand and pressed it to his lips, bursting into tears like a child.

While the father and son were having this explanation, a no less serious conversation was passing between the mother and daughter.

"Mamma, Mamma, he has done it."

"What do you mean?"

"He has told me — he has asked me!"

The countess could hardly believe her ears. What! Denissow had been making love to this little chit of a Natacha, who only the other day was playing with her doll, and was still doing her lessons.

"Come, Natacha, no nonsense!" said the countess persuasively, hoping to make her confess that it was a trick.

"What, Mamma! nonsense! — It is a very serious matter," said Natacha stung to the quick. "I came to ask you what I ought to do and you tell me it is nonsense!"

The countess shrugged her shoulders.

"If it is true that M. Denissow has made you an offer, you may tell him from me that he is a simpleton."

"Certainly not; he is not a simpleton."

"Well, what do you want then? All you children have had your heads turned. If you are in love with him, marry him and God be with you!"

"But, Mamma, I am not in love with him! On my honor I do not think I am."

"Very well then, go and tell him so yourself."

"Now you are vexed. — Do not be vexed, dear little mother . . . Now, is it any fault of mine?"

"No, my darling; but what is it you want? Shall I go and tell him?"

"No. I will tell him myself, only explain to me how. — You laugh, but if you had seen him when he said it . . . He did not mean to say it I know — but it came out."

"But then at any rate you must refuse him."

"Oh no! I must not refuse him; I should be so sorry — he is so kind. . . ."

"Then you had better accept him. Indeed it is high time you should get married!" said her mother, half laughing and half annoyed.

"No, Mamma, I cannot do that. — Still, I really am very sorry. — How ought I to say it?"

"Well you need not say it at all; I will go and talk to him," said the countess, who was beginning to feel it altogether unfitting that any one should think of little Natacha as a grown-up person.

"Not for worlds! I will speak myself and you may listen at the door if you like. . . ." And Natacha flew

back to the music-room where Denissow was sitting at the piano with his face hidden in his hands, just where she had left him. At the sound of her footstep he raised his head :

“ Natalie,” he said, going forward to meet her, “ my fate is in your hands, speak the word.”

“ Vassili Dmitritch, I am so very sorry . . . but it cannot be, and you are so kind — but it cannot be . . . but I will always, always love you !”

Denissow bent low to kiss her hand and could not choke down a smothered sob as he felt the girl's kiss on his black, stubborn, wavy hair. At this moment the rustle of the countess's dress was heard :

“ Vassili Dmitritch, I thank you for the honor you have done us,” she said, not without emotion though he thought her stern, “ but my daughter is so young . . . And I should have thought you would have spoken to me before addressing her.”

“ Countess,” he began, looking down like a criminal, and struggling in vain to find words in reply. Natacha, seeing him so crushed, began to cry convulsively.

“ Countess, I was in the wrong,” Denissow began again in a broken voice, “ but I worship your daughter — and I love you all so much that I would give my life twice over for any of your family !” Then he saw that the countess was looking very grave.—“ Good-bye then,” he added hastily ; he kissed her hand without looking again at Natacha, and left the room with a firm step.

Rostow spent the next day with Denissow whose one idea was to quit Moscow as soon as possible. His friends gave him a farewell supper with a Gypsy concert, and he never could remember how they had got him packed into his sleigh, or anything about the three first stages of his journey. After he had left, Nicolas, for whom his father had not been able to raise so large a sum, remained a fortnight in Moscow, without ever stirring out of the house; he spent nearly all his time with the girls, filling their albums with copies of verses and music. Sonia was more gentle and affectionate than ever, as if she wanted to prove to him that this loss at cards was quite an exploit, and that she could only love him the better for it; while Nicolas, on his part, could only feel that henceforth he was unworthy of her.

Having at last sent the 43,000 roubles to Dolgohow, who gave him a receipt in due form, he got away without taking leave of any of his acquaintance, and went to join his regiment which was now in Poland.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER the scene with his wife Pierre had set out for St. Petersburg. When he reached Torjok, a post-town not half-way from Moscow, he found no horses — or else the post-master did not choose to let him have

them; being obliged to wait, without undressing or even taking off his heavy furred boots, he threw himself on a large divan, with a round table in front of it, and was soon lost in thought.

“Shall I bring in the luggage and make up a bed? Will Your Excellency have some tea?”

Pierre made no reply: he saw, heard, cared for nothing; his mind was wholly absorbed in the reflections which had occupied it for some hours; in the face of the serious questions which were troubling him it mattered little to him whether he reached St. Petersburg a few hours earlier or later, or slept here or there. The post-master, and his wife, the servant, the woman who sold gold and silver embroidery—a specialty of the town—all came in to offer their services. Pierre did not move; he looked at them over his spectacles, not fully understanding what they wanted of him. How could these folks live easy without having solved any of the crucial problems that had never ceased to haunt him since the duel and the terrible night that had followed it? In the solitude of his journey he could not help recurring to them incessantly, and still he could not solve them. It was as though the main cog-wheel of his existence had had a wrench, but could not stop, and still turned on without catching any corresponding notch. Presently the post-master came in very humbly, to say that if his Excellency would only wait “two little hours” he could let him have mail post-horses to the next stage. He was lying, that was quite evident; his only object was to fleece his customer: “Now is he

doing right or wrong?" said Pierre to himself. "It is doing good to me, for I get the benefit, but it is wronging the traveller who may happen to come after me. He, poor wretch, cannot help himself for he has not enough to put between his teeth. — He told me the officer had beaten him — well, it must have been because the officer himself was in a hurry and was kept waiting. — And I shot Dologhow because I thought myself insulted — and Louis XVI. was guillotined because they thought him guilty — and a year later his judges were executed! — What is wrong and what is right? Who is to be loved or hated? What is the end of life — nay, what is life, what is death? What is the mysterious power which governs it all?" — But there was no reply to these questions; or only one, which was not really an answer: "Death! and then either you will know everything or you will cease to ask . . ." But death was terrible to him.

The woman who sold embroidered leather goods praised her merchandise with shrill vehemence, particularly some kid slippers. "I have hundreds of roubles that I do not know what to do with," thought Pierre, "and this woman in her ragged pelisse looks at me so humbly. — Now, what would she do with the money? Would it give her the value of a hair more in happiness or peace of mind? Can anything on earth save her, any more than me, from the ills of life or death? — Death, which may come to either of us to-day or to-morrow, makes everything seem worthless in comparison with eternity . . ." And so, again and

again he started the mechanical train of thoughts which kept whirling round in vacuity.

His man brought him in a book — a half-cut novel, by Mme. de Souza, and he began to read the history of the woes and virtuous struggles of one Amélie de Mansfield. “Why on earth did she resist her lover if she really loved him?” he asked himself. “It is impossible that God should have given her desires opposed to her will. My wife — she that was my wife, fought no battle; and perhaps she was right. Nothing really worth knowing has ever been discovered or invented: ‘we know nothing save that we know nothing?’ That is the sum total of human wisdom.”

Everything, within and without, was confusion and doubt; he felt a sort of general disgust, and yet that sense of disgust gave him a fractious satisfaction.

“Might I ask Your Excellency to make a little room for this gentleman,” said the post-master showing in another traveller who, like Pierre, was obliged to wait for lack of horses.

He was a little old man, very wrinkled and yellow, with long grey eyebrows that overhung bright eyes of a doubtful color. Pierre had thrown his legs up on the table; but he now rose and went to lie down on a bed that had been arranged for him; he lay watching the new-comer, who seemed very tired and allowed his servant to take off his outer garments, leaving him in a short fur-lined jacket with felt boots on his thin bony feet. He took a seat on the sofa and leaned his head, which was large in proportion to his figure, against the

back of it. His forehead was high and he wore his hair cut very close. Then he looked at Pierre and his grave, intelligent, piercing gaze struck the younger man; he was about to make some commonplace remark when he observed that the stranger had already closed his eyes and folded his withered hands—he wore on one finger a leaden ring with a death's head—and seemed to be either asleep or lost in meditation.

His servant, like himself, was old, wrinkled, yellow, and absolutely beardless; the smooth parchment-like skin showed that no razor had ever touched it. He briskly unpacked a basket of provisions, laid the table for tea and fetched a samovar. When all was ready the traveller opened his eyes, drew up to the table, poured out two glasses of tea and gave one to his old servant. Pierre was beginning to feel embarrassed; it was evident that he must speak to the new-comer. The man presently brought back his glass turned upside down on the saucer with the lump of sugar half eaten, and asked his master if he needed anything.

“Give me my book,” he said, and he began to read with absorbed attention.

Pierre thought by the look of the book that it was a religious work and he watched the reader till he laid the book down and leaned back again. Pierre was still studying his appearance when the old man, turning towards him, looked at him with a steady, stern gaze which disturbed while it attracted him.

“If I am not mistaken I have the honor of addressing Count Bésoukhov,” said the stranger in strong de-

liberate tones. Pierre looked at him enquiringly over his spectacles. "I have heard of you," the old man went on, "and of the misfortune that has occurred;"—he emphasized the word "misfortune," as much as to say: "you may call it what you please but it is a misfortune—I feel for you deeply."

Pierre colored, sat up with his feet on the ground, and bowed to the old man with a shy smile.

"A better reason than mere curiosity induces me to remind you of it," the stranger added after a brief silence, during which he still looked at Bésoukhow, and he made room on the sofa, as if to invite him to come and sit there. Little as Pierre felt inclined to talk he submitted, and sat down by his side.

"You are unhappy, Sir—and you are young, while I am old; I should be glad to help you so far as lies in my power."

"Yes?" said Pierre with a doubtful smile. "I am sincerely grateful . . . Have you come from a distance, Sir?"

"If for any reason it is disagreeable to you that I should talk to you do not hesitate to say so . . ." and there was a sudden change in his voice, it was tender and paternal.

"By no means—I am most happy to make your acquaintance . . ." and Pierre's eye fell on the death's head on the ring; a token of freemasonry. "May I ask if you are a freemason?"

"Yes, Sir, I belong to the craft—and in its name and in my own, I offer you the right hand of brotherhood."

“I fear,” said Pierre, hesitating between the sympathetic liking he felt for the old man, and the recollection of the mockery of which freemasons were commonly the butt, “I fear that we may not understand each other. I am afraid that my views of creation generally will be diametrically opposed to yours.”

“I know what your views are. You think — and most men think with you — that they are the outcome of the labor of your intelligence? No. They are the outcome of pride, indolence, and ignorance. You are cherishing a sad error; — it is to combat that error that I have entered on this conversation.”

“And why should I not believe the mistake to be on your side?”

“I do not venture to say that I know the truth,” said the freemason, whose decision and clearness of speech astonished Pierre more and more. “No one can attain to the truth; stone by stone, by the efforts of many successive generations from the time of Adam till our own day, the structure is being raised which, some day, will be the worthy temple of the Omnipotent God.”

“I ought perhaps to confess at once that I do not believe in God.” said Pierre, not without an effort, but he felt it his duty not to conceal his opinions. The stranger looked at him with the deep, pitying gaze of a kind-hearted millionaire who can enrich the poverty-stricken man who owns his misery:

“Because you do not know Him; you cannot know Him; and you are unhappy for that very reason.”

“Very true — I know that I am unhappy — but how can I help it?”

“You do not know Him.— And He is here, in me, in my words,” the freemason went on in a stern voice. “Nay, He is in you — even in the blasphemous denial you have but just now uttered.”

He ceased and sighed, trying to recover his usual calmness. “If He did not exist,” he went on in a lower tone, “we could not talk about Him. Of whom were you speaking? Whom have you denied?” he suddenly exclaimed with excited enthusiasm and in an imperious tone. “If He had not existed who could have invented Him? Whence did you — you and the whole of mankind — derive the idea of a Being whose every attribute is bound up with Incomprehensibility, Omnipotence, and Eternity? — He is!” he added after a long silence which Pierre was careful not to break. “To comprehend Him is impossible.” The stranger fidgeted nervously with the pages of his book. “If you had told me that you doubted the existence of a man I might have taken you to see the man; but how can I, a miserable mortal, prove His omnipotence, His eternity, His infinite mercy to the blind, even to those who shut their eyes that they may not see Him and understand Him, who will not perceive their own baseness and worthlessness? You! who are you? You think yourself wise in your blasphemy no doubt,” he added with a scornful smile, “and you are as helpless, as silly as a child that trifles with the complicated works of a watch. He does not understand it, and he

does not believe in the existence of the maker. It is hard indeed to know Him. We have toiled at it for ages, from the days of Adam until now, and the infinite still divides us from Him! In that we see our weakness and His greatness."

Pierre was listening in much agitation; he did not interrupt; his eyes sparkled and the stranger's words commanded his eager acceptance. Was it that the argument convinced him, or was it that like a child he felt the influence of his pathetic voice, of his conviction and sincerity, of the calm, clear security of his purpose and end that pervaded his whole being, and that struck his hearer all the more by contrast with his own moral decrepitude and utter want of hope? Pierre longed with all his soul to lay hold on faith, and felt an almost beatific glow of peace, regeneration, and revival.

"It is not the mind that understands God; it is life that makes us understand Him."

Pierre, fearing to detect in his new friend's arguments some obscurity or weakness which might shake his growing confidence, interrupted him:

"But why is it that the human intellect cannot rise to the comprehension of which you speak?"

"Supreme wisdom and truth," replied the freemason with his gentle, paternal smile, "may be compared to a heavenly dew which we long to feel falling into our souls. And can I, an unclean vessel, absorb this dew and set myself up as a judge of its spirit? Nothing but an inward purification can render me fit to receive even a small portion of it."

"Yes, yes, that is the truth," cried Pierre with eager effusiveness.

"Supreme wisdom is founded on a basis different from that of human knowledge and human experience—history, physics, and chemistry, which crumble at a breath. Supreme Wisdom is One. It knows of but one science: the Universal Science, which explains all creation and man's place in it. To understand it you must purify and regenerate the inner man; hence, before you can know you must believe, and become righteous. The divine light that shines in our souls is called conscience. Turn your spiritual gaze on your inmost being and ask yourself if you are satisfied with yourself, and the results you have achieved with no guide but your intelligence. You are young, rich and intelligent—what have you done with the gifts that have been poured upon you? Are you satisfied with yourself and your life?"

"No—I hold it in horror!"

"If you hold it in horror alter it, purify yourself and by degrees, as you yourself change, you will learn to discern wisdom.—How have you spent your life? In orgies and depravity, taking everything from society and giving nothing in return. How have you used the fortune that was bestowed on you? What have you done for your fellow-men? Have you ever given a thought to your tens of hundreds of serfs? Have you done anything to help them morally or physically? No.—You have benefited by their toil to lead a worthless life. That is what you have done.—Have you

tried to employ yourself for the good of others? No, — you have eaten the bread of idleness.— Then you married; you undertook the responsibility of guiding a young woman through life. How did you do it? Instead of helping her to find the right path you flung her into a gulf of falsehood and misery. A man offended you, and you killed him; and then you say that you do not know God and that you hold your life in horror! How should it be otherwise?"

The stranger, evidently fatigued by his own vehemence, leaned against the back of the sofa and closed his eyes in extreme exhaustion. His lips moved but gave no sound. Pierre watched him. His heart was full but he dared not break the silence.

The freemason roused himself with a little, old man's cough, and called his servant.

"The horses?" he asked.

"Some have just come in. But will you not rest a little?"

"No, — have them put to."

"Will he really leave me without divulging his mind to me, without starting me in the right path?" thought Pierre, who had risen and was walking up and down the room with his head bent low. "Yes, I have led a contemptible life; but I did not like it, I never wished it! . . . And this man knows the truth and could teach it to me."

The stranger, having arranged his luggage, turned to Bésoukhov and said in a tone of cool politeness: "And which road are you travelling, Sir?"

"I am going to St. Petersburg," said Pierre; with some hesitation he added: "And I am very much obliged to you. I quite agree with you; do not think me altogether wicked. I sincerely wish I were just such as you desire to see me, but no one has ever advised or helped me . . . I acknowledge my guilt—help me, teach me, and some day perhaps . . ." a sob choked his voice. The freemason was silent for a space, meditating. Then he said:

"God alone can help you, but such advice as our brotherhood can give will be afforded you. Since you are going to St. Petersburg, carry this to Count Vilarisky—" and taking out a pocket-book he wrote a few words on a large sheet of letter-paper folded in four.—"Now, I will give you a word of good counsel: give up the first weeks of your solitude to self-study; do not return to your former mode of life. *Bon voyage*," he added as his servant came in, "and good-luck to you!"

Pierre saw in the post-master's book that the stranger's name was Ossip Alexéievitch Basdévew. He was a freemason well known in Novikow's time. Long after he had left, Pierre still paced the room without thinking of going to bed or even of proceeding on his journey, looking back on his past evil life and depicting, with the excited fancy of a man who longs to be regenerate, the future of faultless virtue which looked to him so easy. He fancied he had gone wrong only because he had unconsciously forgotten how pleasant it was to do right. All his doubts had vanished; he believed firmly in the brotherhood of all

men, whose only task was to help each other along the path of life. This was what he understood as the order and rule of freemasonry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN he reached St. Petersburg Pierre did not announce his arrival to any one; he retired into solitude and spent his days in reading Thomas a Kempis, which had been sent to him, by whom he knew not. He found in his study of it only one thing: the possibility, which till then had never dawned upon him, of attaining to perfection and of believing in that active, brotherly love of man to man of which Basdévieux had spoken. About a week after his return home Count Villarsky, a young Pole whom he knew but slightly, called upon him one evening with a solemn and official manner which reminded Pierre of that of Dolokhov's second. He closed the door, and having carefully ascertained that there was no one else in the room, he said:

"I have waited on you to lay a proposal before you. A man high in the craft of our brotherhood has been exerting himself to procure your admission before the usual time, and he has begged me to be your sponsor? I have no more sacred duty than to do what he wishes. Do you desire to join the fraternity under my sponsorship?"

The cold, severe tone in which he spoke — a man whom he had never seen excepting in a ball-room, flirting and smiling with fashionable ladies — struck Pierre strangely.

“Yes, I do desire it,” he replied.

Villarsky bowed. “One more question, Count, I must ask you, and beg you to answer, not with a view to becoming a member of our society, but in all honesty and as a man of honor: Have you renounced your former opinions?—Do you believe in God?”

Pierre paused: “Yes,” he said, “I do believe in God.”

“Very well, in that case”

“Yes,” interrupted Pierre, “I believe in God.”

“Come then; my carriage is at your service.”

During their drive Villarsky sat in silence, and when Pierre presently asked him what he would have to say or do, he told him that one of the brethren, more worthy than himself, would test him and that he had only to speak the truth.

They drove into the courtyard of a large house where the lodge was being held, went up a dark staircase and into a well-lighted anteroom where they took off their wraps before going into the adjoining room. A man, strangely dressed, held the door. Villarsky went forward, spoke a few words in French in his ear, and then opened a small wardrobe in which lay various articles of wear such as Pierre had never seen before; he took out a handkerchief with which he bandaged Pierre's eyes, tying the knot in such a way as that some

of his hairs were caught up in it. Then he drew him to him, embraced him and led him forward by the hand. Burly, tall Pierre, very uncomfortable under this bandage which pulled his hair, smiling shyly, and with his arms swinging by his side, followed him with hesitating steps.

"Whatever happens," said Villarsky when they stopped, "face it bravely if you are determined to be one of us. . . ." Pierre nodded. "When you hear a knock at the door you may take off the bandage." He wrung his hand and left him.

Pierre, left alone, involuntarily put up his hand to raise the bandage, but he recollected himself and let it drop. Five minutes went by, which to him seemed hours; his legs trembled under him, his hands turned numb; he felt extremely tired and went through a variety of sensations; he was at once afraid of what might await him, and afraid of failing in courage; his curiosity was excited, but what really reassured him was his conviction that he had indeed started on the way to regeneration, and taken the first steps in that useful and virtuous life of which he had never ceased dreaming since his meeting with the stranger. He presently heard a violent rapping. He pulled off the bandage and looked about him. The room was very dark; a small lamp shed a tiny light out of a white object on a table covered with black, on which lay a book, in one corner of the room. The book was the Gospels; the white object was a skull with its teeth. He read the first verse of the Gospel of St. John: "In

the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God," — and even while he read he wandered round the table and found a coffin full of bones : he was not surprised ; he expected to meet with strange things. The skull, the coffin, the book were not enough for his overheated imagination. He wanted more, something more ; and peering round him he said : " God — Death — brotherly love. . . ." Vague words enough, but epitomizing to him a new life.

The door opened and a little man came in ; the sudden transition from light to gloom made him pause a moment ; then he came cautiously up to the table on which he laid his hands with gloves on. This little man wore an apron of white leather which fell from his breast to his feet, and over it, round his neck, a sort of necklace or collar, while his long chin was framed in a deep ruff.

" Why are you here ? " asked the new-comer, addressing Pierre. " Why have you, who do not believe in Truth, and who are blind to the light, come here, and what do you want of us ? Is it wisdom, virtue, and progress that you seek ? "

At the moment when the door opened Pierre had felt a qualm of religious awe such as he remembered feeling in his childhood at confession, face to face with a man who, in the routine of daily life, was a total stranger to him, and who now was his nearest kin by the tie of human brotherhood. He was greatly agitated ; however, he went to meet this second Steward (as the brother was called whose duty it was to prepare the

candidate for initiation) and recognized him as a friend, a man named Smolianinow. This jarred upon him; he would rather have met him simply as a brother, an unknown but friendly guide. He was so long finding an answer that the Steward repeated his question.

“Yes, I seek . . . I seek . . . regeneration.”

“That is well,” said Smolianinow; and he went on: “Have you any idea of the means at our disposal to assist you in attaining your end?”

“I — I hope for guidance — for help. . . .” replied Pierre in a tremulous voice which prevented his speaking distinctly.

“What is your notion of freemasonry?”

“I take it to be a fraternity of equality among men who aim at virtue.”

“Very good,” said the other, satisfied with the answer. “Did you ever try to attain virtue through religion?”

“No, for I thought religion contrary to truth,” said Pierre, so low that his companion could scarcely hear his answer and made him repeat it. “I was an atheist.”

“Then you seek Truth with a view to obeying the laws of life; consequently you seek virtue and wisdom?”

“Yes.”

The Steward folded his gloved hands on his breast and went on:

“It is my duty to initiate you into the chief aim of our order; if it harmonizes with the end you have in

view you will become a useful member. The foundations on which it rests are such that no human effort can overthrow it: they are the preservation and transmission to posterity of certain important mysteries which have been handed down to us from the remotest past—from the time even of the first man, and on which the fate of humanity depends; but no man can fully understand them or profit by them till after a long preparation and purification. Our next object is to help and comfort the brethren; to help them to grow better, to purify themselves; to learn, by means of the methods discovered by the sages and handed down by tradition, and to prepare themselves to become worthy of their initiation. By thus purifying and encouraging the brethren we strive to purify and encourage all men, setting the uninitiated before them as examples of righteousness and virtue, and exerting all our efforts in the struggle with the evil that is in the world. — Reflect on what I have said to you. . . .” And he left the room.

“Fight against the evil that is in the world!” repeated Pierre; and this course of action, so new to him, spread itself out before his imagination. He pictured himself exhorting those who had erred—such as he had been a week or two since—perverted or wretched souls whom he rescued by word and deed—or, again, oppressors, from whom he snatched their victims. Of the three purposes suggested to him by the Steward, the third—the regeneration of Humanity, attracted him most strongly; mystical secrets only ap-

pealed to his curiosity, and he could not think of them as essential; and even the second, self-purification, did not greatly interest him, for he already felt the secret joy of having completely renounced every vice, and being ready for all that was good.

Half an hour later the Steward came back to initiate the candidate into the seven virtues that were symbolized by the seven steps of the Temple of Solomon, and which every freemason is pledged to exercise in his own person: I. Discretion: never to betray the secrets of the order; II. Obedience to the masters of the order; III. Virtuous living; IV. The love of mankind; V. Courage; VI. Liberality; VII. The love of Death.

“And to school yourself to the seventh precept think often of death, that it may lose its terrors for you and cease to seem an enemy; it will, on the contrary, appear as a friend, to deliver the soul wearied out by works of virtue from this life of misery, and to guide it to the realm of reward and peace.”

“Yes, so it should be no doubt,” said Pierre to himself when his instructor had again left him to his meditations. “But I am so weak that I still love life; and it is only now and by degrees that I am beginning to understand its end and purpose.” As to the other five virtues, which he counted off on his fingers, he felt them within him: Courage, liberality, virtuous living, the love of mankind, and above all obedience, which he did not regard as a virtue but as a solace and happiness, for nothing suited him better than to be quit of

all responsibility and submit to guides who knew the truth.

For the third time his mentor appeared, and asked him if his determination were immovable, and if he would submit to whatever might be required of him.

"I am ready for anything," said Pierre.

"I ought to tell you that our brotherhood is not satisfied to diffuse truth by words alone, but makes use of other means, more cogent perhaps than words, to convince those who seek wisdom and truth. The objects you have seen in this 'chamber of reflection' must, if your heart is sincere, have told you more than any speech, and, in the course of your advancement, you will often have occasion to consider similar symbols. Our order, like those of antiquity, imparts instruction by means of hieroglyphics, which are the images of abstract ideas, and which embody the properties of the things they symbolize."

Pierre knew quite well what was meant by a hieroglyphic; but foreseeing the pressure of some test he said nothing.

"If you are fully resolved, I will proceed to the initiation: In proof of liberality I must ask you to give me everything of value that you possess."

"But I have nothing with me," said Pierre, imagining that he was expected to surrender all his fortune.

"Whatever you have about you—your watch, money, rings. . . ."

Pierre hastily took out his watch and purse, and.

with great difficulty drew off his wedding-ring, which was tight on his thick finger.

"Now, in sign of obedience, proceed to undress." Pierre took off his coat and waistcoat and his left boot; then the Steward opened his shirt over the left breast, and rolled up the left leg of his trousers above the knee. Pierre was about to do the same with the right leg to save the brother the trouble, but Smolianinow stayed his hand and gave him a slipper for his left foot. Feeling awkward, and ashamed of his awkwardness, he stood like a shy child, his arms hanging by his sides, waiting for further instructions.

"Finally, in token of sincerity, I ask you to tell me what is your greatest fault?"

"My greatest? — I have so many!"

"The sin that has most frequently led you astray from the path of virtue?"

Pierre considered:

"Is it gluttony, drunkenness, laziness, anger, hatred, women. . . ." He thought over the list, not knowing which to choose.

"Women," he presently said, hardly audibly.

The brother did not reply and there was a long silence; at last he took the handkerchief from the table and bound it over Pierre's eyes.

"For the last time," he said, "I entreat you to examine yourself thoroughly. Put a bridle on your passions; seek happiness, not in them but in your own heart, for the source of happiness is in ourselves." And

already Pierre felt the fount unsealed, filling his soul with joy and soft emotion.

His sponsor Villarsky now came back into the room ; Pierre recognized his voice. In answer to their repeated enquiries as to the firmness of his resolve, he answered : " Yes, yes — I consent, I am ready. . . . " and he followed his guides with a beaming face, his broad and brawny chest now quite bare and well thrown forward, while Villarsky held a naked sword across it ; but his step was timid and unequal, and his left foot still shod with the slipper. In this way they went along several corridors, turning sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, and at length reached the door of the room where the lodge was held. Villarsky coughed ; a rap with a mallet was the reply, and the door was opened. A deep voice asked Pierre whence he came, and where he was born ; then, still blindfold, he was led forward, while all the time he was exhorted in allegorical figures of speech, as to the difficulties of his journey, the sacred brotherhood, the Great Architect of the Universe, and the courage he would need in his perils and labors. He noticed, too, that he was designated by different names : " The Seeker," " The Sufferer," " The Enquirer ;" and that at each new appellation the swords and mallets sounded with a different ring. While he was thus being led about there was a short confusion of opinion among his guides ; he heard a discussion in low tones, one of them insisting that he was to cross a certain carpet. Then his right hand was laid on an object which he

could not distinguish; a pair of compasses was placed in his left, and he was directed to point them against his breast while he took the oath of obedience to the Order. The lights were extinguished, some spirit of wine was burnt, as Pierre guessed from the smell, and he was told that he was to be made the recipient of the lesser light. His bandage was removed, and by the faint blue glimmer he could dimly see, as in a dream, a number of men, all wearing masonic aprons, standing round in front of him, and each holding a drawn sword pointed at him. One, he perceived, had a blood-stained shirt. Seeing these Pierre bent forward, as if he only wished to be pierced by the blades; but the swords were withdrawn and his bandage replaced.

“Now,” said a voice, “you will receive the greater light.” The candles were lighted again, the handkerchief removed, and a choir of ten or more voices chanted: “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

When he had got over the first bewilderment, Pierre saw twelve brethren sitting round a large table covered with black; some of them he recognized, having met them in society. The president was a young man whom he did not know; and he wore a different badge round his neck. On his right hand sat the Italian Abbe we have met at Mlle. Schérer's, a high St. Petersburg official, and a Swiss who had been tutor to the Kouraguines were also among the number. All listened in solemn silence to the Worshipful Master, who held the mallet. A blazing star glittered on the wall; on one end of the table lay a little cloth with various attributes

worked into it, and at the other there was a sort of altar on which were a book of the Gospels and a skull. Seven large candlesticks, like those used in churches, stood round the table.

Pierre was led up to the altar by two of the brethren; he was made to stand with his feet square, and desired to lie down at full length, as though he were laying his body at the foot of the Temple.

"Give him the trowel," said one of the bystanders.

"No need for that," said another.

Pierre, somewhat confused, looked about him with his short-sighted eyes, wondering for a moment where he was, and whether they were making fun of him; whether at a future time he might not feel ashamed of this experience; but as he looked in the grave faces of the group his doubts vanished. He saw that he could not now withdraw, and summoning once more a spirit of humble and pathetic submissiveness, he threw himself on the ground at the gate of the Temple.

In a few minutes he was bidden to rise; he was invested with a white leather apron like those of the other brethren, and received a trowel and three pairs of gloves. The Worshipful Master then explained to him that he was to keep the apron immaculately white as an emblem of strength and purity; that the trowel was to eradicate vice from his own heart, and to lay the foundation of virtue with charity in the hearts of his fellow-men; the first pair of gloves he was to keep without knowing what they signified; the second pair he was to

wear at the meetings of the order; the third pair were a woman's gloves.

"These, my dear brother, are to be given to the clandestine lady whom you will reverence above all others. This gift will be to her a pledge of the purity of your heart; only beware lest they are worn by unworthy hands . . ."

As the Worshipful Master spoke Pierre fancied he seemed uneasy, and he himself, glancing uncomfortably round at the brethren, blushed till his cheeks tingled and his eyes filled with tears, as a child blushes.

There was an awkward silence, but one of the brethren broke it. He led Pierre to look at the table-cover, and read to him, out of a manuscript book, an explanation of the symbols figured upon it: The sun, the moon, the mallet, the plumb-line, the trowel, the cube of building stone, the pillar, the three windows, and so on. His place was pointed out to him, he was shown the masonic signs, they told him their password, and at last he was allowed to sit down.

Then the Worshipful Master read the statutes of the order. They were very long, and Pierre was too much agitated to listen attentively; he could remember nothing but the last paragraph:

"In our Temple there are no differences of rank but those which separate vice from virtue. Beware of showing any feeling which may tend to destroy this equality. Fly to succour your brother be he what he may; guide the erring, raise the fallen; never give place to any impulse of hatred or aversion. Be kind

and benevolent; strive to light the fire of virtue in every heart; share your joys with your neighbor, and never let envy trouble your happiness. Forgive your enemies, and take no vengeance but by returning good for evil. In the fulfilment of these supreme laws you will find the traces of your primal and lost greatness."

He rose as he ceased speaking, and embraced Pierre who, with his eyes full of tears, did not know how to respond to the congratulations of the brethren—those whom he had never seen till this hour as well as those who now renewed a former acquaintance with him. He made no distinction between old friends and new brethren; his one desire was to be associated with them in carrying out their great work.

The Worshipful Master rapped with the mallet and all sat down again: he spoke a short address on the subject of Unity, and then proposed to proceed to the last ceremony. The treasurer, a high dignitary of the brotherhood, went round to each. Pierre would willingly have put his name on the list for everything he possessed, but the fear of being thought ostentatious checked him, and he put down the same sum as the others.

The meeting over he went home, feeling as if he were returning, another man in every respect, from a long journey of many years' duration, and with nothing left in common with his former life and habits.

The day after his initiation Pierre spent the morning in reading the book that had been put into his hands and trying to apprehend the meaning of the

figure of which one side represented the Divinity, the second the spiritual world, the third the world of sense, and the fourth the union of the two worlds. From time to time he interrupted his reading and study of the squares to sketch a plan of future life; for he had been informed at the masonic meeting that the story of his duel had reached the Czar's ears, and that he would be wise to quit St. Petersburg. He proposed therefore to go and reside on his estates in the south, and devote himself to caring for his peasants.

Suddenly Prince Basil walked into the room.

"My dear fellow, what have you been doing at Moscow? What is the meaning of this quarrel with Helen? You are laboring under a complete mistake; I know everything, and I declare to you she is as innocent with regard to you as Christ with regard to the Jews. And why," he went on, not allowing Pierre to put a word in, "why did you not refer at once to me as your friend? Good God! I quite understand, you behaved like a man who cares above all things for his honor; perhaps you were over-hasty, but we will talk that over by and bye. Only think of the difficult position you have placed us in — my daughter and me — in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of the Court," he added in a lower tone. "She at Moscow, and you here! You must see, my dear fellow, that it can be nothing more than a misunderstanding; I fondly believe that you must see it in that light. Write to her; she will come to you; everything will be cleared up. If you don't, my dear fellow, I am afraid

you will live to repent . . . ” and Prince Basil gazed at him very significantly. “ I know for certain that the Empress Dowager takes a great interest in the matter ; she has always been extremely kind to Helen.”

Pierre, who had tried more than once to stem this flood of words, did not know how to express a point-blank refusal ; he got confused, turned red, got up, sat down again — reminded himself of the masonic precepts of charity, while at the same time he felt he must make himself unpleasant by saying the very reverse of what he was expected to say. He was so much accustomed to give way to this tone of dictatorial recklessness that he feared he should not know how to resist it, though he knew that his whole future depended on the next word he might utter. Should he follow the old groove, or should he resolutely start on the new path, so full of allurements, that had been laid down for him — the path that he was sure would lead to the renewal of his whole being ?

“ Well, my good friend,” Prince Basil went on in an airy way, “ you have only to say ‘ Yes, I will write,’ and we will kill the fatted calf.”

But before he had finished his sentence Pierre, with a flash of rage that made him look like his father, answered in a choking voice and without looking at Prince Basil :

“ Prince, I did not send for you. Go!” and he rushed forward and opened the door. “ Go,” he repeated to his father-in-law, whose face was quite terror-stricken.

“What ails you? Are you ill?”

“Go away, I tell you!” Pierre said once more, and his voice trembled; and Prince Basil was forced to go without getting the answer he required.

Within a week Pierre, after taking leave of his new friends and leaving a considerable sum in their hands to be distributed in charity, set out for his estates. He carried with him numerous letters of introduction to members of the order at Kiew and at Odessa, and promises that they would write to him and advise him in his new way of life.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Czar's severity in cases of duelling the meeting of Pierre and Dologhow was hushed up; neither the principals nor the seconds were prosecuted; but the story of the quarrel — which was confirmed by the separation of Pierre and his wife — was repeated everywhere. Pierre, who had been received with condescending affability when he was only a bastard, and who had been overwhelmed with attentions and flattery while he was the most eligible match in Russia, had lost much of his importance in the eyes of society by his marriage. It had left the mothers of marriageable daughters bereft of all hope, besides which he had never been able, or even tried, to insinuate

himself into the good graces of the fashionable and select few. Consequently he alone was pronounced guilty and regarded as a jealous and raging monomaniac, exactly like his father. After his departure Helen returned to St. Petersburg, and was received by all her friends with the respectful consideration due to her misfortunes. If by any chance her husband's name was mentioned in her presence she put on a dignified expression, which her native tact had led her to adopt without fully understanding its value; her face conveyed that she would bear her abandonment with resignation, and that her husband was the cross which God had thought fit to send her. As to Prince Basil, he expressed his views more openly; he would tap his forehead and say whenever the opportunity offered:

“Cracked, cracked — I always said so.”

“Pardon me,” replied Mlle. Schérer, “I said so, and before others, before witnesses” — and she always insisted on the priority of her opinion —: “The unfortunate young man is perverted by the corrupt notions of the day. I saw it at once when he came back from abroad and set up for being a second-hand Marat — do you remember? Well, and this is the result. I never liked the marriage; I always foresaw what would come of it.”

Anna Paulovna still gave evenings “at home” which she had the gift of arranging with particular success, collecting, as she herself said, “the cream of the best society,” and “the flower of the intellectual spirit of St. Petersburg.” Her parties had another attrac-

tion; every time she managed to introduce to this select circle some new and interesting personage. Nowhere in St. Petersburg could the political thermometer be more accurately studied than in her drawing-room, as it rose and fell with the state of the conservative atmosphere of court society.

She was giving such a party one evening at the end of the year 1806, after the arrival of the melancholy news of the defeat of the Prussians at Jena and at Auerstedt, of the reduction of the greater number of the Prussian fortresses, and just as the Russian army had crossed the frontier to prepare for a second campaign. "The cream of the best society" consisted of the unfortunate and deserted Helen, of Mortemart, of fascinating Prince Hippolyte, who had just returned from Vienna, two diplomates, "*la tante*," a gentleman known to the circle as "the very promising young man," a lately-promoted maid of honor with her mother, and some less conspicuous figures. The choice morsel of the evening on this occasion was Prince Boris Droubetzkoï, who had come to St. Petersburg as a special messenger from the Prussian army, and was attached as aide-de-camp to a man of distinguished rank.

The reading of the political thermometer that day amounted to this: "The rulers of Europe and their generals may bow to Napoleon if they please, and do what they will to cause *me*—and to cause *us*—every possible annoyance and humiliation; our opinion about him is unchangeable. We shall never cease to

express our views on the subject in the plainest terms, and we say, once for all, to the King of Prussia and the rest of them: 'So much the worse for you. You made your bed and must lie in it.' '*

When Boris, the lion of the entertainment, came into the room all the other guests had arrived; the conversation, led by Anna Paulovna, had turned on the Russian negotiations with Austria and the probabilities of an alliance. Boris, whose appearance was more manly than of yore, wore an elegant aide-de-camp's uniform; he came in with an easy manner, and after paying his respects to "*la tante*," he joined the chief circle. Anna Paulovna gave him her dry little hand to kiss, and introduced him to those of the party who were unknown to him, naming them one by one:

"Prince Hippolyte Kouraguine—a delightful young man.—Monsieur Kroucy, chargé d'affaires from Copenhagen, a man of great acumen.—Monsieur Schitrow, a young man of great promise."

Thanks to his mother's efforts, and to his own taste and self-control, Boris had succeeded in making a very snug place for himself: an important mission to Prussia had been entrusted to him and he had returned as special messenger. He had soon mastered the unwritten code which had struck him for the first time at Olmütz—the social code which gave a lieutenant precedence over a general, which made no demands on labor, courage, or tenacity to ensure success, but required only tact and skill in dealing with the dispen-

* "Tu l'a voulu, Georges Dandin."

sers of places and promotion. He was surprised sometimes at his own rapid advancement, and at finding that so few men understood how easy it was to climb by this road. As a result of his discovery, his mode of life, his relations to his old acquaintances, his projects for the future, all were completely changed. In spite of his narrow circumstances he would spend his last roubles to be better dressed than other men, not to wear a shabby uniform, or be seen in the streets in a cheap carriage; but he was capable of denying himself many comforts. He frequented the society only of those who were above him in position and who could be useful to him; he liked St. Petersburg and scorned Moscow. The memories of the Rostows and of his boyish love for Natacha were odious to him, and he had not once set foot in their house since his return from the army. But being invited to Anna Paulovna's soirée, he regarded it as a step forward in his career and understood his part at once. He left it to her to make the most of all that was interesting in himself, devoting his attention to studying the rest of the guests and considering what advantage he might derive from establishing an intimacy with either of them and how this was to be achieved.

He took the seat pointed out to him next to the fair Helen, and listened to the conversation. The Danish chargé d'affaires was speaking.

"Austria regards the basis of the negotiations as utterly inadmissible and cannot consent to accept them — not even if they were led up to by the most

splendid successes; and she doubts there being any means of gaining them for Russia. That is the reply from the Vienna Cabinet, word for word.—The doubt is flattering,” added the “man of great acumen” with an ironical smile.

“But you must make a distinction between the Vienna Cabinet and the Emperor of Austria,” said Mortemart. “The Emperor of Austria would never have thought of such a thing; it is the dictum of the Cabinet alone.”

“Oh! my dear Vicomte,” said Anna Paulovna, “Yurope”—she said Yurope perhaps as a subtle proof of good taste in speaking to a foreigner—“Yurope will never be the honest ally of Russia . . .” and she went off into a rhapsody on the King of Prussia’s heroic courage and firmness, with a view to giving Boris an opening. Boris patiently waited for his turn, listening to what the others had to say while, from time to time, he sent a glance in the direction of his fair neighbor who responded by a smile at the handsome young aide-de-camp. Anna Paulovna appealed to him, as a matter of course, to describe his expedition to Glogau and the present position of the Prussian army. Boris, without any fuss or hurry, gave a few interesting details with regard to the Russian troops and the Court of St. Petersburg, speaking correctly in very good French, and taking care not to express any personal views on the facts he related.

For some little time he absorbed the attention of the whole party and Mlle. Schérer noted with pride that

her company fully appreciated the treat she had set before them. Helen, above all, displayed the greatest interest in Boris and his narrative, and making a show of much anxiety as to the condition of the Prussian army she questioned him about his journey:

"You must really come to see me," she said with that perpetual smile, and in a voice which seemed to imply that circumstances of which he knew nothing made it indispensable that he should call on her. "On Tuesday, between eight and nine? I shall be so pleased to see you."

Boris promised eagerly and was about to say more to her when Anna Paulovna interrupted their personal talk by calling Boris to speak to her aunt.

"You knew her husband I think?" said "*la tante*," closing her eyes and indicating Helen by a pathetic gesture. "What an unhappy, what an enchanting woman! But never mention him in her presence, I entreat you; it is too much for her feelings."

During their brief tête-a-tête Prince Hippolyte had taken possession of the lead in the conversation. He had been leaning at his ease in an arm-chair, and now sat bolt upright and suddenly exclaimed: "The King of Prussia!" Then he began to laugh and said no more. Every one turned to look at him, and Hippolyte, still laughing, settled into his chair again, and repeated: "The King of Prussia!"

Anna Paulovna, seeing that he did not intend to say anything more important, broke out in a violent attack on Napoleon and to justify her virulence went on

to tell the story of how, at Potsdam, that thief Bonaparte had stolen the sword of Frederick the Great.

"The sword of Frederick the Great, that..." she was saying ; but just then Hippolyte interrupted her by repeating: "The King of Prussia!" and nothing more. Mlle. Schérer made a face, and Mortemart, who was Hippolyte's friend, said:

"Well, what have you to say, with your King of Prussia?"

"Oh, nothing! I only meant to imply that we are making a mistake in making war for the King of Prussia." He had heard this little pleasantry at Vienna, and had kept it simmering all the evening in the hope of introducing it. Boris smiled discreetly, in such a way that he might be supposed to approve or to be laughing at the speaker.

"Your joke is a bad one," said Anna Paulovna, shaking a threatening finger. "Extremely witty, but quite unjust. We are not making war for the King of Prussia but for right principles. Oh! naughty, naughty, Prince Hippolyte!"

The conversation still dwelt on politics, and presently became more eager when it turned on the subject of the rewards distributed by the Emperor.

"Last year N. had a snuff-box given him with the Czar's portrait," said the "man of great acumen." "Why should not S. have the same?"

"But excuse me," said the attaché, "a snuff-box with the Czar's portrait is a reward no doubt but not an official distinction; it is more in the nature of a present."

“There are precedents. — Schwarzenberg for instance.”

“Impossible!” said another.

“I am prepared to bet: A ribbon, of course, is quite a different thing.”

When the party broke up Helen, who had hardly opened her lips the whole evening, repeated her invitation, or rather her command to Boris with pressing significance, bidding him not forget next Tuesday. In her sudden interest in the army Helen had discovered an all-important reason for asking Boris to call; and her manner seemed to convey that she would inform him of it when he came.

Boris, as he was desired, kept the appointment. Helen's handsome drawing-room was full of people, and he was about to withdraw without having had any particular explanation, when the countess, who had only spoken a few words to him, suddenly said in his ear as he bent to kiss her hand — and for once she was not smiling —

“Come to dine with me to-morrow — to-morrow evening. You must come — do not fail.”

And this was how Boris became intimate in the countess' house during his first stay in St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XX.

WAR had broken out again and was fast approaching the Russian frontier. On all sides nothing was to be heard but anathemas against Napoleon, "the enemy of the human race." In all the villages soldiers and recruits were being called out, while the most improbable and contradictory intelligence was brought in from the seat of war.

At Lissy-Gory things had altered in every one's life since the previous year. The old prince had been chosen as one of the eight heads of the militia appointed for the whole of Russia. Notwithstanding his feeble health, which had suffered severely by the suspense in which he had lived for so many months as to his son's fate, he thought it his duty to accept the post conferred on him by the Czar's personal desire, and his renewed activity restored all his former strength. He spent all his time in riding about the three governments which came under his jurisdiction. Sternly punctual himself in the fulfilment of his duties, he was strict almost to cruelty with his subordinates and went into the minutest details. His daughter had no more lessons in mathematics, but she went to see her father in his study every morning, followed by the nurse carrying little Prince Nicolas, as his grandfather called him. The child lived

in what had been his mother's rooms with his wet-nurse and old Savichnia, and there Princess Marie, taking the place of his mother, spent the chief part of her day. Mlle. Bourrienne seemed equally devoted to the little boy, and Princess Marie would sometimes leave it to her to watch and amuse their darling. A shrine had been erected in the church over the Princess Lisa's grave, and on the tomb an angel in white marble spread its wings. The angel's upper lip curled a little, and it really looked as if it were going to smile; Prince André and his sister both had been struck by its resemblance to the little princess, and strangely enough — though Prince André took care not to point it out to his sister — the artist had unconsciously given it the same expression of gentle reproach that he had observed on the rigid features of the dead princess: "What have you done to me?"

Soon after his return home the old prince had made him master by deed of gift of his estate of Bogoutcharovo, about forty versts distant from Lissy-Gory, and he took advantage of his father's generosity to quit the scene of so many painful associations and betake himself to solitude, all the more as he found it difficult to accommodate himself to his father's vexatious temper. He made himself a new home, intending to spend most of his time there. He had quite made up his mind after the battle of Austerlitz, to retire from military life; so, to escape active service when the war broke out again, he was obliged to place himself under his father's orders and occupy himself in helping to organize the

militia. Father and son seemed to have changed parts: The elder man, excited by his own energy, foretold a happy issue to the campaign, while the younger lamented it with all his heart, and saw none but black prospects.

On the 26th of February, 1807, the old prince started on a tour of inspection, Prince André remaining at Lissy-Gory — as he commonly did when his father was absent. The coachman who had driven the prince to the next town brought back some letters and papers for Prince André. The man-servant not finding him in his own room made his way to Princess Marie's, but did not find him there; the child had been ailing for the last four days and his father was with him.

“Pétroucha wants to speak to Your Excellency; he has brought some papers,” said a maid to Prince André, who was sitting on a low stool and dropping some medicine with a trembling hand into a glass half full of water, counting the drops with the greatest care.

“What is it?” he said sharply, and the sudden movement made him put in a few drops too much. He threw away the contents of the glass and began again. There was no furniture in the room besides the cradle and two arm-chairs and a few nursery accessories; the curtains were closely drawn; a taper was burning on the table and a large sheet of music placed as a screen kept the light out of the little sick child's eyes.

“My dear,” said Princess Marie, who was standing by the side of the bed: “Wait a little while; I assure you it will be better to wait.”

"Leave me alone; you do not know what you are talking about. You have waited and waited, and you see the consequences," he answered bitterly in a low voice.

"But indeed, dear, I would wait a little while. — He is asleep."

Prince André rose and stood doubtful, with the medicine in his hand.

"Do you think I really had better wait?" he said.

"Well, you must judge for yourself, but I think so," said his sister, somewhat embarrassed by his making this slight concession to her opinion.

This was the second night they had sat up with the child, who was suffering from a sharp attack of fever. Their confidence in the doctor who attended the household was very limited, and they had sent for the medical man from a neighboring town; meanwhile they were trying various remedies. Tired, anxious, and overwrought, their fears betrayed themselves in unconscious irritability.

"Pétroucha is waiting," the girl said presently.

Prince André went out to receive his father's verbal instructions by message, and came in again with his hands full of papers.

"Well?" he said.

"No change, but do not be disheartened. Carl Ivanitch assured me that sleep was a good sign."

Prince André felt the child's hot dry skin.

"You have no sense at all, you and your Carl

Ivanitch." And taking the medicine he had mixed he bent over the cradle, while Princess Marie held him back, entreating him.

"Let me alone," said the prince impatiently. — "Well then, do you give it him."

Princess Marie took the glass, and calling the old nurse to help her, tried to make the child drink, but it struggled, and cried, and choked. Prince André clasped his head in his hands and walked away. He went into the next room and sat down on the sofa. There he mechanically tore open his father's letter and read as follows, in the old prince's scrawl on a sheet of blue paper :

"Unless the good news that has just come to hand by special messenger is a disgraceful hoax Bennigsen has won a victory over Napoleon at Eylau. St. Petersburg is wild with joy, and it rains rewards and honors. He is a German, but I congratulate him all the same. I cannot imagine what that fellow Hendrikow is doing at Kortchew : neither supplies nor reinforcements have arrived yet. Set out at once, and tell him that I will have his head cut off if everything does not come to hand in the course of the week. A letter has come from Pétia from the field of Eylau ; he was engaged in the fight — and it is all true. When those whom it does not concern keep out of the way even a German can beat Napoleon. They say he is retreating and severely damaged. So be off at once to Kortchew and carry out my orders."

The second letter he opened was an interminable effusion from Bilibine; he put it aside to read later.

“Go to Kortchew! Certainly not at this juncture. I cannot leave my child ill.” He glanced into the adjoining room and saw his sister standing by the cradle, which she was rocking.

“And what is the other disagreeable news in Bilibine’s letter? To be sure, the victory — now that I have left the army! Oh, yes! he can always laugh at me — so much the better, if it amuses him.” And he proceeded to read Bilibine’s letter, not half understanding what he read, to divert his mind from the matter that so exclusively occupied and worried him.

Bilibine who was diplomatic attaché to the staff corps had written him a long letter in French and full of quips and jests; but he gave a thoroughly patriotic picture of the campaign with bold frankness, and not hesitating to pronounce an opinion, even a satirical one, on the acts and deeds of his fellow-countrymen. It was easy to perceive in reading it that he was weary of the guarded discretion which a diplomate is bound to observe, and glad of an opportunity to pour out his bile to so safe a correspondent as Prince André. The letter was already some days old having been written before the battle of Eylau:

“Since our grand success at Austerlitz, my dear Prince, I, as you know, have been inseparable from the staff of the generals in command. Certainly I have acquired quite a taste for war, and it is a lucky thing

that I have! What I have seen these three months is beyond belief.

“I begin at the beginning. The ‘enemy of the human race’ has, as you know, turned on the Prussians. The Prussians are our faithful friends and have deceived us no more than three times in three years. So we take up the cause. But, as it turns out, the ‘enemy of the human race’ pays no heed to our eloquent defence; and in his horrid rude way he flies at the Prussians, and without giving them time to finish their review even, he gives them a sound thrashing and makes himself at home in the palace of Potsdam.

“‘My greatest wish,’ writes the King of Prussia to Napoleon, ‘is that Your Majesty should be received and treated to your entire satisfaction in my palace, and I have hastened to take every step in my power under the circumstances to secure that end. I only hope I have succeeded.’—The Prussian generals are on their politest behavior to the French, and lay down their arms at the first word.

“The colonel of the garrison of Glogau, with ten thousand men under his command, asks the King of Prussia what he is to do if he is called upon to surrender!—this is a fact.

“The long and the short of the matter is that after trying to impress the foe by our military attitude we are fairly in for war, and what is more, war on our own frontier, for and with the King of Prussia. Everything is complete, only one thing is wanting: a commander-in-chief. As it is now thought that our success at

Austerlitz might have been more decisive if the general had been a little older, our octogenarians are to have a chance, and between Proserofsky and Kamensky, the choice is in favor of the second. So the general comes in a kibitka, in imitation of Souvorow, and is hailed with acclamations of delight and triumph.

“On the 4th behold the first courier from St. Petersburg. The mail-bags are taken straight to the marshal, who likes to do everything himself. I am sent for to help sort the letters and set aside those addressed to headquarters. The marshal sits looking on and waiting for any addressed to him. We hunt them all through — not one. The marshal waxes impatient and sets to work himself; he finds letters from the Czar addressed to Count T., to Prince V., and others. He goes into one of his livid rages. Fire and flame are flung right and left; he seizes the letters, tears open and reads those written by the Czar to other people: ‘So this is the way I am treated! No confidence! Other people are set to watch me! Leave the room!’ And he writes the famous order of the day to General Bennigsen: ‘I am hurt, and I cannot ride, consequently I cannot command the army. You have taken your defeated division to Poulitusk where it lies exposed without wood or forage; this must be remedied according to your report to Count Buxhevdén. You must retire towards our frontier; proceed to do so this day.

“‘From constantly riding about,’ he wrote to the Czar, ‘I have been galled by the saddle and this

prevents my sitting on horseback and taking the command of so important an army. I have placed the command in the hands of Count Bouxhevden, the senior general; advising him, if he is short of bread, to retire into Prussia, for we have not more than enough for one day's rations, and some regiments have none at all, as reported by the generals in command, Ostermann and Sedmoretzki; the peasants, too, have none. I shall remain in hospital at Ostrolenko till I am well. In laying before Your Majesty this report up to date I have the honor of adding that if the army remains in camp here another fortnight there will not be a single man capable of fighting in the spring.

“‘Allow me as an old man to retire to the country with the deepest regret at finding myself unable to carry out the great and glorious duties which were required of me. I shall await Your Majesty's gracious permission in hospital here, so as not to take up the part of letter-writer instead of that of commander. My retirement will make no more difference than that of a blind man might. There are hundreds like me to be found in Russia.’

“So the marshal is angry with the Emperor and punishes us! Highly logical.

“Thus ends the first act. In the following scenes the interest, and the absurdity, increase in due proportion. When the marshal is fairly gone we find that we are face to face with the foe and must fight, whether or no. Bouxhevden is the commander by seniority, but Bennigsen does not see it—all the more because he

and his division are within sight of the enemy and he is dying to fight a battle on his own account '*auf eigene hand*' as the Germans say. So he fights. This is the battle of Poultouk which we are told was a great victory, but in my opinion is nothing of the kind. We civilians, as you know, have a bad habit of making up our own minds as to whether a battle is lost or won. The side that retires after the fight, has been beaten we say; and that being so, we lost the battle of Poultouk. After fighting we retire; but we send off a courier to St. Petersburg with a report of a victory, and meanwhile the general does not make way for Bouxhevden, hoping, as the reward of his success (!) to get his appointment from St. Petersburg as commander-in-chief.

“ During this interregnum we perform a remarkably interesting and original series of manœuvres. Our object, in point of fact, is neither to avoid nor to attack the enemy — as it should be — but simply and solely to avoid General Bouxhevden who, by right of seniority, would give us his orders. Nay, we put so much energy into this endeavor, that having crossed a river which is not fordable we burn the bridge to cut off the enemy — not Bonaparte, but Bouxhevden.—And General Bouxhevden was within an ace of being attacked and beaten by a superior French force in consequence of one of our clever manœuvres for escaping from him. Bouxhevden follows us; we sneak off. No sooner does he cross to our side of the river than we cross back again. At last the enemy — Bouxhevden — catches us

up and turns upon us. The two generals get angry ; nay, Bouxhevden even sends a challenge and Bennigsen has an epileptic fit. However, at the most critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory to St. Petersburg, returns with our appointment as general-in-chief, and Bouxhevden, foe No. 1, being disposed of, we can turn our attention to foe No. 2 — Napoleon. But at this juncture behold a third rises up before us — this is the orthodox army clamoring for bread, for meat, for *soukharyi*,* for hay—and what not ! the stores are empty and the roads impassable.

“The ‘orthodox’ take to pillage, and in a way of which the last campaign can give you not the faintest notion. Half the regiments form themselves into companies of freebooters, devastating the country and putting everything to fire and sword. The inhabitants are utterly and totally ruined, the hospitals overflow with sick, and famine stalks abroad. Twice have the marauders attacked us at headquarters, and the commander-in-chief has been obliged to get a battalion to drive them off. In one of these raids my empty port-manteau and my dressing-gown were stolen. The Czar has just issued a document authorizing us to shoot the freebooters, but I am very much afraid that that would mean setting one half of the army to shoot the other half.”

Prince André had read without much attention at

* Soukharyi is a coarse kind of biscuit — “not unfrequently maggots.”

first, but by degrees he was carried away by his interest in the subject, while he took care not to overrate the importance of information coming through Bilibine; as he read the last sentence he crumpled up the letter and tossed it aside, vexed with himself to find that this life, now so remote from him, could occasion him any emotion. He shut his eyes and passed his hand across his forehead as if to efface the impression, listening to what was going on in the child's room. He fancied he heard a strange sound. Fearing lest the child might have become worse while he was reading the letter he went in on tip-toe. As he entered he fancied from the expression of the old nurse's face that she was hiding something, and that his sister had left the room.

"My dear old boy!" said his sister coming up behind him.

As often happens after a sleepless night or acute anxiety, a dumb terror seized him; he thought her words conveyed a desperate appeal—the announcement that his child was dead, which indeed seemed only too probable.

"It is all over," he thought to himself, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He went up to the cradle, fully convinced that he should find it empty and that the old woman was hiding the dead child; he drew aside the curtain but his eyes were dim with alarm and for a moment he could distinguish nothing. Then he saw the little boy lying with rosy cheeks across the crib, with his head lower than the pillow and sucking in his dreams. He was breathing softly and regularly.

Comforted and happy Prince André bent down and put his lips to the baby's face, as he had seen his sister do, to feel how hot he was. He felt the moisture of the little forehead and damp, downy head, and understood that, not only was he not dead, but that this favorable turn meant rapid recovery. He longed to snatch up the pale little creature and clasp it to his breast; he dared not, but his eyes rested fondly on the little head, the tiny hands and the small limbs under the coverlet. Then he heard a gown rustle, and a shadow stood by his. It was Princess Marie, who had raised the curtain and let it fall behind her. Her brother while listening to his baby's breathing, did not turn round, but he put out his hand and she grasped it fervently.

"He is in a perspiration. . . ."

"I was going to tell you. . . ." she replied.

The child turned in his sleep, smiled and rubbed his face against the pillow.

Prince André looked up at his sister whose bright eyes sparkled with tears in the shadow of the curtain. She drew her brother to her across the cradle to kiss him; having accidentally caught the edge of the curtain they were afraid of disturbing the baby, and stood so for a minute or two in the dim light — those three apart from all the world besides. Prince André was the first to move, and as he felt his way through the folds of the curtain he said with a sigh: "Yes, this is all I have left!"

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE carried with him from St. Petersburg full instructions, written out by his new Brothers, for his guidance in the different projects he was meditating for the benefit of his serfs. When he reached Kiew he sent for the stewards of all his estates in that government and informed them of his wishes: He explained to them that he was about to take steps immediately to emancipate the peasants from serfdom; meanwhile they must do their best to second him, and not overwork them. Women and children were to be exempt from hard labor; no punishments were to be inflicted, only reprimands; and on every estate hospitals, schools and alms-houses were to be erected. Some of the stewards—and some could hardly read—listened in horror, lending a wholly personal meaning to his words: He was dissatisfied with their management they supposed, and knew that they robbed him. Others, after the first shock of alarm, were amused by their master's embarrassment and hesitation, and by notions, to them so new and strange. The third group listened as a matter of duty and without any dissatisfaction. The fourth set, consisting of the sharpest wits among them, and at their head the chief steward, perceived at once the line they should take to gain their own ends. Indeed Pierre's philanthropic schemes met with their hearty

concurrence: "But first," said they, "the state of the land itself must be looked into, seeing what a mess your affairs are in."

In spite of the immense fortune left by Count Bésoukhov, Pierre had in fact been richer with the allowance of 10,000 roubles made to him by his father than with the 500,000 a year he was supposed to have inherited. His expenses were pretty much as follows: 80,000 roubles was the annual interest due to the Land-Mortgage Bank of Russia; 30,000 for the maintenance of the country-house close to Moscow, of the house in Moscow and the pension to the three princesses; 15,000 in other pensions and charities; 150,000 to his wife; 70,000 in interest on debts; about 10,000 had been laid out during the last two years in building a church; and the 100,000 left went, he knew not how, but so effectually that he had been obliged to borrow; without counting the cost of fires, short crops, and necessary rebuilding of factories and houses. So now, at the very outset, Pierre was forced to devote himself to enquiring into his own affairs and for this he had neither the taste nor the capacity.

However, he gave some hours daily to the task; still, matters seemed no forwarder. He felt that things were going on in the old way, and that his efforts had not the slightest influence on their steady flow in the old grooves. His chief steward, on his part, represented everything in the gloomiest light; insisting on the necessity for paying off his debts and undertaking fresh enterprises with forced labor, which Pierre re-

sisted, and gave orders that steps were to be taken as soon as possible for the emancipation of his serfs; and, as it was impossible to do this till the debts were cancelled the whole thing was put off till the Greek calends. The steward had no hesitation in telling him so plainly, and proposed to raise the money by selling some fine timber forests in the government of Klostroma, some valuable lands irrigated by a river, and an estate in the Crimea. But all this business was complicated and entailed such elaborate proceedings — paying off of mortgages, taking legal possession, getting authority to sell, etc., etc., that Pierre lost himself in the labyrinth and confined himself to saying: "Yes, yes — let it be done."

He was devoid of that practical spirit which makes work easy and he did not like it; he did his best to seem to take an interest in it in the steward's presence, and the man pretended that everything was for his master's ultimate benefit, while he lamented the delay it occasioned.

Pierre found a few acquaintances at Kiew, and strangers rushed forward to offer hospitality to the millionaire who was the largest land-owner in the government. The temptations which consequently offered themselves on all sides were too great to be resisted. Days, weeks, months slipped by in the same round of breakfasts, dinners and balls as he had known during his stay in St. Petersburg; and, instead of living the new life of which he had dreamed, he lived the old one, only amid new scenery.

He could not persuade himself that, of the three obligations considered binding on freemasons, he was fulfilling that which could conduce to make him an example of moral purity; or, that of the seven virtues, good living and the love of death found any echo in his soul. He comforted himself with the belief that he was fulfilling the other half of his mission: the regeneration of humanity; and that he was possessed of other virtues: the love of his neighbor, and liberality.

In the spring of 1807 he made up his mind to return to St. Petersburg, visiting his estates on the way so as to know from personal inspection how far his scheme was prospering, and in what way the human beings entrusted to him by God, and whom he intended to load with benefits, were now living.

The chief steward—in whose eyes the young count's projects were purely extravagant, and as much to his own disadvantage as to that of his master and the peasants themselves—condescended to his whims. While he represented that emancipation was an impossibility, he began building on a large scale on all the estates—hospitals, asylums and schools. He had the most pompous receptions organized for him on every estate, feeling very sure that they would displease his master; but at the same time he thought that these processions, patriarchal and semi-religious in character, with bread and salt, and the Holy Images borne at their head, were the very thing to act on Pierre's imagination and to keep up his illusions.

The southern spring and the journey home by him-

self, in a comfortable carriage of Vienna build, caused him real enjoyment. These estates, which he had never before seen, were each more beautiful than the last. The peasants looked happy and prosperous, and grateful for his beneficence. The grand receptions that had been everywhere prepared for him embarrassed him a little, to be sure, but in his heart he was deeply touched by them. In one of the villages a deputation offered him, with the bread and salt, images of St. Peter and St. Paul, and begged his permission to add a chapel to the church at the cost of the commune in honor of his patron saint St. Peter. In another the women, with their babies in their arms, came to thank him for having delivered them from hard labor. In a third, the priest, with a cross in his hand, presented to him the young children to whom, thanks to their lord's generosity, he was giving elementary instruction. Wherever he went he saw infirmaries, alms-houses and schools being built, or finished, or ready to open, according to the plans he had laid down. Wherever he looked through the stewards' accounts he found that forced labor had been reduced by half, and his peasants, in their loose blue coats, came to thank him for the remission. But unfortunately Pierre did not know that the village where bread and salt had been offered with the petition to be allowed to build a chapel, was a very flourishing parish, that the chapel had in fact been long since begun by the rich people in the neighborhood, and that it was they who had come to meet him while nine-tenths of the peasants were destitute. He

did not know that, in consequence of his order that the women with babies at the breast were not to be sent out to forced labor of any kind, very much harder work in their own fields fell to their lot. He did not know that the priest who had met him, cross in hand, weighed cruelly on the poor people, extorting heavy tithes in kind, and that the pupils he brought in his train were placed with him very unwillingly and often ransomed back by their parents at a heavy price. He did not know that these new stone buildings, erected by his plans, were the work of his peasants whose forced labor they greatly increased, that the "corvée," in short, was only reduced on paper. Nor could he know that when his head steward entered the peasants' money payments as diminished by a third, that third was made up by an increase in forced toil.

So Pierre, delighted with the results of his tour of inspection, felt his heart warm with philanthropic ardor, and wrote enthusiastic letters to his brother-instructor, as he chose to call the Worshipful Master.

"How easy it is to be good; how little effort it costs and how little we think about it," thought Pierre.

The gratitude with which he was met made him happy, but that very gratitude also made him feel ashamed to think how much more good he might have done. The head steward, an inferior but cunning man, had soon taken the measure of the intelligent but simple-minded young count and fooled him in every way. He took advantage of the demonstrations which

he himself had organized, to find fresh arguments against emancipation, and to persuade his master that the peasants were perfectly happy. Pierre sincerely believed that he was right ; he could not fancy folks better content, and quite pitied their fate if they should be set free ; but still, his sense of justice prompted him not to give up his project at any cost.

The steward promised to do his utmost to carry out the count's wishes, being fully convinced that his master would never thoroughly enquire into his proceedings to assure himself that he had done his best to dispose of so much of the estates and timber as would release the remainder from debt ; that he would never ask any questions, or discover that the buildings raised for benevolent ends would remain useless, and that the serfs would still be made to pay in money and in labor the same taxes as on every other great property — that is to say the uttermost farthing that human effort could produce.

On his way home from the south, Pierre, in the happiest possible frame of mind, carried out his intention of going to see his friend, Bolkonsky ; they had not met for two years. Bogoutcharovo lay in the midst of a plain varied by forests and fields, some of the timber having been felled, and the country was not particularly picturesque. The house and adjoining premises were at one end of a village of which the *isbas* * stood in a row on each side of the high-road. In front of it was a pond so recently dug and filled

* Russian peasants' cottages.

with water that the grass had not yet had time to grow green on the banks; a young plantation, with a few tall fir-trees rising above it, screened the residence. The outbuildings consisted of a granary, stables and a bath-house; the house, which was a large one with two wings, was built of stone; the semicircular façade was as yet unfinished; a garden was laid out round it. The fencing and gates were new and well made; under a shed stood two fire-engines, and a water-tub painted green. The roads, laid out in straight lines, were carried over bridges with handsome balustrades. Everything bore the stamp of care and good order.

To the question: "Where is the prince?" the servants replied by pointing to a small new house on the edge of the tank. Prince André's old body-servant, Antoine, helped Pierre out of his travelling-carriage and showed him into a waiting-room recently re-decorated. He was struck by the simplicity of this dwelling, which was in marked contrast to the brilliant conditions of existence under which he had last met his friend. He hastily went forward into the next room which smelt of pine-wood and was not even white-washed yet. Antoine hurried past him and went on tip-toe to knock at a door opposite.

"What is it?" asked a harsh, cross voice.

"A visitor," said Antoine.

"Beg him to wait." Then there was noise of a chair being pushed back. Pierre went quickly forward and on the threshold ran up against Prince André.

He raised his spectacles to embrace him and looked at him closely.

"This is a surprise — I am delighted!" said the prince; but Pierre said nothing; he could not take his eyes off his friend, he was so much struck by the change in his appearance. In spite of the warmth of his greeting, the smile on his lips and his effort to put some brightness into his gaze, his eyes were dim and lightless. He had grown thin, pale and old; everything in his appearance, from the expression of his glance to the deep lines on his forehead, bore witness to his preoccupation by one single thought. This unwonted look in the prince's face troubled Pierre beyond words.

As is always the case after a long separation, the conversation consisted of fragmentary and miscellaneous questions and answers, and hardly touched on those more interesting subjects which they felt would demand longer discussion. By degrees it became more steady, and incoherent sentences gave way to long stories of the past and plans for the future. Pierre's journey was spoken of, his undertakings, and the war; and Prince André's expression grew gloomier and more depressed as he listened to Pierre, who talked with feverish eagerness of his past and of his future. It really seemed that the prince could not take any interest in all this even if he wished it, and Pierre began to feel that it was in bad taste to give vent in his presence to all the dreams of happiness and benevolence which he allowed his fancy to cherish. He dared not, for fear of

being laughed at, dilate on the new masonic theories that his tour had revived in all their force ; at the same time he was dying to prove to his friend that he was no longer the same man that he had known in St. Petersburg, but another Pierre, better, and regenerate.

"I cannot tell you all that I have gone through during the last few months ; I hardly know myself."

"Yes, you have changed a great deal, in many things," said Prince André.

"And you ? What are your plans for the future ?"

"My plans ?" he retorted ironically. "My plans ?" he repeated, as if the question astonished him. "You see—I am building ; I expect to live here altogether next year."

"Not that—I meant to ask" Pierre began.

"But what is the use of talking about me ?" interrupted the prince. "Tell me about your journey. What did you see ? What did you do on your different estates ?"

Pierre began his story, passing as lightly as he could over his own share in the improvements in the management of his property. Although he listened without much interest the prince now and then threw in a finishing touch to Pierre's description, and laughed at him for his enthusiasm over various old and time-worn things which to him had been novelties. At length Pierre, feeling ill at ease, let the conversation drop altogether.

"Look here, my dear fellow," said Prince André, evidently sharing his feeling, "I am here only on a flying visit as you see ; I came to see how things were

going on and I am going back to Lissy-Gory this evening. Come with me and I will introduce you to my sister.— By the way, do you not know her already?" he added, for the sake of saying something to an old friend from whom he felt that he had drifted apart. "We will set out after dinner—now, come and see my new house."

They went out, talking only of politics and subjects of general interest, like mere acquaintances. Prince André showed no care for anything beyond doing the honors of his new buildings; and even then, as they made their way among the scaffolding, he stopped suddenly in the midst of his explanations and said shortly: "Come to dinner—this is not particularly interesting."

During dinner—by chance the conversation turned on Bésoukhov's marriage.

"I was very much surprised to hear of it," said his friend. Pierre colored and hesitated; then he said hastily:

"I will tell you some day how it all came about. But it is at an end now, and for ever."

"For ever? There is no for ever."

"But you must have heard how the matter ended. You heard of the duel?"

"Yes, I know you had to submit to that too!"

"Well, I can thank God for one thing, at any rate, and that is that I did not kill that man," said Pierre.

"Why? There is no harm, there is even much good in killing a mad dog."

“Yes, but to kill a man! That is not good, it is unjust.”

“Why unjust? It is not given to us to know what is just or unjust. Humanity has always been, and will always be deceived on that point.”

“Injustice lies in any wrong we may do our fellow-creatures,” said Pierre, pleased to see his friend’s interest in the conversation reviving, and to think that he would presently discover what had so completely changed his demeanor towards him.

“And who has told you what is wrong to your fellow-creatures?”

“Why,” said Pierre, “do we not know of ourselves what is wrong?”

“Yes, we know it; but what would be wrong in one might not be wrong in another,” said Prince André eagerly. “I know of only two real evils: Remorse and sickness; and there is no good but in the absence of these evils: live for yourself and avoid those, is all my lore of life.”

“And love of your neighbor, and self-sacrifice?” cried Pierre. “No, I cannot agree with you! To live avoiding evil that we may not have to repent is not enough; I have lived so, and my existence was wasted and useless; it is only now that I really live—now that I try to live for others, that I understand the happiness of it. No, a thousand times no, I cannot agree with you—and you yourself, you do not believe what you say.”

Prince André, gazing at him with a satirical smile, sat listening :

“You will make acquaintance with my sister Princess Marie, and you and she will suit each other to perfection I am sure. After all perhaps you are right, for yourself; and each man must live his own life. You talk of having wasted your existence in living thus, and of having found happiness only in living for others; well, with me it is just the reverse; I lived for glory and what is glory if it is not love of one's neighbor too; a wish to serve him and to deserve his applause? So I have lived for others; still my existence is wasted, gone, irrevocably gone. But since I have lived for myself I have been quieter.”

“But how is it possible to live for oneself?” exclaimed Pierre warmly. “Besides, your boy, your sister, your father . . . ?”

“They are part of myself, they are not other people — and your neighbor means other people; your neighbor, as you and Princess Marie say — that bottomless well of iniquity and mischief! Your neighbor, you know, means your Kiew peasants whom you dream of loading with benefits.”

“But you are not in earnest!” exclaimed Pierre, much excited by this invective. “What harm, what injustice can there be in my wish — still so far from fulfilment — to do them good? What is wrong in trying to teach these poor creatures, these peasants — who are our brothers after all, and who are born and die without ever knowing anything of God or of truth,

beyond the mere external services of religion, and prayers devoid of meaning to them? What harm can there be in teaching them to believe in a future life, where they will have the consolation of finding compensation and reward? What wrong, what harm is there in keeping them from dying without advice or help, when it is so easy to give them material comforts: a hospital, a doctor, a refuge. Is it not a distinct and substantial benefit to give a laboring man, a woman with children, worn day and night with anxiety, a few minutes rest? I have done this—on a very small scale to be sure, still I have done it, and you want to persuade me that I have done wrong, and that you do not agree with me.—However, I have myself acquired another conviction which is that the good we do is the only joy of life.”

“Yes; and if you put the matter in that way it is quite another thing,” said Prince André. “I build a house and plant a garden while you establish hospitals; two different modes of pastime.—But we may leave it to Him who knows all things to decide the balance of good and evil.—You wish to carry on the discussion I see. Well, come out then. . . .”

And they went out on the balcony at the top of the flight of steps, which formed a sort of terrace.

“You talk of schools, and teaching,” the prince went on pointing to a peasant who raised his hat as he went by. “That is to say you want to drag that man out of his mire, to give him moral needs, when, in my opinion, animal joys are the only joys within his reach

— and you would deprive him of them! I envy him as he is, and you want to give him the conscious *I* without giving him the means of satisfaction which I have at my command? You want to lighten his toil when, in my opinion, bodily labor is as indispensable to him as intellectual labor is to us? You cannot keep yourself from thought and reflection; I, for my part, go to bed at three in the morning and cannot sleep then: thoughts crowd upon me, I turn and toss, and think and think again; it is as much a necessity of my existence as digging and mowing are of his; otherwise he would only go to the tavern and drink, and make himself ill. A week of his toil would kill me, while he would die if he spent a week in physical idleness like mine, gorging from morning till night. — What else was there? To be sure, hospitals and doctors! Well, he has a fit of apoplexy and he dies. You would bleed him and cure him; and he lives on, helpless for ten years, a burden on his family. It would have been much easier for him if you had let him die, for there are always plenty born to take his place. Of course it would be different if you thought of him as an able-bodied worker the less; that, I own, is my way of viewing the matter; but you cure him out of brotherly love and he does not want it. — Not to speak of the delusion that makes you believe that medicine ever cured any one! It is great at killing, on the contrary!" he added, with ill-disguised virulence.

It was evident from Prince André's clear and positive way of expressing his views, that he had

thought them over more than once; he spoke readily and eagerly, like a man who has long been debarred from such a satisfaction; his eye brightened by degrees as his opinions became more and more gloomy.

"But that is horrible, quite horrible!" said Pierre. "I cannot conceive how you can bear to live thinking as you do. I myself, I own, have had such fits of despair, at Moscow and abroad; but then I cease to live; I go down so low — so low that everything is loathsome to me, including myself. . . .; I do not eat, I do not wash. . . ."

"What, you do not wash! Faugh, that is nasty! No, we must do all we can on the contrary to make life as pleasant as possible. It is no fault of mine that I live at all, and I try to vegetate till I die — without interfering with other people."

"But what makes you think such things? Do you really wish and purpose to do nothing, to undertake nothing?"

"You talk as if life had really left you in peace! I should have liked nothing better than to do nothing; but the nobility in the neighborhood did me the honor to elect me their marshal, and I had no small difficulty in getting out of it. They failed to see that I am quite devoid of that fidgety, good-natured dullness that they look for and would have liked to find in me. Then I am busy fitting up a nook here where I may live in quiet, when the militia are called out and I am bound to get into harness again, whether I will or no."

"Why do you not join again?"

“What! After Austerlitz?” said Prince André gloomily. “No. I have vowed never to go on active service again; and I will keep my vow, even if Napoleon were to come and to occupy the government of Smolensk. He might threaten Lissy-Gory itself, and I would not take up arms. As regards the militia, as my father is now commander-in-chief of the third district I had no way of avoiding active service but by taking work under him.”

“Well then, you see you are in service.”

“Oh! yes, I am in service.”

“But why?”

“Why? — That is very plain: My father is one of the most extraordinary men of the day. He is growing old, and without being precisely hard he has a too restless temper. The long habit of unlimited power makes him really terrible, particularly now that he holds his authority from the Czar himself. Only a fortnight ago, if I had been two hours too late he would have hung a miserable clerk at Youknow. No one but myself has any influence over him, so I am obliged to take service to prevent his doing things which by and bye would leave him a prey to remorse.”

“You see!”

“Yes, but it is not what you think. It was not that I felt, or ever could feel kindly to the rascally clerk who had been robbing the militia-men of their boots; in fact, I should have been delighted to see him swing. It was for my father that I felt, and my father and myself are one and the same thing.”

Prince André's eyes sparkled with a feverish light as he tried to make Pierre understand that he never took any interest in doing good to his fellow-men : " You want to set your peasants free ? It is a good action ; but, take my word for it, it will be neither to your advantage—for I suppose you never either flogged or exiled a soul — nor to that of your serfs, who would be none the worse for being flogged and sent to Siberia, for out there their scars have time to heal and they soon begin to live the same animal round of life as they have led before, and are every whit as happy. — The men whom it really would benefit are those whose moral nature is depraved by their abuse of power to inflict punishments, and who, under the pangs of remorse, end by stifling their conscience to harden their hearts. You, perhaps, have never seen, as I have, men by nature sound but brought up in the traditions of unlimited power, who, in the course of years, have become irascible, cruel, incapable of self-control, and thus, day by day, add to the sum of their own wrong-doing. Those are the men I pity ; those are the men to whose serfs freedom would be a boon. It is man's dignity that I lament over, his peace of conscience and purity of impulse—but as to the backs and heads of the others, they will still be backs and heads to be flogged or shaved ! "

From Prince André's vehemence Pierre could not but suspect that these views were suggested to him by his experience of his father.

" No — a thousand times no, I shall never agree with you. "

They set out for Lissy-Gory in the evening. Prince André occasionally broke the silence with a few words which bore witness to the perfect amiability of his temper; but it was in vain that he pointed out his fields to Pierre, and enlarged on the great agricultural improvements that he was introducing — Pierre was lost in thought, and only replied in monosyllables. He told himself that his friend was most unhappy; that he was wrong, that he did not know the true light; that it was his own duty to help him, to enlighten him and to elevate his mind. But he felt, too, that, at his very first word, Prince André would upset all his theories, and he was afraid to begin; afraid above all of exposing the sacred ark of his beliefs to the prince's irony.

"What makes you think so?" he suddenly asked, putting down his head like a bull about to thrust at his opponent. "You have no right to think so."

"To think what?" said Prince André startled.

"To think so of life, and of man's destiny. I had the same ideas — and do you know what saved me? Freemasonry. Do not smile; it is not, as I thought and believed, a religious sect confined to empty ceremonial; it is the sole expression of all that is best, all that is eternal in the human race," and he explained to him that freemasonry, as he understood it, was the doctrine of Christianity freed from the encumbrances of social and religious dogma; the simple, practical exercise of equality, fraternity and charity.

"Our holy association is the only one which really understands the true aim and end of life — all else is

mere mirage ; outside of it all is falsehood and iniquity — so much so that outside of it a good and intelligent man has no alternative but to vegetate as you do, with no higher care than to avoid doing ill to his neighbor. But when once you accept our fundamental principles, if you join our order, if you give yourself up to it and allow yourself to be guided, you will feel at once — as I felt — that you are a link of the invisible and eternal chain of which one end is hidden in the heavens.”

Prince André sat looking fixedly before him and listening without saying a syllable, excepting to ask for the repetition, now and then, of something he had lost in the noise of the carriage-wheels. The light in his eyes, and even his silence made Pierre hope that his words were not in vain and would not be met with mockery. In this way they presently reached a river that had overflowed and which had to be crossed in a ferry-barge ; they got out while the carriage and horses were taken across. Prince André, leaning against a balustrade, gazed in silence at the rolling mass of water as it sparkled in the setting sun.

“ Well,” said Pierre, “ what do you think of it all ? Why do you not speak ? ”

“ What do I think ? Well, I am listening to you. — That is all very well ! — You say to me : ‘ Join our order and we will teach you the aim and end of life, the destiny of man and the laws that govern the world. ’ But, after all, who are you ? Men. How then does it come to pass that you know everything, and that I do not see as you see ? In your eyes virtue and truth

ought to reign on earth—but I, I do not see them!”

“Do you believe in a future life?” asked Pierre abruptly.

“In a future life?” murmured Prince André. Pierre inferred a negation from his friend’s answer, and having long known him to be an atheist he went on:

“You say that you cannot see the reign of virtue and truth on earth? I do not see it either, and it is impossible to see it if you accept this life as the end of all things. On this earth there is no truth, no virtue; all is a lie; but, in the universal scheme of creation it is truth that rules. We are of course the children of this world, but in eternity we are the children of the Universe. I cannot help feeling that I am an integral atom in this immense and harmonious whole. In the numberless myriads of beings who are the manifestations of the Divinity—or, if you prefer it, of that supreme force—I feel that I am a link, that I mark a degree in the ascending scale. Seeing, as I do that this scale, beginning at the plant, rises till it comes to me, why should I suppose that it stops at me and rises no higher? Just as nothing in this world can ever be lost or destroyed, so can I never be lost in nothingness! I know what I have been and shall become! I know that outside and beyond me, spirits dwell, and that Truth inhabits that realm!”

“Yes, that is Herder’s doctrine,” said Prince André. “But that cannot convince me. Life and death—they indeed are convincing!—When we see a creature

that we love, that is bound up with our life, to whom we have done wrongs that we hoped to atone for . . .” and his voice was unsteady . . . “when that being suddenly is a victim to pain, struggles with suffering and ceases to breathe — we wonder why! — It is impossible that there should be no reply to that query, and I believe that there is one! — That is what can convince a man, and it convinced me.”

“But,” said Pierre, “is not that precisely what I said?”

“No. What I mean to say is that no arguments would lead me to believe in the certainty of a future life; but that when we go through life, a pair hand in hand, and suddenly our companion vanishes — drops into the void — we stand on the edge of the gulf and look in . . . then conviction comes upon us! — And I have looked in.”

“Well then! You know that there is something else and Some One; that is to say another life and God!”

Prince André made no reply. The carriage and horses had long since crossed the river, the sun was half set and the evening chill was frosting the pools that lay at the foot of the slopes leading down to the river, while Pierre and André, to the great astonishment of the servants, coachmen and passers-by, were still arguing on the ferry steps: “If there is a God there must be a future life; consequently truth and virtue must exist; man’s chief happiness must lie in his efforts to reach them. We must live, love, and believe that

we do not exist only for the present on this speck of earth, but that we have lived, and shall live for ever in that infinitude"—and Pierre pointed to the sky.

Prince André listened, still leaning against the railing, and his eye lingered on the darkening waters, lighted only by a purple gleam from the dying sunset. Pierre said no more. All was still, not a sound to be heard but a soft lapping against the keel of the boat which lay moored, a murmur that seemed to say: "It is true — believe!"

Bolkonsky sighed; he turned with a tender and softened gaze to look at Pierre's excited and enthusiastic face; while Pierre, as usual, felt shy before the superiority he recognized in his friend.

"Ah! if only that were so!" said Prince André. "But let us be going."

As they left the landing stage he glanced once more at the sky that Pierre had pointed to, and, for the first time since Austerlitz, he saw it again, deep and restful—the heaven of his dreams, as he had seen it bending over him on the field of battle. A feeling that had long been downcast, the better part of himself, woke up in the depths of his soul: a revival of his youth, of his craving for happiness. He drifted back into the routine of life and this feeling by degrees grew weaker and paler; still, ever after this conversation, though his life remained unchanged, he was conscious at the bottom of his heart of the living germ of a quite different moral existence.

It was already dark when they reached the prin-

cial entrance of the house at Lissy-Gory, and Prince André drew Pierre's attention, with a smile, to the commotion produced by their appearance, at a low side door. A little old woman, bending under the weight of a sack, and a short, square man with long hair, dressed in black, fled at their approach; two other women hurried after them and all four, after turning round to look at the carriage in evident alarm, disappeared up a back stair-case.

"Those are the 'Men of God' * that Marie allows to come here," said Prince André. "They took me for my father who always has them turned out, while she makes them welcome. It is the only point on which she dares to disobey him."

"And what are the Men of God?" asked Pierre.

But there was no time to explain; the servants came out to meet them; the prince enquired of them as to his father's return—he was expected at any moment from the neighboring town.

Leaving Pierre in his own room, which was always ready for him, Prince André went to see his boy, and then came back to introduce Pierre to his sister:

"I have not seen her myself yet; she is hidden away with the 'Men of God;' we shall take them by surprise, and she will be very much abashed no doubt—but you will see them; a strange sight, I can tell you."

"What are they?" asked Pierre.

"Wait, and you will see."

* A religious sect in Russia.

Princess Marie was greatly discomposed, and blushed up to the eyes as she saw them come into her little room, where the gilt Images gleamed in the light of votive lamps. By her side, on the sofa, sat a lad in the habit of a lay friar, with a nose as long as his hair; and close beside her, in a deep arm-chair, was a wrinkled and furrowed old woman whose face was expressive of the utmost humility and gentleness.

"André! Why did you not send for me?" said his sister reproachfully, and standing in front of her pilgrims like a hen trying to hide her chickens. "But I am delighted to see you," she added to Pierre, who kissed her hand. She had known him as a child; his devotion to André, his recent misfortunes, but above all his kind, honest face prejudiced her in his favor. She looked at him with her deep sweet eyes as if to say: "I like you very much; only I implore you not to laugh at my people."

When the first civilities were over she begged him to be seated.

"Ah! Here is Ivanouchka," said Prince André, with a smile at the young neophyte.

"André!" murmured the princess beseechingly.

"He is a girl you must know," Prince André went on.

"André, for pity's sake! . . ."

It was evident that Marie's vain entreaties and André's teasing jests about the pilgrims were a matter of course between them.

"But my dear child, you ought to be grateful to me

on the contrary, for giving Pierre some explanation of your familiarity with the young man."

"Indeed!" said Pierre, with some curiosity, but with no suspicion of laughter, which finished his conquest of Marie's good graces.

Her uneasiness on behalf of her flock was quite superfluous; they themselves were not in the least embarrassed. The little old woman, after turning her cup upside down on her saucer by the side of the mumbled remains of her lump of sugar, sat quite still with downcast eyes, stealing sly glances to right and left and waiting to be offered a second cup of tea. Ivanouchka was sipping his out of the saucer, and looking from under his brows at the two gentlemen, with a glance of womanish cunning.

"And where have you been? To Kiew?" asked Prince André.

"I have been there, Father," said the old woman. "At Kiew I was esteemed worthy to receive the blessed and heavenly Communion with the saints; I have just come from Koliassine. A great and gracious dispensation has been vouchsafed there."

"And Ivanouchka is with you?"

"No; I am alone," said Ivanouchka trying to make his voice sound deep. "We only met Pélaguéïouchka at Youknow..." But the old woman could not restrain her anxiety to tell her story and she broke in:

"Yes, Father. Grace was revealed at Koliassine!"

"What happened? Some more relics found?" asked Prince André.

"Come, come, André.— Do not tell him anything, Pélaguëïouchka."

"But why not tell him, good little mother? I love him, he is a good man, one of the elect of God; he is my benefactor.— I have not forgotten that he gave me ten roubles.— Well, when I was at Kiew, Kirioucha said to me—you know Kirioucha, the innocent,* a real Man of God he is, and goes barefoot all the winter through— Kirioucha said to me: 'Why are you wandering about in unknown places? Go to Kolia-sine; a miraculous image of our Holy Mother Mary is to be seen there.' So I said good-bye to the saints and I went there. When I got there," the old woman went on in a monotone, "the saints I met there said to me: 'A great grace is vouchsafed to us. Holy oil trickles from the cheek of our Holy Mother the Virgin . . .'"

"That will do, that will do," said Princess Marie coloring; "you can tell us the rest another time."

"Excuse me," said Pierre, "let me ask her one question: Did you see it with your own eyes?"

"Certainly, Father, to be sure I did. I was found worthy of such mercy. The Virgin's face was bright with Heavenly glory, and the oil trickled and dropped from her cheek."

"But it is a trick!" exclaimed Pierre who had heard her attentively.

"Oh! Father, what are you saying?" exclaimed the

* Idiot, half-witted.

old woman, turning to Marie as if appealing to her for help.

“That is how they deceive the people!” he went on.

“Merciful Lord!” cried the old pilgrim, crossing herself. “Oh, do not say that again, Father! I knew a general who was a disbeliever, and who used to say: ‘The monks are cheats.’ — Yes, he did, and he went blind. — Well, and then he dreamed that he saw the Holy Virgin of Petchersk, who said to him: ‘Believe in me and you shall be healed.’ And then he begged and prayed to be taken to her. — I am telling you the gospel truth, for I saw him when they led him in blind and he fell on his knees before her and said: ‘Heal me and I will give you the present I had from the Czar.’ — I saw it, and I have seen the star, for she gave him back his sight! . . . It is very wicked to talk so, and God will punish you for it.”

“What star?” asked Pierre.

“The Holy Virgin was promoted to the rank of general, no doubt,” said Prince André smiling. The old woman turned pale and clasped her hands in despair.

“Good God! how wicked!” she cried, turning very red again. “And you have a son! What have you said? God forgive you!” and she crossed herself. “God forgive him,” she repeated to the princess, as she gathered her poor clothes together to go. She was ready to cry, for she was afraid and ashamed to benefit by the charity of a house where such things were said, while at the same time, no doubt, she was grieved to forego it.

“What pleasure can it be to you to disturb them in their faith?” said Princess Marie. “Why did you come here?”

“But my dear, it was only my fun, only a jest. On my word I did not mean to hurt Pélaguéïouchka. It was not in earnest, I assure you.”

The old woman paused, looking doubtful, but the sincere repentance in Pierre’s face, and Prince André’s look of kindness by degrees reconciled her.

Having recovered from her annoyance, she returned to her favorite theme, and talked to them of Father Amphilochus, of his saintly life, and of how his hands smelt of incense; how that at Kiew, when she was last there, a monk she knew had given her the key of the catacombs where she had spent forty-eight hours among the saints, with nothing to eat but a piece of dry bread.

“I prayed before one and another; I slept a little and I kissed a third; and what peace, Mother! What heavenly peace! I did not want to come up to God’s earth again.”

Pierre watched her and listened to her eagerly; Prince André presently left the room, and his sister, leaving the “Men of God” to themselves, led Pierre into the drawing-room.

“You are most kind,” she said.

“I did not wish to offend her, believe me; I sympathize with her feelings.”

Princess Marie answered him with a smile.

“I have known you a long time and think of you

as a brother. — How do you find André ? I am uneasy about him. His health was better last winter but in the spring his wound re-opened, and the doctor recommends his going through some cure abroad. His state of mind worries me too : he cannot cry his grief out as we women can, but he carries it buried within himself ; to-day he is lively and in good spirits, thanks to your visit — but he so seldom is ! Try and persuade him to travel ; he wants change and stir, this monotonous life is killing him. — No one notices it, but I see it.”

At ten o'clock at night the tinkling of harness-bells made all the servants rush out to the front steps to receive the old prince. André and Pierre went out to meet him.

“ Who is it ? ” he asked as he got out of the carriage. “ Ah ! to be sure ! Very glad ! ” he added, recognizing the young man. “ Kiss me — there ! ”

He was in a very good humor and loaded Pierre with friendly civilities, so that an hour later Prince André found them in a warm discussion. Pierre was proving that the day would come when there would be no more war, while the old man, without any temper but laughing at him all the time, maintained the contrary.

“ Bleed your men and pour in water instead of blood, and then war will cease ! All mere women's talk, mere women's dreams ! ” he added, patting his adversary kindly on the shoulder, and going up to the table where his son, who would take no part in the discussion, was looking over the papers he had brought.

“The *Marechal de la Noblesse*,” he said, “Count Rostow, has furnished scarcely half his contingent, and when I arrived in the town he actually took it into his head to ask me to dinner! I gave him an answer . . . to dinner, indeed! Just look at this paper. — Do you know I like your friend; he wakes me up. Other people come and make intelligent observations and I do not want to listen to them, while this fellow pelts me with cock and bull stories which amuse my old brain. Now go, go to supper; I will come presently perhaps, and have another argument . . . You will do me the favor of taking to my silly little Princess Marie, I hope?”

During this stay at Lissy-Gory Pierre learnt to appreciate the charm of the affection that bound him to Prince André. The old prince, and Princess Marie, who hardly knew him when he arrived, already treated him as an old friend. He felt himself warmly liked, not only by Princess Marie whom he had won by his gentleness to her protégés, but by the little man of a year old — Prince Nicolas, as his grandfather always called him; the child would smile at him and let him carry him. Mlle. Bourrienne and the architect listened in delight to his discussions with the old prince. The prince himself had come down to supper — this was a signal honor to Pierre, and his good humor never failed him for an instant during the two days his guest spent under his roof.

When the family met together after his departure and, as a natural consequence of his visit there, proceeded to dissect his character, they all, for a wonder,

agreed in singing his praises, and in expressing the sympathy they felt for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROSTOW on rejoining his regiment understood for the first time, how strong the ties were that bound him to Denissow and his fellow-soldiers. At the first sight of a hussar with his jacket unbuttoned, at the sight of Denissow's red head, of the chestnut horses picketed out, and, finally, at the sight of Lavrouchka shouting triumphantly to his master: "The count has come!"—at finding himself embraced by Denissow as he rushed out of his hut all towzled and sleepy, and at feeling the hearty clasp of his comrades' hands on his shoulder, Rostow felt just as he had felt on going home when his parents and sisters had smothered him with kisses; tears of joy rose to his throat and choked his speech. After reporting himself to the colonel in command, and being appointed by him to his old duties in the same squadron, after making every inquiry into the minutest details, he felt in taking leave of his liberty and in fulfilling his duty in his narrow sphere the same sense of support and moral strength that he would have had in his own family; for the regiment had, in fact, become to him as much a home as the paternal roof. There was not indeed the mad whirl of the outer world which had so often led him into miserable wrong-doings; there was

no Sonia, with the perpetual doubt as to whether he ought or not to come to some explanation with her; here there was no possibility of rushing off ten ways at once, nor those twenty-four hours to be killed in various ways, nor that crowd of acquaintance, for the most part indifferent, nor those perpetual, unpleasant and embarrassing demands for money, nor such terrible losses at play as that to Dologhow; here everything was clear and precise. To him the whole world was divided into two unequal portions: one was *ours*, the Pavlograd regiment; the other was every one else, for whom he cared not a straw. Here every one was known: they knew who the lieutenant was, who the captain—who was a rascal and who a good fellow; while the most important person in the world was the comrade, the *chum*. The purveyors gave credit, and a man drew his pay every quarter; hence there was no choice, no calculation was needed; nothing to do but to behave well and obey orders promptly and exactly. Rostow, restored to these military habits of bondage, was as glad as a weary man is to go to bed and rest. This mode of life was all the more satisfactory because he had vowed after his losses at cards—which he could never forgive himself in spite of the forgiveness of his parents—that he would never gamble again, and that, to atone for his wrong-doing, he would be irreproachable in the service, a good comrade and a blameless officer—that is to say that he would be a thoroughly gallant gentleman, which in the wider world was far from easy though in the regiment nothing could be

easier. Finally he had determined to repay the money to his father in the course of five years, by never spending more than two thousand roubles out of the ten thousand he received, and leaving the remainder at his father's disposal.

After various retreats and advances, and battles fought at Poulitusk and at Preussisch-Eylau, the Russian forces were finally concentrated at Bartenstein. The Czar was expected to open the campaign. The Pavlograd regiment, which had fought in that of 1805, and which had just joined the main corps after recruiting its numbers in Russia, had not been present at those earlier engagements. As soon as it joined it was told off to serve with Platow, independently of the rest of the army. The hussars had had several skirmishes with the enemy and on one occasion had even taken some prisoners and carried off Marshal Oudinot's baggage.

The month of April was spent in camp close to a deserted and ruined German village. It was beginning to thaw; the weather was cold and dirty, the rivers drifted down blocks of ice, and the roads were impracticable, thus hindering the carriage of forage for the horses and victuals for the men; the soldiers wandered about the abandoned villages in search of a few wretched potatoes. Nothing was left; the inhabitants had fled and the few that remained behind had sunk to

the lowest depths of wretchedness and were objects of compassion to the soldiers, who, rather than rob them of their last mouthful, gave them what little they could spare.

The regiment had lost but two men in their late skirmishes, but sickness and famine had reduced them to half their number. The mortality in the hospitals was so great that the soldier reduced by fever and swellings produced by bad food, would remain at his post and drag himself in the ranks with his aching feet, rather than go into hospital. In the early days of spring the soldiers unearthed from the soil a plant somewhat resembling asparagus, which they named "sweet-root" — why, no one knew, since it was in fact very bitter. They hunted for it in every direction, dug it up and ate it, though this was expressly forbidden. A new form of disease — swelling of the face, hands and feet — which the doctors ascribed to the use of this noxious plant, carried off numerous victims, and yet Denissov's squadron continued to feed principally on this root. For a fortnight they had been kept on short rations of biscuit, and the last supplies of potatoes sent to the front had been found sprouting and frost-bitten.

The horses, quite appallingly lean, had nothing to eat but the straw of old thatch, and their winter coats were staring and knotted.

But in spite of all this misery, officers and soldiers alike lived on in the same routine. With pale and swollen faces, dressed in ragged uniforms, the hussars

drew up in line as usual, fetched forage, groomed their horses, cleaned their arms and accoutrements, tore the thatch off the roofs, sat round their kettles to dine and got up famishing, laughing all the while at their meagre fare and hunger. In leisure moments they lighted their fires as usual, stripped to warm themselves, smoked, sorted and roasted their frost-bitten potatoes, telling stories all the while of the wars under Potemkin and Souvorow, or wonderful legends about Alëcha the spendthrift, or Mikolka the artisan.

The officers sat in twos and threes in their tumble-down huts; the older ones took thought for straw, for potatoes — money was plentiful, but nothing to eat — and most of them spent their time in playing cards or the more innocent games of knuckle-bones or *svaïka*.* As a rule affairs in general were not much discussed, principally because they all suspected there was not much good to be said of them.

Rostow lodged with Denissow and quite understood that, though his friend never mentioned the family, it was to Denissow's unfortunate attachment to Natacha that he owed his revived warmth of affection; their friendship was all the closer. Denissow sent Nicolas as rarely as possible on a service of danger, and welcomed him with enthusiastic delight when he returned safe and sound. In an expedition on which Rostow had been sent in search of supplies, he found, in a neighboring village, an old Pole with his daughter who had an infant at the breast. Only half clothed,

* A game played with a ring and a nail with a large head

perishing of cold and hunger, they had no means of quitting the place. Rostow brought them to the camp, took them into his own lodgings, and helped and fed them till the old man was well again. A fellow-officer, happening to speak of women, declared with a laugh, that Rostow was the sly one of them all, and that he might at least have introduced them to the pretty young Pole he had rescued. Rostow, hurt and indignant, replied with a torrent of abuse, and Denissow had the greatest difficulty to prevent their fighting. When the officer had left them Denissow, who himself was not fully aware of his friend's position with regard to the Polish lady, reproved him for his violence.

"But how could I help it? I regard her as my sister, and I cannot tell you how deeply I was hurt and offended — for it is just as if . . ."

Denissow slapped him on the shoulder and took to walking up and down the room, a sign in him of very unusual excitement.

"What a devilish good sort these Rostows are!" he muttered; and Nicolas saw tears in his eyes.

At last, in April, the troops heard with a delight that may be imagined, that the Czar had arrived. The Pavlograd corps being quite to the front, beyond the outposts near Bartenstein, Rostow had not the pleasure of figuring at the Imperial review.

He and Denissow were housed in a sort of under-

ground hovel, dug out, and roofed in with branches and sods in a way that had recently been introduced. A trench was made more than twice as long as it was wide, with steps hewn out at one end to form an entrance; the trench was the abode; the richer officers had a wide plank, serving as a table, which rested on props and occupied the end opposite to the entrance. A ledge left lengthwise formed the bed-place and sofa; the roof was sufficiently arched to allow of a man standing upright in the middle, and by squeezing past the table it was possible to sit up even on the bed. Denissov, whose men were devoted to him, always had everything in style: the front of his hovel was formed of a board with a pane of glass in it—the glass, to be sure, was broken, and mended with paper and glue. When the cold was severe a sheet of metal was placed on the steps—Denissov styled that end “the drawing-room”—and on it was piled burning charcoal brought from the soldiers’ fire; this gave out such a comfortable heat that the officers who met under his roof could sit in their shirt-sleeves.

Rostov on his return from duty one day, wet and weary after a night on horseback, had a heap of this live charcoal brought in, changed his clothes, said his prayers, swallowed his tea, arranged his belongings in his own corner, and stretched himself, well warmed, on his bed, his head resting on his arms while he dreamed, very much at his ease, of the promotion he might hope for, for his last reconnoitring expedition. Suddenly he heard his friend speaking outside in angry tones, and

leaning over to the window to see what was wrong he recognized Toptchenko, the quartermaster :

"I particularly desired you to forbid their eating that root !" cried Denissow, "and I saw a man carrying some."

"I have forbidden it, Highness, but they will not listen to me."

Rostow lay down again saying to himself with great satisfaction : "Faith ! I have done my day's work ; now it is his turn to see to his own !"

Lavrouchka, the crafty servant, threw his word into the conversation that was going on outside ; he declared that as he was going down to take the rations, he had seen strings of oxen and loads of biscuit.

"Saddle and mount at once, Second Company," cried Denissow moving away.

"Where can they be going ?" thought Rostow.

Five minutes later Denissow came in and threw himself on his bed without taking off his muddy boots, lighted his pipe with evident ill-humor, rummaged through his baggage which he turned topsy-turvy, took up his sword and disappeared.

"Where are you off to ?" cried Rostow ; but Denissow, after muttering that he had something to do, rushed out exclaiming : "God and the Czar be my judges !"

Rostow heard the trampling of horses in the slush, and then went to sleep very contentedly without troubling himself any further about Denissow. When he woke towards evening he was surprised to find that

his comrade had not yet returned. The weather was fine; two officers and a *junker* were playing at *svaika* and he joined them. In the midst of their game they saw some wagons coming with an escort of hussars, about fifteen men on their haggard chargers. As soon as they reached the outposts they were surrounded by others.

"Here are supplies!" cried Rostow "And Denissov was grumbling"

"What a good time for the men!" said the officers.

Denissov arrived the last, riding with two infantry officers; they were wrangling vehemently.

"I tell you plainly, Captain" said one of them — a short lean man, and very indignant.

"And I tell you plainly, I will give nothing back."

"You will have to answer for it, Captain. It is pillage — seizing wagons under escort! And our men have had nothing to eat these two days."

"And mine have had nothing these two weeks."

"It is highway robbery and you will be called to account for it," repeated the infantry-man, raising his voice.

"Let me alone, will you?" exclaimed Denissov, suddenly firing up. "All right — I will account for it; it is my doing and not yours. What are you talking about? — Look out there. — Clear the way."

"Very good!" exclaimed the little man, without flinching or stirring from the spot.

"Go to the devil! Clear out, and mind what you

are about. . . ." and Denissow turned the head of his antagonist's horse.

"Very good, very good!" said the other in threatening wrath, and he set off at a trot that shook him in the saddle.

"A dog, a hound! — A dog riding a gate-post. . . !" This was the bitterest form of insult a cavalry-man could offer to an infantry-man on horseback. "I carried off all their baggage train by force!" added Denissow, going towards Rostow. "I could not leave my men to die of starvation!"

The wagons he had captured belonged to a detachment of foot, but having ascertained from Lavrouchka that they had no escort, Denissow had fallen upon them with his hussars. Double rations of biscuit were at once served out, and the other squadrons had a share.

Next day the colonel of the regiment sent for Denissow, and looking at him through his spread-out fingers he said:

"Now this is my view of the matter; I do not want to know anything about it, and I ask no questions; but I advise you to go straight to headquarters and make matters right with the commissary. — Do your best to persuade him to take your receipt for such and such supplies furnished to you; otherwise it will all be entered to the credit of the infantry regiment, and an enquiry once started might come to no good."

Denissow went off at once, fully prepared to act on this advice; but on his return he was in such a state that Rostow, who had never seen him like this, was

terrified. He could hardly speak or breathe, and made no reply to his friend's questions but by volleys of husky and gasping abuse. Rostow persuaded him to undress, to drink a little water and send for the doctor.

"Would you believe it? — they are going to try me for pillage! . . . Give me some water. — Well, let them, but I will punish them, the cowards. I will appeal to the Emperor. — Give me some ice."

The doctor came and bled him, and the dark blood filled a plate. When this had relieved him he was able to tell Rostow what had happened:

"I got there — 'Where is the chief?' They showed me . . . 'You must wait.' — 'Impossible; my duty is waiting, I have ridden thirty versts, I have no time to wait — show me in.' — At length the robber-in-chief condescends to make his appearance; he gives me a lecture: — 'It is highway robbery!' — 'A robber,' say I, 'is not the man who seizes victuals to feed his soldiers, but the man who fills his own pockets.' — Very good; he tells me I must sign a receipt in the commissary's office and then the matter must take its course. I am shown into the room; the commissary is sitting at his table. — Who is it do you think? Guess — guess who it is that is starving us," cried Denissow, striking the table with his crippled arm with such force that the board danced and the glasses rattled — "Télianine! — 'What,' said I, 'so it is you who stop our supplies? You have had your face slapped once already and got off only too cheaply.' — And I gave it him; how I en-

joyed it!" he went on with ferocious satisfaction, showing his white teeth under his black moustache.

"Come, come, don't shout, keep quiet; here is your arm bleeding again; wait while I bandage it."

They got him to bed and when he woke he was himself again.

The next day, before dusk, an aide-de-camp came in looking grave and regretful, showed him the official paper sent in to the colonel, and asked him several questions as to his yesterday's exploit. He did not conceal from him that the matter looked ugly, that a military commission had been appointed, and that, seeing how severely cases of rapine and breach of discipline were generally treated, he might think himself lucky if he were only degraded.

This was the aspect given to the affair by the plaintiffs: "Major Denissow, after pouncing on the baggage train, had come, unbidden and the worse for liquor, into the presence of the chief of the commissariat, had called him a thief, had threatened to thrash him, and then, when he was dragged away, had rushed into the office and beaten two clerks one of whom had had his arm sprained."

Denissow laughed, and said it was a fancy-picture, devoid of sense; that he was not afraid of any trial, and that if those wretches attacked him he had means of shutting their mouths as they would very well remember.

Nicolas, however, was not to be taken in by the light way in which he affected to treat the business; he

knew him too well not to guess at his uneasiness about a matter which might lead to serious issues. Every day some one came to worry him with fresh questions and fresh explanations, and on the first of May he was ordered to give up his command to the officer next in seniority, and to present himself at headquarters to give an account of the act of pillage of which he was accused.

The day before, Platow had been reconnoitring with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denissow proved his unfailing courage by advancing to the very lines of the enemy's sharpshooters. A French bullet hit him in the leg. Under ordinary circumstances he would have made nothing of so slight a wound and would not have quitted his duty, but it now served as an excuse for avoiding appearing at headquarters and for being sent to hospital.

In the month of June the battle of Friedland was fought; in this the Pavlograd hussars bore no part; it was followed by an armistice. Rostow, feeling very deserted without his friend, and having had no news of him since his departure, was uneasy as to the possible results of his wound, and took advantage of the truce to go to the hospital, which had been established in a hamlet twice sacked by Russian and by French troops. It looked doubly dismal because the season was a fine one, and the sight of the fields gladdened the eyes, while nothing was to be seen in the ruined streets but a few natives in rags, or drunk and invalided soldiers. A stone house with the window panes for the most part

broken, was dignified by the name of Hospital. A few soldiers with limbs wrapped in bandages, pale and puffy, sat or walked up and down to warm themselves in the sun.

Rostow had hardly crossed the threshold when he felt choked and sickened by the mingled stench of drugs and decomposition that pervaded the place. On the stairs he met a Russian army-doctor with a cigar in his mouth, and with him a surgeon.

"I cannot be in two places at once," the doctor was saying. "I will meet you this evening at Makar Alexéiévitsh's lodgings. Do the best you can. Is it not all the same in the end."

"Whom are you wanting, Highness?" said the doctor to Rostow. "Why do you come here to take typhus fever when you have escaped the French bullets? It is a plague-stricken spot."

"What?" said Rostow.

"The typhus is fearful; it is death to come within these walls. We have not succumbed to it, Makéiew and I," he added, pointing to his companion, "but five of our colleagues have been carried off. A week after a man comes in. . . . and it is all over with him. They sent us some Prussians, but it did not suit our allies at all."

Rostow explained that he wished to see Major Denissow.

"I do not know, I do not remember him. That is not to be wondered at: I have three hospitals on my hands and four hundred sick, more or less. And we think ourselves lucky when the charitable German

ladies send us two pounds of coffee, and some lint every month; without it we could not hold out Four hundred, think of that, without counting the fresh cases to come in."

The surgeon's worn and weary expression betrayed his impatience of the loquacious doctor's delay.

"Major Denissow," repeated Rostow. "Wounded at Molliten?"

"To be sure. He is dead I think — Is not he Makéïew?" said the doctor with the utmost indifference; but the surgeon thought not.

"A red-haired man, tall?" asked the doctor; and then when Rostow described his friend, he added quite joyfully: "To be sure; I remember. He must be dead. However, I will look through my lists. Are they in your rooms, Makéïew?"

"Makar Alexéïévitch has them. Would you take the trouble to go yourself into the officers' room?" added Makéïew, turning to Rostow.

"I strongly advise you not, my dear fellow, you run the very greatest risk," said the doctor; but Rostow took leave of him and begged the surgeon to show him the way.

"You have no one but yourself to blame, remember, if mischief comes of it," cried the doctor from the bottom of the stairs.

The smell in the hospital was so revolting in the narrow passage they went through, that Rostow held his nose and even staggered for a moment. A door

opened on the right, and out of it came a living skeleton — pale, emaciated, and barefoot, dragging himself on crutches and looking with envious eyes at the newcomer. Our hussar glanced into the room and saw the patients lying on the floor, some on straw, some on their cloaks.

“May I go in?” he asked.

“There is nothing to see,” said the surgeon, but this reply only piqued his curiosity, and Rostow went in. The stench here was even worse and more penetrating; it was the headquarters of the fever.

In a long room, exposed to a broiling sun, lay two rows of sick and wounded, their heads towards the wall leaving a passage down the middle; most of them were delirious, and took no notice of the intruders. The others, raising their heads as the two visitors came in, turned their wax-like faces to gaze at them with a look of expecting some providential rescue, and of involuntary jealousy of Rostow's fresh health. Rostow went forward as far as the middle of the room, and looking beyond, through half-open doors into the adjoining wards, he saw only a repetition of the same terrible sight which he stood silently contemplating. Close to his feet, almost across the passage, lay a man, a Cossack no doubt, as was easily seen by the way his hair was cut. With his arms and legs flung out, a burning face, and eyes turned up till only the whites were visible, the veins in his hands and feet swelled almost to bursting, he beat his head against the floor, saying some word again and again in a hoarse voice.

Rostow bent over him to hear: "Drink, drink!" said the poor wretch.

Rostow looked about him wondering whither he could carry the dying man to give him some water.

"Who looks after them?" he asked the surgeon.

At this moment a soldier attached to the ambulance came out of the next room, and taking Rostow for one of the hospital inspectors touched his cap as he passed.

"Carry this man away and give him some water."

"Certainly, Highness," said the soldier, but he did not move.

"Nothing will be done," thought Rostow, and he was about to leave the room when a gaze resolutely fixed on his face impelled him instinctively to look into one corner. An old soldier, yellow, gloomy-looking, with an unkempt grizzled beard, seemed to wish to speak to him. Rostow went up to him, and saw that one of his legs had been amputated above the knee. Next to him lay a young man quite motionless; his head thrown back, his colorless face and fixed gaze with half-shut eyelids attracted Rostow's notice. He shuddered: "But this man it seems to me"

"Yes, Highness; and we have begged and prayed," said the old soldier, with a tremulous quiver of his jaw. "He died at daybreak And they are men after all, and not dogs"

"He shall be removed this minute," the surgeon hastened to throw in. "Come, Highness."

"Yes, come, come—" said Rostow no less hurriedly; he cast down his eyes, trying to pass unob-

served through the cross-fire of all these anxious eyes fixed on him with reproach and envy, and escaped from this hell on earth.

They crossed the corridor and went into the officers' ward, consisting of three rooms opening into each other; here there were beds, on which the patients were lying or sitting. Some of them were walking up and down, wrapped in their dressing-gowns. The first man Rostow observed was a lean little officer who had lost an arm, in a cotton night-cap with a pipe in his mouth, who was pacing the first of the three rooms. He tried to remember where he had seen him before.

"This is how we meet again!" exclaimed the little man. "I am Tonschine who got you back safe at Schöngraben, and as you see," and he waved his empty sleeve, "I am minus a small portion.— You want to find Denissow; he is my neighbor here. Come this way," and he led him into the next room where loud laughter was audible.

"How can they find anything to laugh at here?" said Rostow to himself; he could not get rid of the deathlike smell, nor forget the eyes that had followed him out of the other room.

Denissow, with his head under the coverlet, was still fast asleep though it was now noonday:

"Oh, Rostow! how do you do, how do you do?" he exclaimed in his usual voice, but Rostow perceived with pain that an unwonted asperity betrayed itself in his face and in his words, through all his vivacity and light-heartedness.

His wound, though trifling, had not healed through six weeks spent in the hospital; his face was white and swollen like those of his fellow-sufferers; still, it was not that which struck Rostow; it was his friend's forced smile—he seemed to find no pleasure in his visit, and asked him no questions as to the regiment or what was happening; he merely listened when Nicolas spoke of it.

He took no interest in anything; he seemed to have made up his mind to forget the past and to have one sole predominating thought: his quarrel with the commissariat. When Rostow asked him how matters were progressing, he pulled a number of papers out from under his pillow, among them the last document he had received at the close of the enquiry and the rough copy of his own reply, with which he was evidently much pleased, for he pointed out to Rostow the various sharp insinuations with which it was spiced. His companions, who at first had crowded round a new-comer freighted with news from outside, dropped away one by one as soon as Denissow began to read, and their faces plainly betrayed that they had long since had more than enough of the story. His neighbor in the next bed, a burly Uhlan who was gloomily smoking, and little Tonschine, shaking his head disapprovingly, were the only two who remained to listen.

“It seems to me,” said the Uhlan, interrupting him in the middle of his reading, “that there is but one thing to be done, and that is to petition the Emperor

for pardon. They say that rewards and honors will be rained upon us, and he will be sure to grant it”

“I! ask pardon of the Emperor!” exclaimed Denissow indignantly, though he tried in vain to give his voice its old energy. “Why? If I had been a robber I could have done no more than crave pardon; and because I attack these wretches? They may try me, I am not afraid: I have served the Czar and my country with honor; I did not steal! And I am to be degraded because What next! But listen to what I go on to say: ‘If indeed, I had robbed the government’”

“It is capitally written as any one can see,” said Tonschine, “but that is not the point Vassili Dmitritch. You must give in.—And that is what he will not do,” he added, addressing Rostow; “though the presiding officer told him it was a bad business.”

“Well, so much the worse!” said Denissow.

“But the president drew up a petition for you,” Tonschine went on. “You had better sign it and entrust it to Rostow; he is sure to have some acquaintance on the staff, and you will not have a better opportunity.”

“I have told you that I will stoop to no mean trick,” said Denissow, and he went on with his reading.

Rostow was quite of Tonschine’s opinion, as were the other officers; he felt instinctively that this was the only possible issue, and he would gladly have done his friend this service; but knowing his stubborn will, and

that his wrath was well founded, he dared not urge him.

When this wearisome reading, which lasted more than an hour, was at an end the others gathered round them again, and Rostow, very painfully impressed, spent the rest of the day talking of one thing and another, and listening to the tales of these poor wounded men; while Denissow, depressed and morose, said no more. At length, late in the evening, Rostow felt he must be going, and at the last moment asked Denissow if he had no commissions.

"Yes," he said. "Wait a moment," and pulling out his papers again he went to the window-ledge where an inkstand stood, and dipped a pen.

"There is nothing for it, a switch cannot break an axe," he said, as he gave an envelope into Rostow's hands.

It was his petition to the Czar in which, without a word as to his grievances against the commissariat, he merely and simply craved pardon.

"Give it to the right person; it is quite clear" but he could say no more; he forced his lips to a melancholy and painful smile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON his return Rostow put the colonel in possession of the facts as to Denissow's position, and then set out for Tilsit with the petition in his pocket.

On the 13th (25*) of June the two Emperors, Alexander and Napoleon met ; Boris Droubetzkoï obtained permission to form part of the suite of an officer of high rank on this grand occasion.

"I should like to see the great man," he had said, speaking of Napoleon, whom, till now, he, like every one else, had called Bonaparte.

"You mean Bonaparte?" said the general with a smile.

Boris perceived at once that this was a sort of test of his tact.

"I mean the Emperor Napoleon, Prince" And his patron patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"You will get on," he said ; and he took him with him.

Thus it came to pass that Boris was one of the elect who were present at the interview on the banks of the Niemen. He saw the tents and rafts displaying the enterlaced initials of the two sovereigns ; Napoleon on the further shore, pacing up and down in front of his guards ; Alexander, grave and thoughtful, awaiting the arrival of his future ally in a tavern. He saw the two monarchs get into boats, and saw Napoleon, who reached the raft first, hasten forward to meet the Czar and give him his hand ; then they disappeared into the marquee. Since his introduction to the upper circles, Boris had made a practice of attentively watching all that went on around him, and making notes : he

* The " old style " of dating still obtains in Russia.

enquired the names of the various members of Napoleon's suite, examined their uniforms, listened to what the more important dignitaries were saying, looked at his watch to ascertain the exact hour at which the Emperors had withdrawn into the tent, and again when they reappeared. The interview lasted one hour and fifty-three minutes, and he recorded it among other facts of historical importance. The Czar's suite was not numerous; hence it was a matter of mark to have been at Tilsit on this occasion, and Boris was not slow in finding this out. His position was secured; his presence was an accepted fact; thenceforth he was one of this select "set," and twice he was sent on a mission to the Czar. Nay, the Czar himself recognized him, and the court circle, ceasing to regard him as an interloper, would, indeed, have been surprised by his absence.

He shared the lodgings of another aide-de-camp, Count Gelinski, a Pole who had been educated in Paris, immensely rich, and an enthusiastic admirer of the French, whose tent, during the few days spent at Tilsit, was the centre where the French officers of the guard and the imperial staff constantly met at breakfast and at dinner.

On the 26th Count Gelinski gave a supper; one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp filled the place of honor, and among the guests were several officers of the French imperial guard, and a young lad, of an old and distinguished family, who was Napoleon's page. That very evening Rostow took advantage of the darkness

to pass unrecognized in "mufti," and went to call on Boris.

The troops with whom he was serving were not yet by any means tuned up to the pitch of the harmony so recently established at headquarters with Napoleon and the French — their old foes now recognized as friends: a state of affairs which inevitably followed on the change that had come over the political attitude of the two nations. In the army Bonaparte was still regarded by all with feelings of hatred, contempt and terror. Rostow, a few days previously, when discussing the matter with an officer of Platow's division, had done his utmost to prove that if only they had had the luck to take Napoleon prisoner he would have been treated as a criminal, and not as a crowned head. On another occasion he was talking with a French officer who had been wounded, and allowed himself to be so far heated as to say that there could be no question of peace between a legitimate Emperor and a rascal. Hence, the sight of the French officers, and of the uniforms he had been accustomed to see only at outposts, startled him strangely. He had hardly caught sight of them when the natural feelings of a soldier — the hostility that they always roused in him, fired up in his soul.

He stopped at Droubetzkoï's lodgings and asked in Russian if he were within. Boris, hearing a strange voice, came out to meet him and could not conceal an impulse of annoyance.

"It is you?" he said. "I am very glad to see you,"

he added however; but not so soon but that Rostow had become aware of his first impression.

"I have come at a wrong time," he said coldly. "I came on business; otherwise. . ."

"Not at all; I was only astonished to see you here. — I will be with you in a moment," replied Boris to some one who was calling him from within.

"I see — I am intruding," Nicolas repeated, but Boris had by this time made up his mind as to his conduct and drew Rostow in along with him. His calm and sober gaze seemed to have disappeared, hidden behind the "blue spectacles" of worldly ease and wisdom.

"You are quite wrong in thinking so. Come in here!" The table was laid; he introduced Nicolas to his guests, and explained to them that he was not a civilian but an officer, and one of his oldest friends. Rostow looked hard at the Frenchmen and bowed ungraciously.

Gelinski, ill pleased at the advent of this Russian, did not even bow: Boris, on his part, pretended not to be aware of the awkward lull in the circle, and did his best to revive the conversation. One of the company turned to Rostow with true French politeness, and, to break his obstinate silence, asked him if he had come intending to see the Emperor Napoleon.

"No, I came on business," said Rostow sullenly.

His ill-temper, reinforced by the evident discomposure of his friend, made him believe that every one was eyeing him with ill-will; though, for that matter,

this was true enough : his presence fettered them, and in consequence of his being there the conversation began to flag.

"What are they doing here?" he asked himself. "I feel that I am in the way," he said to Boris. "Let me tell you my business and be off again."

"Not at all, stay here; or if you are tired go and rest a little while in my room."

They went into the little room where Boris slept. Nicolas, without even sitting down, explained to him in a tone of great irritation all Denissow's business, and asked him, in so many words, whether he could and would place his petition in the hands of the general to be laid before the Czar. For the first time in his life Boris' expression struck him unpleasantly : in fact, Boris, sitting with his legs crossed, was looking about him and round the room, and paying the vaguest attention to his friend. He listened to his story, much as a general listens to a report read by one of his subalterns :

"Yes," he said, "I have heard of many such cases ; the Czar is extremely rigid on these points. It would be better, I believe, to give up the idea of presenting it to his Majesty, and to address it simply to the general commanding the division ; after that I believe. . . ."

"Which all means that you will do nothing : Say it out!" exclaimed Rostow greatly provoked.

"On the contrary ; I will do everything I can."

Gelinski, on the other side of the door, was calling Boris.

"Go, go to them," said Nicolas ; but he declined to

join the supper party and remained in the little bedroom, which he paced in all directions to the lively sound of French voices.

The day in fact was ill chosen for any proceedings of this character. Rostow could not present himself before the general on duty without either uniform or leave; and Boris, even with the best will in the world, could do nothing next day—the 27th June—(9th July)—when the preliminaries of peace were to be signed. The Emperors exchanged orders on the occasion, Alexander accepting the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and Napoleon that of the Russian order of St. Andrew. A splendid banquet, at which the Emperors were present by invitation, was to be given by the French imperial guard to the Préobrajensky regiment.

The more Rostow reflected on Boris' line of conduct the more it disgusted him. He pretended to be asleep when Boris came, and next morning he vanished at an early hour to run about the town in his civilian's dress and top hat, to stare at the French and their uniforms, and at the houses where the two sovereigns were lodged. On the main square men were already employed in setting out the tables for the great entertainment, and in hanging the fronts of the houses with Russian and French flags embroidered with the letters A and N.

"It is perfectly clear that Boris will do nothing," said Nicolas to himself, "it is an end to our friendship! — But I will not quit the place and leave a stone unturned in Denissow's cause. His letter must reach the Czar . . . and the Czar is in there!" he added medita-

tively, as he involuntarily went up to the imperial quarters. Two horses, ready saddled, were waiting at the door, and the suite were assembling to escort Alexander.

"I shall see him, but how can I present the petition myself? How can I tell him everything? Shall I be arrested, I wonder, because I am not in uniform?—No, no; *he* will understand for *he* understands everything.—And if they should arrest me? there would be no great harm in that . . . Ah! they are assembling! Well, I shall go forward and present it: so much the worse for Droubetzkoï who compels me to it. . . ."

And he went towards the door of the imperial residence with more decision than he could have expected in himself. "I will not miss my chance this time, as I did at Austerlitz; I will fall at his feet, I will entreat him, beseech him. . . ." his heart beat high at the mere thought of seeing him: "He will listen to me, bid me rise and say: 'I am glad to be able to do good, and right injustice. . . .'" And he went in, taking no notice of the enquiring eyes that followed him.

A wide staircase led up to the first floor; to the right was a closed door, and under the slope of the stairs another door.

"Whom do you want?" asked some one.

"I have a petition to present to His Majesty," said Nicolas with a tremulous voice.

"Then be so good as to go to his quarters."

At this bidding, so calmly given, Rostow took fright; the mere idea of suddenly finding himself face to face

with the Czar was at once so delightful and so appalling, that he was on the point of flying, but the sergeant in waiting opened a door and showed him into the presence of the officer on duty. A man of middle height and of about thirty years of age, in white breeches and high boots, who had just got himself into his fine cambric shirt, was standing to have his braces buttoned by his valet.

"A good figure and very bewitching!" he was saying to some one in an inner room. Seeing Rostow he frowned and said no more.

"What do you want? A petition?"

"What is it?" asked a voice from within.

"Another petitioner," replied the one who was dressing.

"Tell him to wait; put him off till later. — He is going out now, and we have to attend him."

"To-morrow, to-morrow; it is too late now."

Rostow withdrew a few steps towards the door. "Who is the petitioner?"

"Major Denissow."

"And you, who are you? An officer?"

"Count Rostow, lieutenant."

"How rash! The petition should have come through your colonel's hands. Go — be off — as quick as you can." And he went on with his interrupted toilet.

Rostow went. The terrace outside was crowded with generals in full dress, and he had no choice but to pass by them. Dying of terror at the mere thought that

he might possibly meet the Emperor, he was afraid lest he should be put to confusion before him, perhaps even arrested; he now saw and repented of his injudicious conduct, and was stealing with downcast eyes through the splendid crowd, when a familiar bass voice called him by his name, and a hand was laid on his shoulder: "What are you doing here, my dear fellow — and in 'mufti' too?"

It was a cavalry officer, formerly in command of Rostow's division, who, during this campaign, had succeeded in gaining the Czar's good graces. The younger man in his alarm hastily justified himself; but his superior's good-humored tone of raillery reassured him; he took him aside, explained the position of affairs with eager pathos, and implored his assistance. The general shook his head. "A hard case for a brave fellow," he said. "Give me the petition."

Hardly had he obeyed when a sound of spurs was heard on the steps and the general rejoined the rest. The suite all came down and immediately mounted. An equerry named Heine, the same who had attended the Czar at the battle of Austerlitz, was leading the Emperor's charger; then a slight creaking of boots was heard on the stairs within, and Nicolas guessed who was coming. Forgetting all his fears of being recognized, he made his way among the curious bystanders, and once more, after an interval of two years, could gaze on those features, that mien, that dignified figure, that fascinating union of sweetness and majesty which was so dear to him. — His loyalty and devotion revived

with new force. The Czar wore the uniform of the Préobrajensky guards: tightly-fitting breeches and high boots, and on his breast blazed a foreign order — the Legion of Honor — which Rostow did not recognize. He held his hat under his arm while he pulled on his gloves, and his brilliant glance seemed to light up all he looked on. He spoke a word or two as he passed to a few privileged beings, and recognizing the cavalry general, he smiled and signed to him to approach. Every one else made way, and Rostow saw that they held a rather long conversation.

The Czar took a step towards his horse; the suite and the crowd pressed forward, and Alexander, laying his hand on the saddle, turned once more to the general and said in a distinct voice, as if he wished to be heard by all:

“Impossible, General. Impossible, because the law is greater than I.” He put his foot in the stirrup; the general bowed submissively.

As the Czar rode off at a gallop, Rostow, forgetting everything but his enthusiasm ran after him with the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Préobrajensky guards and the French Imperial guard, with their tall fur caps, were drawn up in line; the Russians on the right, the French on the left.

Just as the Czar rode up and they were presenting arms, another party of horsemen, in front of which rode a personage whom Rostow easily guessed to be Napoleon, made their appearance on the other side of the square. He galloped forward on a thoroughbred grey arab, covered with a purple housing embroidered with gold. He wore the well-known little cocked hat, the ribbon of St. André on a dark-blue uniform which was unbuttoned over a white waistcoat. As he came up with the Czar he raised his hat, and Rostow's practised eye at once detected that his seat was not good. The soldiers shouted "Hurrah!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" After exchanging a few words, the allied sovereigns dismounted and shook hands. Napoleon's smile was artificial and unpleasing, while Alexander's was conspicuous for its expression of natural benevolence.

Rostow never took his eyes off them, in spite of the pushing of the French mounted guard, who had been charged to keep the crowd in order; he was amazed to see the Czar treat Napoleon in every respect as an equal, and Napoleon do the same with perfect ease of manner.

The two Emperors, followed by their suites, went towards the Préobrajensky regiment; Rostow, who was in the foremost rank of a great crowd collected just at this spot, was so near his adored sovereign that he was afraid he might be identified.

"Sire, I would ask your leave to give the Legion of Honor to the bravest man in the ranks," said a clear

voice, pronouncing every syllable distinctly. It was little Bonaparte's ; as he spoke he looked up from below, straight into the Czar's eyes, and Alexander, listening attentively, smiled and bowed assent.

"To the man who behaved with the greatest courage in the late war," added Napoleon with a cool precision that provoked Rostow ; and he looked along the Russian ranks, who had presented arms and never took their eyes off the Czar's face.

"Your Majesty will allow me to take counsel of the colonel?" said Alexander, going forward a few steps towards Kozlovsky, in command of the battalion. Napoleon, with some difficulty, drew his glove off his small white hand ; it tore, and he threw it away. An aide-de-camp rushed forward to pick it up.

"To whom is it to be given?" asked Alexander in a low tone, and in Russian.

"To the soldier Your Majesty may designate."

The Czar frowned involuntarily : "I must give him an answer," he said.

Kozlovsky's eye ran down the ranks and rested for an instant on Rostow.

"What — me, by any chance?" thought Nicolas.

"Lazarew," said the colonel decisively ; the first man in the front rank stepped forward, his face quivering with excitement — as a man's face always does at being suddenly called to the front.

"Where are you going? Stand still!" muttered several voices ; and Lazarew not knowing what to do, stood still in alarm.

Napoleon slightly turned his head and held out his plump little hand as if to take something. The officers of his suite, understanding his wish, whispered and stirred, and handed a small object from one to another, till the page whom Rostow had seen at Boris' rooms came forward, and with a low bow, placed a cross with a red ribband in the waiting hand. Napoleon took it without looking at it, and went up to Lazarew, who still stared wide-eyed at the Czar. With a glance at Alexander, intended to convey that this proceeding was a courtesy to him, Napoleon laid his hand holding the cross on the soldier's breast, as if his mere touch was enough to make the brave fellow for ever happy to wear the cross that distinguished him above the rest. His hand graciously rested on the private's breast, and the cross was immediately pinned into the place where he had held it by eager officers, Russian and French. Lazarew watched the little man's proceeding with gloomy gravity, and then, without moving a muscle, looked once more at his sovereign as if to ask him what he was to do; but receiving no orders he remained where he was for some minutes, as motionless as a statue.

The Emperors remounted and rode away. The Préobrajensky guards dispersed, mingled with the French grenadiers, and took their places at the tables. Lazarew was placed in a seat of honor; he was embraced and congratulated by all, civil or military, French and Russians; they shook hands with him, and crowded round him; and the confused buzz of lan-

guages, with laughter and singing, was to be heard on every side of the square. Two officers with heated and jolly faces passed just in front of Rostow :

“What a feast, my dear fellow!—and all served on silver plate! . . . Did you see Lazarew?”

“Yes, I saw him!”

“A lucky rascal that Lazarew! 1,200 francs a year for life.”

“What a head-piece!” exclaimed a Préobrajensky, putting on a grenadier’s bearskin cap.

“Most becoming!”

“Have you heard the password?” asked an officer of the guards of his companion. “The day before yesterday it was ‘Napoleon, France, and courage’—yesterday ‘Alexander, Russia and glory.’ One day Napoleon gives the words and the next day the Czar—and to-morrow he will send the cross of St. George to the bravest man in the French guards. He can do no less than return the compliment!”

Boris and his friend Gelinsky had come out to admire the banquet scene, and they discovered Rostow leaning against a house-corner.

“Nicolas! How are you? What have you been about? I lost you.—What ails you?” he added, seeing that Rostow looked fierce and morose.

“Nothing, nothing.”

“You will join us by and bye?”

“Yes, I will come.”

But Rostow stood a long time leaning against the wall, watching the heroes of the entertainment, while a

painful process was going on within him. His soul was torn by agonizing doubts and he could find no satisfactory answer to them. He thought of Denissow, of his embittered indifference, and unexpected surrender; he could see the hospital and its dirt, the horrible diseases, the missing arms and legs,—he almost fancied he smelt the dead man lying there. Indeed, the impression was so strong that he looked about him to see what it was that sickened him. He thought of Bonaparte, and his self-satisfied air; of Bonaparte, an Emperor, welcomed and respected by his own adored Czar. But then what reason was there for all these lost limbs? For all these men killed?—Lazarew with an order on one side, Denissow disgraced and hopeless on the other!—Till he himself was frightened at the turn his reflections were taking.

Hunger, and the smell of the food roused him from his reverie; and as, after all, he must get something to eat before going home, he went into an inn that was at hand. A large number of officers were assembled there, who, like him, had come in “mufti” to look on, and he had much difficulty in getting himself served with dinner. Two of his own fellow-officers joined him: they began discussing the peace, and all, like most of the army indeed, expressed their dissatisfaction. They declared that if only they had stood their ground after Friedland Napoleon must have been defeated, for that he had neither supplies nor ammunition. Nicolas ate his dinner in silence and drank more than he ate; he had got through two bottles of wine al-

ready, and yet the confusion in his brain weighed on him more and more and grew no clearer; he was afraid to give way to his thoughts, and yet he could not shake them off. Suddenly, hearing an officer observe that the presence of the French was humiliating, he broke out with a violence which there was no excuse for and which amazed his neighbor. His face grew crimson:

“How dare you criticise the Czar’s actions?” he said. “What right have we to judge? We cannot know either his purpose or his motive!”

“But I have not said a word about the Emperor,” replied the officer, unable to attribute this strange burst of temper to anything but drink.

“We are not diplomatic bureaucrats, we are soldiers and nothing more,” Rostow went on in exasperation. “We are ordered to die, and we die, . . . and if we are punished there is no help for it — it is because we have deserved it — it is not our place to judge! If our sovereign chooses to recognize Napoleon as Emperor, and to conclude an alliance with him, it must be right for some reason and if we once begin to criticise and judge, there will soon be nothing sacred. We shall end by denying the existence of God — of anything! —” and he struck the table with his fist; his ideas, though they could not but seem incoherent to his audience, were the logical outcome of his meditations.

“There is but one thing for us to do: Our Duty — to fight and never think; that is the whole story!” he exclaimed in conclusion.

“And drink,” added one of his companions, anxious to avoid a quarrel.

“Aye, and drink,” echoed Nicolas eagerly. “Waiter, another bottle!”

END OF PART ONE.





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